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THE

RAMBLER.

A

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THE RAMBLER.

VOL. V. *New Series.* JANUARY 1856. PART XXV.

BIBLE-BURNING AND BIBLE-READING.

A BOOK of no small size, and brimful of matter, might be written on the "shamelessness of Protestantism." We do not mean its moral immodesty, its impertinences, its impudent and ungentlemanly treatment of all things Catholic; but its logical shamelessness. It is natural, indeed, that it should be shameless in general, and especially shameless in the matter of logical consistency. Impostors and self-deceivers are in general flagrantly guilty of those very vices from which they most loudly profess themselves to be free, and their worst sins are in violation of those virtues of which they make their especial boast.

Accordingly, as we hold Protestantism to be an imposition, and all Protestants to be either deceivers or deceived, we look for a peculiarly striking exhibition of vice in that very subject in which Protestantism boasts that it is peculiarly eminent for excellence as compared with the "Church of Rome." *Reason*, and its free and right use, is the glory of the Protestant of all shapes and denominations. We are dull, stupid, ignorant, superstitious; the slaves of traditions and of a crafty priesthood. We don't like the light; we hate science; we are averse to thought and reasoning, and every thing else that may make people inquire into the claims of our Church, because we know that those claims will not stand inquiry. Protestantism, on the contrary, may have its defects; but, at any rate, it is a free, open, bold, honourable creed, which fears not discussion, loves truth above all things, and takes its stand by the side of Euclid's Elements and Newton's *Principia*.

Now, as we Papists happen to be able to see into the real comparative merits of these claims, we no sooner hear a Protestant boast of his reason and his logic than we prepare ourselves for some extraordinary display of silliness, shallowness,

and inconsistency. We are like men and boys; of whom it has been said, that whereas boys *think* men to be fools, men *know* boys to be such. Such are we and our "separated brethren." They think that we are afraid of reasoning; we know that they are afraid of it. They are of opinion that we are inconsistent; we see that they are so. We give complete and consistent explanations of our doctrines and practices; but they will not hear us; and when we call upon them to explain and systematise *their* views and customs, they turn round and give us personal insult instead of rational answers. Our religion, in fact, being a science, and theirs a quackery, they feel as uncomfortable when they are questioned, as a travelling dealer in nostrums when catechised by a skilful and educated practitioner in the healing art. With all our respect, in fact, for the good intentions and personal worth of many Protestants, we must confess that the practice of their teachers not a little reminds us of the oratory of the vendors of marvellous pills, miraculous powders, and plasters professing to be able to set a compound fracture of all the bones in the body, who may be seen gulling their dupes at every country fair. Every man has his pill, his powder, and his plaster, whose virtues are attested by innumerable dukes, baronets, and bishops, and which will relieve the stomachs, heal the wounds, and prolong the lives of every body who has any thing in the world the matter with him, without going to those old rogues, the professional doctors, and paying them their exorbitant fees.

A very notable specimen of the logical consistency of our Protestant friends has recently been making a considerable noise in the world. Put briefly, the Protestant reasoning runs thus: The Bible condemns Popery; therefore Papists hate the Bible; therefore they burn the Bible; therefore we will burn them. This last conclusion, indeed, they do not put forth in such plain English; but they do all they possibly can, nevertheless, to torment and persecute us. Their custom, on the contrary, is to shout aloud that all religious persecution is wicked and detestable. This makes the diversion doubly pleasant. They have the gratification of believing themselves the most tolerant and charitable of men, and at the same time of victimising the Papists. It is much the same as if the Cromwellians had beheaded Charles the First to the tune of "God save the King." Protestants contrive completely to disprove the old proverb, which says, that you cannot both eat your cake and have it. This is quite a mistake so far as Catholics are concerned. It is the easiest thing in the world to hang a Papist on the first principles of toleration. Trust an Irish Orangeman, or a British prime-minister,

for finding the most Christian of excuses for perpetrating the most wicked of enormities. "The Bible forbids persecution; the Papists burn the Bible; *therefore* punish the Papists." This is your true Anglo-Hibernian syllogism. All that is necessary in order to make the argument faultless, is to change the word "persecute" for the word "punish." Never mind the identity of the two things. All that is wanted is a popular "cry,"—a good, telling, striking tune for the fifes and trumpets of the anti-Catholic band; "God save the King," in fact, to be played while the monarch's head is chopped off.

Let us inquire a little, however, if we can find a stray hearer, into the principle involved in this Bible-burning affair. In the first place, then, we beg our readers, both Catholic and Protestant, to bear in mind that we ourselves give no opinion whatsoever as to the expediency of publicly burning Protestant Bibles, or any sort of bad books, in any part of Ireland or elsewhere. For any thing we have to say, it may have been the most undesirable, or it may have been the most prudent thing in the world for the Redemptorist Fathers to have desired their penitents to burn their immoral books in the streets at Kingstown. The same as to the Protestant Bibles, which were said to have shared the fate of the immolated immoral publications, but which certainly were not burnt by the desire of the Redemptorist Superior;—it might have been wise to burn them, or it might have been unwise to do it,—of all this we say nothing whatever. But we do maintain, that if it was prudent to cast them into the flames, the fathers had abstractedly a perfect right to instruct their penitents to do it. They would have offered no insult whatsoever to the Word of God by such an injunction; and they would have done what Protestants are incessantly doing themselves in precisely similar circumstances. And, moreover, they have an example set them in the sacred Scriptures themselves, which might well have led them to regard such a public burning as desirable in Ireland. If, then, they ever act unwisely, by all means let those who are distressed or scandalised by their doings remonstrate in the proper way and through the proper quarters. If it be only on the ground of keeping the peace, the Irish prelates would be the last persons in the world to refuse to listen to the wishes of the secular power, or of any private person whatsoever, who treated the question rationally, and on its own proper grounds. Protestants are entirely mistaken if they imagine that we Catholics wish to hurt them; that we do not honour them for honouring what they consider to be the Word of God; or that we would needlessly do any thing which would shock their better feelings in this or any other

matter. Only, we say, let them approach the subject rationally and fairly; let them attempt, at least, to enter into our views, as we are willing to enter into theirs, and to abstain from instigating those very acts of which they so loudly complain.

Take, for instance, this Bible-burning. The Protestant party themselves began a course of action which made the possession of one of King James's Bibles the symbol of unfaithfulness in a Catholic. A knot of silly fanatics in London, Dublin, and elsewhere, got up a scheme for Protestantising the Irish poor, which they have been prosecuting with considerable zeal, a large expenditure of money, soup, flannel, and all the other means for "conversion," accompanied by a proportionate distribution of the Anglican translation of the Bible. These precious proceedings have produced a very considerable amount of irritation among many of the Irish Catholics, of a totally different kind from that which would be produced by the efforts of a better class of Protestants anxious for what they think the good of the Irish poor. As for supposing that the Irish poor are really Protestantised by *reading* King James's Bible, it is out of the question altogether. It is a bad version enough, and to call it *the* Word of God is simply absurd; but the real study of the Protestant Bible never yet made a man a Protestant. It is the preachments and annotations of living seducers which corrupt the unwary and ignorant, and make them fancy that the Holy Ghost speaks the language of Martin Luther. Nevertheless, the possession of one of these versions is practically, with many of the Irish poor, a sign that they have in some way or other yielded to the tempter's snare. Like the visits of an habitual drunkard to a tavern, the mere material act becomes a handle for the enemy to work upon. There is no more necessary harm in being in the tap of a public-house than in walking in a green field; but when a man who is given to drunkenness walks into a gin-shop, it is morally certain that he will fall into sin. So, too, it may be certain that the poor Irish Catholic will never deliberately read one page out of these sham Bibles, and that if he does, he will see no more Protestantism in them than the Pope sees in the Vulgate; but it is at the same time a fact, that in his conscience he feels that he is tampering with sin; he is wearing the livery of the enemy of souls; he is consenting to parley when he has no safety but in flight; and therefore *to him* the mere possession of one of these printed books is a sin of deep dye, and he must consent to give it up before his confessor can lawfully give him absolution.

When, then, Lord Palmerston's government, or any private Protestant, attacks the Redemptorists, or any other Catholic priests, for making their penitents give up or destroy their Anglican Bibles, in all consistency let them first silence Lord Shaftesbury and the rest of those who thrust them into the hands of the Irish poor. Who, we say, is answerable for the scandal, if there is any? not the Redemptorists, but these Exeter-Hall peers, colonels, and old ladies. If Lord Palmerston had the smallest idea of fairness and consistency—to suppose an almost impossibility—why does he not give a significant hint to these firebrands, through their prime supporter, who is his own near connection? Lord Shaftesbury is as conceited a personage as is easily to be met with, and is about as ignorant of the Bible and of the Catholic religion as any man in the three kingdoms; but we suspect he is perfectly capable of taking such a hint from Lord Palmerston as Lord Palmerston is perfectly capable of giving. Lord Palmerston, however, thinks it will be a popular move to bully a Popish priest; and accordingly, while laughing in his sleeve at every body concerned, he puts on a solemn face, and sanctions the gross hypocrisy. As for those lawyers, who call themselves Catholics, and yet have the baseness to lend themselves as the tools of the enemies of their religion, they may rest assured that while they pocket the wages of their iniquity they are heartily despised by the men who use them to do their dirty work. It comes within the limits of possibility that some sort of "invincible ignorance" may be an excuse for the Shaftesbury clique; but what shall be said of those self-styled Catholics who turn round upon the priests of Almighty God for the sake of the salary of a ministerial appointment?

The Protestant Bible, then, undoubtedly comes under the category of bad books, in a peculiarly emphatic sense of the word, in the case of the Irish poor; and the fault that it is so lies entirely at the door of those English and Irish Protestants who have used it as the symbol of perversion from the Catholic faith. Being, therefore, a bad book, can it be wondered that many persons should think that it furnished a legitimate reason for following the example recorded in Holy Scripture itself in similar circumstances? We repeat, that we are not at all deciding the question as to whether it *was* desirable to burn publicly any bad books in Kingstown on the occasion in question; but we do say that, with the Bible itself furnishing an example of a similar burning, a great deal was certainly to be said in favour of what was done, whether the arguments on the other side were more weighty or no. In the nineteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, then,—we beg

to remind those of our Protestant friends who happen to know any thing of the Bible, and to inform those who know nothing of it,—it is recorded that, under the direction of St. Paul himself, the Christian converts at Ephesus publicly burnt their bad books; and this public burning is one of the circumstances on which the inspired writer founds his remark, that the Word of God grew mightily and prevailed. Now, supposing that among the bad books of the Ephesian converts had been found sundry copies of mutilated or incorrect versions of the Old Testament, which had been employed by the false apostles of the day as instruments for opposing St. Paul and the other true ambassadors from Christ, does any man suppose that these Judaised editions of the Sacred Scriptures would have escaped the flames?—not for a moment. They would have gone first into the fire, and not one of them been spared.

The religious Protestant, no doubt, is shocked at such a comparison of his Bible with the Pharisaical and Sadducean misinterpretation of the Word of God. But let him pause a moment, and endeavour, on the principles of private judgment, to place himself in our position. If he accounts us irreverent, profane, and reckless of wounding his feelings, because we say that, abstractedly speaking, the book he so much cherishes is only fit for the flames, let him remember what he would do with books which he regards, as we regard King James's translation, and which for brevity's sake we have called the Protestant Bible, though it is, in fact, no Bible at all. How many well-disposed Protestants are there who would not throw into the fire every Catholic book they caught in the hands of their own children? Paterfamilias has a daughter, whom he shrewdly suspects of a leaning towards Popery. She solemnly assures him this is quite a mistake. She was born a Protestant, she will live a Protestant, and a Protestant she will die. She loves the Church of England; she is perfectly satisfied with its "scriptural" liturgy; and she has a perfect horror of Roman corruptions. Nevertheless, Paterfamilias discovers that this ingenuous young lady has got a *Garden of the Soul*, and an English *Missal*, and St. Alphonsus Liguori's *Visits to the Blessed Sacrament*, which books she is continually reading. Will Paterfamilias believe his daughter's protestations of unblemished Protestantism, so long as she insists on keeping these Popish publications as her own? We trow not. Will he not rather take them from her, and immolate them in the drawing-room fire-place before her eyes? Why, then, should not we burn King James's version?

We have said that it is only as a matter of convenience that we have all along spoken of this version as "the Protestant Bible." This sounds strange, we admit, to the ears of thousands of good Protestants, who have hitherto regarded the book as the Word of God. In all their religious doubts and difficulties, it has never occurred to them that, after all, they have *neither* Church nor Bible to teach them the will of God. Anxious as they may have felt as to the correctness of their personal interpretations of the Old and New Testaments, they have never questioned the fact that the Bible was actually before their eyes, if only they could understand it aright. It has ever been their consolation to regard these printed volumes as something quite different from any thing else in the world; as holy and to be reverenced; because in them the Almighty God is actually speaking to His creatures, if only they could open their minds thoroughly to comprehend what He says.

But what is the fact? King James's version—the authorised version, as it is termed—is *not* the Bible. We let the question of what Protestants call the Apocrypha pass over, as we are addressing them on their own ground. Supposing that the only inspired Scriptures are those of which the Protestant Bible gives a translation, is this translation to be depended on as the Word of God, faithfully rendered into English? If it is not, the Protestant is indeed trusting to a broken reed. And that it is not a faithful rendering is beyond all possibility of doubt. We set aside Catholic criticisms; we take only the admissions of the stoutest Protestants, and the most devoted adherents of the Anglican Establishment; and on their repeated assertions we say that it is a monstrous fiction to call the volume in question *the* Bible. *There is not one single Protestant critic of any pretensions to learning who does not bear us out in saying this.* Disagreeing in every thing else, they speak as one man in condemning this version as abounding in errors, often of the most serious kind. The ablest critics of all declare that these errors are innumerable. These errors are, moreover, many of them palpably the result of dishonesty in the translators. They perverted the Word of God, in order to make it speak Calvinism. If any man doubt it, let him go to Lambeth, and ask Dr. Sumner, the Archbishop of Canterbury, for his opinion, as deliberately stated many years ago in print. We have not said one word which he has not said before us. And has Protestantism a better representative than Dr. Sumner? Is *he* likely to turn Papist or Dissenter? Or read any of the more recent works of Biblical critics, such as those by Mr. Stanley, the canon of Canterbury; or Mr.

Jowett, the Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford. But suppose we take a testimony far removed from these times of movement and controversy. None can be more unexceptionable than Bishop Lowth; one of the very few men of whom the Anglican body can really boast as scholars, whose works deserve a place in the theologian's library. Lowth's work on the prophet Isaias is confessedly a master-piece, both as to learning and to critical ability; while as a specimen of pure, nervous, and poetic English, his translation is really magnificent. What, then, says Bishop Lowth of this translation, which so many millions revere as the Word of God? In his preliminary dissertation to his translation of Isaias, he condemns the Old Testament portion as being nothing better than "the translation of a translation." It is, in fact, a slavish following of the interpretation put upon all difficult and obscure passages by the Jewish Masoretic punctuators; and it is based, says Lowth, "on an ill-founded opinion of the authority of the Jews, both as interpreters and conservators" of the Scriptures. He admits the beauty of the English of the Protestant version, so far as mere language goes; but as to sense and accuracy, he considers that the changes needed are "great and numberless."

In fact, no Catholic critic could go further than do all accomplished Protestant critics in their condemnation of this book, which the English nation is in the habit of receiving as the Word of God. From Archbishops of Canterbury downwards, there is one universal *consensus* in the sentence which deposes it from its claims. To attack us, therefore, when we protest against its being placed in the hands of our unlearned poor, and made the symbol of their reception of the pure Gospel, as distinguished from the invention of man, is one of the most audacious instances of logical shamelessness that even theological controversy can supply. If the sincere Protestant public is contented to pin its faith upon a book universally condemned as abounding in error, that is a matter for their decision. If they are contented to begin with protesting against the Pope, and to end with believing in the Gospel according to King James, it is for them to prepare such an explanation of this unpardonable abuse of reason as will serve them in good stead at the great day of account. But in the mean time, let them not add hypocrisy to inconsistency, and heap insults on us, because we refuse reverence to that volume which their own verdict has already condemned.

In saying this, let us not be misunderstood as asserting what it is far from our minds to mean. "Great and innumerable"—as Bishop Lowth calls them—as are the errors in

the Protestant Bible, we should deeply grieve to see *Protestants* cease to read it, and take up with the theological writings of any of their numberless sects as their exclusive source of instruction. If they cannot get at the real Bible in its purity, let them at least study the nearest approach to it which is within their reach. Incorrect as is the authorised version, it is not for an instant to be placed on the same level with the writings and sermons of living or dead Protestants of any class or denomination whatsoever. The misery of Protestants is, that making their boast of the Bible, they will not read it for themselves, but take up with some or other of these boundless interpretations of fallible men. We do not say that they do not go through many parts of it with their eyes and lips, and that some portions of it do not fasten themselves on their memory; but we declare that a real Bible-reading Protestant is one of the rarest beings upon earth. They talk about their personal and independent judgment in reading the Scriptures; but they never *use* it earnestly and fairly. Either they are proud, insolent, and worldly-minded, and so are blinded by their own sins; or they come to the Bible with a ready-made interpretation beforehand, and whatever they read in it, they see nothing but what is conformable to these pre-supposed theories. The Protestant talk about Bible-reading is one of the most transparent of fictions. Their minds are deluged with floods of human traditions, of one sort or another, which take possession of their understanding, and darken it so that the Word of God is utterly without sense or meaning to them. Sunk in slavery to the inventions of man, they satisfy their consciences by just going through the words of what they imagine to be the Sacred Scriptures; and are firmly convinced that if they have plenty of texts upon their tongues, they have the Word of God in their understandings and in their hearts.

An instructive illustration of the true worth of the Protestant professions about the Bible is to be found in the interminable commentaries which they append to the text. "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible;" this is the motto of Protestantism. Its practice is directly the reverse. Protestant religious literature swarms with elaborate interpretations of the Scriptures. The Bible "without note or comment" is a thing without existence, speaking practically. Doubtless there are millions and millions of printed copies of the Bible (King James's version); and most Protestants possess one or more of them. But when it comes to reading them, instantly they fly to their favourite commentator, to affix the proper meaning to each doctrinal passage,

and to apply each moral precept. The sale of these innumerable commentaries is amazing. One man has Scott, another Henry, another Doddridge, another Mant and Doyly, another Girdlestone, another Townsend, another Simeon, another Stanley, another Shuttleworth, another some one of those various modern Dissenting productions, which we have from time to time seen, but whose names we cannot call to mind. What a melancholy sight it is! To see a strong, earnest, and, in many respects, a generous and noble-minded people, thus given up to one of the shallowest of delusions that ever illustrated the weakness of poor human nature! To see a man believing in Scott and Simeon, when he might hear St. Paul! To behold an earnest congregation putting faith in a flippant Evangelical or starched "Anglo-Catholic" preacher, when the very words of the Eternal Son of God are before him!

Contrast the Catholic practice. We do not say that the possession and personal study of the Scriptures is the necessary way for every man to learn how to be saved; consequently we do not force Bibles on poor and rich, old and young, people with vast abilities and much learning, and people who cannot even read. But we do say that the Bible is the Word of God, and that its constant and earnest study is a most profitable means for advancing in the knowledge and love of God. Accordingly, we have abundance of Bibles in the vernacular, not professing to be infallibly correct, and which no one thinks of venerating as in every detail *the* Word of God; yet sufficiently correct for practical purposes, though by no means perfect. These Catholic Bibles, moreover, stand in most marked contrast with the Protestant editions. The Protestant, to save his consistency in appearance, has one Bible without note or comment; but he has his commentary or commentaries also, of portentous dimensions, swamping the sacred text with a torrent of Lutheran, or Calvinistic, or Anglican phraseology. Our Bibles, on the other hand, certainly have a few very brief explanatory notes on a few of the more difficult passages; but immeasurably the greater portion of the sacred text stands uninterpreted, and left entirely to the devout intelligence of the reader.

So, too, in respect to the phrase "the whole Bible." Every honest Protestant, who is well informed, admits to himself that there are sundry parts of the Bible which make him feel extremely uncomfortable, and which he would be glad to see cut out, by some lawful expedient, from the sacred text. There are texts, and almost whole books, which look so extremely like a condemnation of his particular views, or

are so disagreeably Popish-looking, that he never by choice reads them; and he is sorry to think that they exist. He does not go the length of Luther, in words at least, and call St. James's Epistle an epistle of straw, or abuse the Epistle to the Hebrews in the language of Billingsgate. But he certainly is puzzled to make out how inspired writers could seem to contradict each other so surprisingly; and he thinks that, after all, some of the writers of the scriptural books knew more of the matter than the rest.

These sort of feelings never rise in the breast of a Catholic. It never occurs to him to be afraid of any part of the Word of God. Of course he sees obscure passages, and some in the interpretation of which learned and pious men will probably differ till the end of the world. But that is a very different thing from feeling that certain parts of Scripture really tell against one's own interpretation of the rest. Luther hated St. James, and insulted St. Paul by trying to set him up as a safer guide than his brother Apostles. But we never dream of setting up St. James against St. Paul. The bare notion is absurd. We do not see the opposition of one part of the Bible to another part. And as to setting up one of the Apostles as inspired, in disparagement of others, we should look on such a proceeding as a direct and unpardonable insult to Almighty God Himself. The works of the Saints and the best spiritual writers abound with advice to the devout to study the Scriptures; and it is not a little instructive to compare their manner of doing so with the common practice of anti-Catholic religious teachers. Protestant parents and preachers continually advise the use of such and such a commentary on the Bible as its companion. When a Catholic Saint or master of spiritual life says any thing about the best way of reading the Scriptures, it is to advise the perpetual contemplation of Christ crucified as the central light which lightens every thing that moves around it, ourselves kneeling before a crucifix, so that the very posture of the body and the material object which strikes the eyes, may remind us that we are nothing, and Jesus Christ is all in all. This is the true Catholic commentary on the Bible; and it will continue to be practised by us as long as the world shall last, and when all the sects which now unite only to assail us have passed away, and given place to some newer and more terrible manifestation of that lying spirit which hates Christ, and at once employs and perverts His sacred Word.

ST. OSWALD'S;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CLOISTER.

CHAPTER VII.

A NOVICE'S DIFFICULTIES. FATHER BASIL'S HISTORY.

THE bell was ringing for matins at St. Oswald's, and had just woke Brother Clement (the elder Longford) from a heavy slumber into which he had fallen, after a night of broken and uneasy sleep. His head still throbbed; and as he passed his hand over his forehead and pressed it upon his eyes in order to wake himself thoroughly and without delay, he looked round upon the walls and furniture of his cell. Unconsciously, the image of his former comfortable sleeping-room at Woodlands mingled with his observation of the poor and rather old furniture which scantily served for the necessities of life in his new abode. He felt cold at the prospect. The bare walls, with their almost colourless surface broken only by a small plain crucifix and two or three religious prints; the floor, with not even a fragment of old carpet a few feet square in the middle; a deal table; a couple of book-shelves, with a very few books upon them; a washing-stand in keeping with the rest; and a hard pallet bedstead, with a mattress such as he would not have thought of putting a dog to sleep upon in former times,—all this contrasted with the luxuriously fitted-up apartment which it had been his mother's delight to watch over for his especial use in comfortable Woodlands. Involuntarily he said to himself, "And this is for life!" and a faint sensation of creeping spread itself over his frame.

He had gone to bed the night before with a racking headache, feeling acutely the trial of solitariness and the absence of the gentle tenderness of a mother's care, always delightful, but doubly so when weariness and illness bring down the heart of a man to a sense of feebleness and dependence. For hours the difficulties of his new life, which he had now entered on for some little time, had been presenting themselves to his imagination with all the exaggeration which the night-time and solitude can produce; especially, as in his case, when restless sleep comes and goes every few minutes.

"And this is for life!" said the young novice to himself. "Shall I ever bear it? Am I really called to it? Am I fit for it? Have I health and strength to stand up against solitude, and cold, and hard fare, and the absence of all the small enjoyments of which I thought so little when I had them daily in abundance, but which I now miss, I think, more and more every day? 'Is this *my* cross, after all?"

And as he went on rapidly dressing, doubts, difficulties, and questionings coursed one upon another through his mind. All the immense responsibility involved in choosing a life for oneself pressed upon him with formidable force. He wondered whether he was really a person fit thus to go out of the ordinary track of Christians; to break through the habits, associations, and feelings of his past life, and bind himself by an irrevocable vow to a state of existence which was so unpalatable to human nature,—at least to his human nature.

"Surely one must not *choose* one's cross," he said to himself. "It is the very secret of the spiritual life to accept our cross, just as God gives it. And am I not now making my choice of one cross instead of another; running away from the trials and temptations of that life which I so much dread, and flying to the cloister in order to shirk the hard work that God's providence has cut out for me elsewhere?"

Then, before he could well weigh the questions he was putting to himself, a whole cloud of pictures presented themselves to his imagination; all the calm sweets of domestic life; the useful and honourable career of a religious man living on his property and a benefactor to all about him; the pleasures of society, amusements, books; even a host of lower enjoyments still,—good dinners, a luxurious bed in place of the board-like mattress from which he had risen, fine horses, and a run with the hounds, even to the poor gratification of being well dressed and waited upon;—all these points of contrast between the life he was leaving and the life he was embracing swept across his brain with dazzling brightness. For a moment he seemed to himself to waver even in the noblest part of his nature, and to be on the point of saying to himself, "It won't do; I can't stand it; it's impossible."

In action, however, there was no sign of faltering. His *will*, though he did not know it himself, did not falter for an instant. It was not even shaken. The imagination alone, and the lower part of his nature, were disturbed. It did not for the briefest space of time occur to him practically to hesitate. He finished his dressing and was in his place in choir, wearing his uual grave, earnest, and steadfast expresssion. The remnants

of the pictures that had haunted his fancy still flitted about his thoughts during the progress of the Divine Office; and he was sensible of a more than ordinary bracing up of his spirit for a work of immense difficulty; but never since his clothing had he experienced so much real repose of mind, or had so thoroughly entered into the mystic meaning of the devotions in which he was taking his share.

"You look more serious than ever to-day," said his brother to him in the course of the afternoon. "I'm afraid the diet and early hours are telling on you rather uncomfortably. I hope you've no idea of giving in?"

"None in the world," said he, adding, as he observed the particularly vigorous and healthy look of his brother, "it seems to agree with *you*, at any rate. I protest that you look jollier every day. I never heard you talk such an astonishing quantity of nonsense before as you gave us to-day at recreation."

"Why, my dear fellow," said the younger, "nonsense is the very soul and life of recreation. If I hadn't a first-rate digestion and splendid spirits, I don't know what I should do. I really must have been born to be a monk; and you can't think how I enjoy it. How I did enjoy the singing in choir this morning! and I thought to myself, what is there in the world's amusements to compare with this? Come now, did not you enjoy it yourself? I am sure you did. I caught a glimpse of you, and thought you seemed prodigiously happy."

"If you mean, did I like the singing," replied the elder, "I can't say I did. It set my teeth on edge; Brother Chrysostom's voice always reminds me of a cracked clarionet. If St. John Chrysostom had been blest with such an organ, I fear he would never have been the 'Saint of the golden mouth,' with all his eloquence."

"Oh," cried the other, "what is there in a voice?"

"A great deal," cried Brother Clement, interrupting him with a laugh.

"What's in the voice?" continued Brother Cyril; "it's the spirit that is the thing. One doesn't pray with one's throat, but with one's heart and understanding."

"But you don't sing *without* your throat, nevertheless," replied the elder. "I grant you that it is the spirit which speaks to the spirit; but at the same time, the voice speaks to the *ear*. And I confess to you, that my ears, accustomed only to drawing-room warblings, have more than once ached pretty considerably under Brother Chrysostom's golden notes. However, when I look at his good, honest, devout face as he

sings, I feel very much ashamed of myself, and could find it in my heart to go and ask his pardon for wronging him."

"What a nuisance it must be to be as sensitive as you are!" cried Brother Cyril. "Now I dare say you are disgusted with the smells that come up from Farmer Pounce's farmyard and pigsties. They certainly are inconveniently near the monastery, and I wonder Father Prior doesn't buy out the worthy farmer."

"Do you mean to say that you *like* those Arabian perfumes, then?" asked Brother Clement.

"Not exactly that," said the other; "but I overlook them some how or other."

"That's a confusion of ideas," replied the elder brother. "You can't overlook a smell, unless you mean that your window overlooks the farmyard and pigsties from which the savoury odours proceed, as mine does in fact."

"No doubt some day they will be done away with," remarked Brother Cyril.

"When friend Pounce is done away with himself, they may be," said his brother; "for my part, I expect to have to endure these scents for a considerable portion of my natural life, if I remain here."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Brother Cyril. "I trust I shall lose my sense of smelling, then. This is a version of the 'odour of sanctity' I am not at all prepared for."

The elder brother shrugged his shoulders, smiled, and the conversation changed.

A day or two afterwards, the elder of the two brothers was engaged in one of those interviews with the novice-master which fill so influential a part in the wise carrying out of the system of the novitiate. It was not one of the formal "manifestations of conscience," made under the seal of secrecy, but rather a friendly conversation, less obligatory, but scarcely less important.

"There is a question I very much want to ask you," said Brother Clement; "but I hardly know how to put it, for fear it should seem impertinent. The subject does trouble me, however, so much, that I fancy I had better not let it go working and worrying in my mind, but out with it at once."

"By all means," said Father Benedict; "and let me beg of you, once for all, always to adopt the same plan. It is of the very first importance that you should have no concealments from me of any thing that passes in your mind; I mean, of course, of things that bear at all upon your spiritual life. A novice-master is like a doctor; he has not a fair chance if his patients conceal any of their symptoms from him."

"But suppose they seem absurdly trifling, and can't be mentioned without indulging some questionable feeling in one's own mind? What ought I to do in that case?"

"You may be assured," replied Father Benedict, "that you are not a safe judge as to what is trifling and what is important in such matters. What you think important may be trifling, and the reverse. These sort of things can only be judged of by long experience. A young novice is like an infant learning the relative size and position of material objects. Nothing but the experience of others can guide it right. Never be afraid of telling me too much. All I ask in return is, that when I decide about any thing, you should rest satisfied with my decision. In some cases, it is a most delicate affair, this ascertaining a vocation; and the grand difficulty often lies in the concealment of something that ought to be known."

"But supposing one finds it impossible to mention things without in some degree giving way to some temptation or other; what ought to be done then?"

"Rely on it," said the Father, "that in this case you are *not* indulging an improper feeling, or giving way to a temptation. These very agitations of feeling which precede or accompany the manifestation of your secret conscience to your appointed spiritual guide are often nothing but snares, which tend to keep you silent when you ought to speak. It may be very right not to talk of such things to other people; but the case is quite different when you come to a person like myself, who is called upon to advise you on so momentous a question as your vocation, and who therefore *has a right* to know the whole state of your mind."

"I see the difference now quite clearly," replied the young man; "but I don't know what you'll think of me for what I am going to say."

"That's just your mistake," said the Father. "Never mind what I shall think of you. It is nothing to you what I shall think of you, as you are just now. I want to get at the facts of your spiritual life, in order that I may put you in the right track, if you are out of it, and show you how to co-operate with the grace of God, if He is really giving you a vocation. The great thing, in every circumstance that a human being can be placed in, is to do one's plain duty; if with the purest feelings, so much the better; if with mixed feelings, then with them. At any rate, what is right in itself must be *done*. And now what are you going to ask me?"

"About Father Basil?" said Brother Clement, still hesitating.

"What about him?" asked the Father.

"About the stories that have been told of him so long. May I know the real truth?" said the novice.

"Not from me, certainly," replied Father Benedict; "for I don't know it myself. But now, as you have mentioned your wish, I must ask you why you want to know. Is it from mere curiosity, or not?"

"I don't think it is," said the novice. "I am not, I fancy, easily given to be scandalised; but I *can't* get over the ideas that the daily sight of Father Basil suggests. The thought recurs to me again and again, and seems to stand like a sentinel at the door, to warn me away from the monastic life."

"Could you put into exact shape the difficulties thus suggested?" asked the novice-master.

"Yes, Father, I think so," replied the other. "The question with me is just this: if Father Basil is guilty, why does he go on unpunished, and taking just the same part in the duties of the community as the rest of the Fathers? If he is innocent, why does he avoid every body, and why is it so plain that there is a painful distance between him and all the others?"

"Is it so very plain that there exists an obstacle to free intercourse between him and others, should you say? I ask simply because I should like to know how it strikes any one who, like yourself, has recently come into the house."

"Oh, no one could possibly help seeing it. Why, Father Basil flies away like a frightened bird when any one comes near him, unless he is actually obliged to stay."

Father Benedict sighed, and looked extremely distressed.

"And you think that is the sort of impression that would be conveyed to any chance looker-on?" he continued.

"I am sure of it. I can see as plain as the day that every body is acting a part in respect to him; trying to go on as if there was nothing the matter, and yet uncomfortable all the while. Little as I have seen of the Fathers since I came, I am as sure of it as if we novices were always with you. One almost sees it at the altar."

"God forbid!" exclaimed the novice-master; "I do trust not. Surely no distressing feelings between him and others are apparent there. You must be mistaken; at least I fervently hope so."

"It may be fancy," said the novice; "but I don't think it is."

"And you mean, if I understand you, that this subject becomes a positive temptation to you, or something like it; and opposes your belief that you have a vocation here?" continued the Father.

"That's exactly it," replied Brother Clement.

"I suppose you know the real facts, don't you?" said the Father.

"I have heard so many stories about it, that I could never guess what was the real truth," said the other. "Indeed, till I came here, I was half-disposed to think the whole thing was a pure calumny."

"Perhaps it is so," said the Father; "but as you seem to feel the thing so deeply, you had better know the exact state of the case, as far as any body knows it. About three years ago, Father Basil was accidentally in company with some persons, all but one of them strangers to him, in the coffee-room of an inn at ——, which you know is about ten miles from here. He was on his way back to St. Oswald's, having been absent on some duty or other for a few weeks, and he had gone into the coffee-room to wait while a horse was being saddled for him to ride from —— here. The person who was not a stranger to him was, as it was afterwards ascertained, an Italian of the name of Bertini. This man, as we have learnt by various inquiries, had once done Father Basil a most grievous wrong, while he was resident in one of our houses in Italy. I need not go into the particulars of what the thing was, but it is enough to tell you that it was one of the most terrible injuries which one man can be guilty of towards another. It appeared, also, that at the period when Bertini had thus wronged him, Father Basil, who is naturally a man of extraordinarily sensitive and vehement temperament, had been agitated by what he endured to a serious extent. He felt the injury most acutely; though his conduct on the occasion was almost, if not altogether, blameless.

"At the same time, those who have known him all his life say that a decided change took place in his character after Bertini had injured him in this way. There grew upon him what seemed like a perpetual tension of the mind, as if it was always anxiously directed to one subject. His life was irreproachable, except for an occasional outbreak of uncontrollable emotion; but he became just that sort of man that every body feels he has not got to the bottom of. In such persons it may be saintliness wearing an unprepossessing exterior, or the effect of violent inward struggles, or the mere physical consequence of shattered nerves, or a morbid state of health, or what not. At any rate, there are persons about whom there is a certain *depth*—whether of gloom or of light—which the eye of the ordinary observer cannot fathom. I tell you these particulars, because without them you will not be able to understand how things came to be as they are.

"Oh, by the way, I forgot to mention that an expression that had fallen from Father Basil at the time was recalled to mind, and helped to the conclusion that was generally come to. He had been heard to say that he hoped God would enable him to take a just revenge upon Bertini for the wrong he had done him; or words to that effect. The expression might have meant only that he trusted he would have grace to take a *Christian's* just revenge upon his enemy by forgiving him, doing him good, and praying for him; but it was just one of those sayings which *may* have a bad meaning, and which, in certain circumstances, tell against a man with terrible effect. All these things were hunted out some years ago; for the provincial was so anxious to ascertain the truth about Father Basil, that he had the minutest inquiries made in Italy.

"Well, on the day in question, when Father Basil recognised Bertini in the coffee-room, he went up to him and shook hands with him. Bertini had been, it seems, some time in England, and spoke English pretty well. He did not, however, take Father Basil's greeting in a very friendly way, and soon began talking to the other people present in a very offensive manner about priestcraft, and monks, and other such irritating topics; with pointed hints at Father Basil as being a specimen of monastic duplicity and guilt. We never could make out satisfactorily how the thing got on; but it seems certain that it ended in a dispute, in which Father Basil lost his temper to some extent, and, goaded by Bertini's insults, at last left the room in a great hurry. Of course, we were anxious to do every thing with as little noise as possible; but still we could not bear the idea of doing injustice to Father Basil. So one of us was deputed to call privately upon some of the persons in the coffee-room at the time of the quarrel, and ask for their candid opinion. Some said one thing, and some another. Some declared that Father Basil's face looked perfectly frenzied and diabolical; others that he was merely dreadfully agitated and frightened; and one thought that he was plainly struggling with all his force to control himself under the insults he had received.

"That evening Father Basil arrived at St. Oswald's very late, long after the time when he ought to have been at home; and when he did arrive, the porter noticed traces of much agitation in his countenance, which was also deadly pale. The following morning Bertini was found dead in a field close to the wayside, on the road between —— and St. Oswald's; the very road that Father Basil would have come. It appeared that he had been killed by the blow of a heavy stick; for there

was a severe wound on the temple, which had not bled much, but which was sufficient to cause death. Suspicion, of course, instantly fell on Father Basil.

"Happily for us, the investigation was conducted by a magistrate of sense and good feeling, who was desirous of doing his duty without prejudice to any one. Still, it was the merest accident that Father Basil was not tried for the murder; and the magistrate I speak of incurred great obloquy on the occasion. Whether he knew more of the matter than any one else, I can't say; but I fancy he did, and so put a stop to further proceedings. If the public had known one or two things which we knew, the affair must certainly have come to a trial. The walking-stick of the murdered man,—a heavy, peculiar-looking thing, almost a bludgeon,—was found to be in Father Basil's cell. He had brought it home the night before; and all the account he could give was, that he supposed he had taken it by mistake instead of his own when he left the coffee-room. His own walking-stick was never found. There was also a stain of blood on his coat-sleeve, and one of his hands was slightly wounded. Of this he could give no account; but he put it down to his having struck himself against the branch of a tree in riding fast through the woods. The account he gave of himself was, that in the agitation of his mind, under the insults he had received from Bertini, he had taken a wrong turning soon after leaving the town of ——; and when some time afterwards he found that he was going wrong, he returned, as he imagined, in the direction of his first route. He, however, lost his way, got into the woods, and rode backwards and forwards, till at last he found himself in the right path, and arrived at home very late, exhausted in body and mind alike. I should tell you also, that a rosary was found close to the murdered man, which was of exactly the same make in every respect as several which we had been in the habit of making here. There was something peculiar about the beads, and there was a medal attached, which certainly belonged to some one of this place. The conclusion drawn was, that Father Basil had dropped it in the struggle supposed to have taken place. The pockets of the dead man were found unrifled; so that it was clear the crime had not been committed with a view to robbery.

"From the first Father Basil has rigidly maintained that he has no knowledge whatsoever of the matter. At the same time, there is not the faintest clue to trace it home to any one else. And what with one thing, and what with another, there is a general idea that he must be the man. Still, there is no strict proof; and I for one should not be surprised if he were

to be proved innocent at last, though how I can't conceive. On this ground, I have been always strongly of opinion that the provincial is perfectly justified in allowing Father Basil to go on with his duties like any other of us. He does not preach, it is true; for he wishes not to do so. But he says Mass regularly; he is one of the most punctual in the house at choir, and in observance of the rule in all respects he is a pattern to every one."

"May I ask if he hears confessions?" asked Brother Clement.

"He does,—that is, he has faculties; but nobody will go to him except Brother Gregory, who stoutly maintains his innocence, and is as devoted to him as any religious can be to another without trespassing the spirit of his rule. The strangest part, perhaps, of the whole is, that there is a certain mysterious, incomprehensible feeling in the house about Father Basil. Out of doors I believe there is no end to the absurd nonsense that people say about him. But amongst ourselves there undoubtedly is a certain something which I can't explain or account for."

"But what a terrible thing it is for the community to have had such a thing happen, and to have the world outside talking as they do about it," said the novice.

"Indeed it is, I assure you," replied Father Benedict; "it is a trial of the very severest kind. One good thing is, it serves to humble us all pretty effectually; and whether Father Basil is guilty or not, he has been God's instrument in communicating many graces to us, I firmly believe. The thing that chiefly puzzles me, as well as others, on the supposition that he is innocent, is, the dread that he has of us all. It is not that he seems to be cowed, or to be concealing any thing. His countenance, with all its intense seriousness, is open enough; and of course no one could be exactly cheerful and lively in his circumstances, however their conscience might acquit them. But there is a sort of scared way about Father Basil that is quite singular. He seems almost as if he had a knife run into him whenever he is obliged to be with any one for any length of time, or he is spoken to more than necessity requires. It's a great mystery, and a great trial; but I think we are doing what is just to him, and no doubt we have the blessing of God upon it. And now I have told you all, tell me candidly if it removes your uncomfortable feelings."

"It more than removes them," replied the novice; "it seems to enchain me with a sort of fascination. Only conceive, *if* Father Basil is innocent, what a martyrdom he must

be undergoing! It quite frightens me to think of it. What should I do, if such a thing were to happen to me?"

"My dear brother," said the Father, "such a thing *might* happen to you, or any one else, living in the world. So I hope you will not fancy that this sort of thing is more *likely* to happen in the cloister than out of it."

"That I see plainly," said the young man; "but I think the history must give almost a tragic interest even to the most trivial details of life in this house."

"I feel that myself," said the Father; "but others have got more accustomed to it, and do not feel it pressing upon them as I do. And it is as well that it should be so, no doubt. People wonder, I believe, that Father Basil is not sent to some other of our houses, where he would not be known, and so the public scandal, such as it is, would be avoided. This was once thought of; but Father Basil himself made so earnest a request to Father Provincial that he might be allowed to remain here, that the idea was given up. I must say, that he did not at all seem to be wishing to save his own character, merely as his own. He was convinced, he said, that the scandal to others would be less, on the whole, if he remained, than if he went away. There was a good deal to say on both sides of the question; but Father Basil's feelings turned the scale in favour of his remaining where he is. And I really don't know of any instance of real harm that has been done to any one by it. It has humbled us all, and made us more careful than ever in our conduct, and that is a positive gain; and in such cases as your own, where it has formed an actual stumbling-block, I believe that a little explanation has invariably removed the evil. Whether the mystery will ever be cleared up, God only knows."

And so the conversation ended, and Brother Clement returned to his cell.

CHAPTER VIII.

CONVERSATION AT DINNER.

THERE was a small dinner-party at Burleigh Manor. It was one of Sir Reginald's few sensible opinions that a dinner-party should consist of eight persons only. More, he said, spoils conversation. With more than eight, those at one end of the table cannot speak to those at the other; and the whole thing is broken up into a series of dialogues between immediate neighbours.

On the present occasion, though the dinner was rather one of convenience than of formal arrangement, there were to be the correct number only. The Somersets, with their guest Mrs. Ogleby, formed half of the list; the others were, Lord Pangbourne; Mr. Thorburn, the owner of the property which Sir Reginald wished to purchase; his sister; and Mr. Croft, Sir Reginald's agent and man of business. The party was in fact arranged partly with a view to complete the contemplated transference of the Thorburn estate to the owner of Burleigh. Mr. Thorburn was a sporting squire, who never resided on the estate called by his own name; and he was now come down with a view of getting rid of it altogether, and was occupying, with his sister, an unmarried lady, a small furnished house which belonged to him, and which was at present without a tenant.

The evening was looked forward to with different feelings by the different inmates of Burleigh. Lady Somerset hoped that Mr. Thorburn would present her with the puppies of a King Charles's spaniel of the purest breed, concerning which he had discoursed largely during a recent morning call. Sir Reginald was conning over all his choicest modes for making himself agreeable without the loss of his dignity, with the wish of bringing Mr. Thorburn to consent to more reasonable terms for the purchase of his estate. Mary Somerset's expectations may be estimated from a brief conversation she had with her mother just before she left her room.

"Mamma," said she, "you really must contrive not to let me sit near this Mr. Thorburn to-day at dinner."

"Why, my dear, I thought you would prefer any one to Lord Pangbourne, considering how you profess yourself bored by him."

"Yes," said her daughter, "Lord Pangbourne bores me; but this Thorburn disgusts me. I can't tolerate him. A fellow with a soul not an inch above horses and hounds, who never speaks without slang, and talks about the 'female sex' till I long to horsewhip him. He is infinitely too free-and-easy for my taste."

"But, Mary," rejoined Lady Somerset, "would you have me put Mr. Thorburn next to Mrs. Ogleby? Such a pious woman as she is will be shocked and distressed by his language. You know Mr. Thorburn is not of our religion, and he sometimes says things that would distress so devout a Catholic as good Mrs. Ogleby."

"My dear mamma," cried Mary, "do take my judgment for once. Mrs. Ogleby will be no more shocked by Mr. Thorburn's slang than I shall be by Lord Pangbourne's prosing.

Besides, I know the fellow likes widows, by the offensive way he talked about them the other morning. 'Miss Mary,' said he—why can't the man call me Miss Somerset?—'Miss Mary,' said he, with something very like a wink of his eye, 'widows are up to any thing.' And this was said in reference to Mrs. Ogleby herself, after I had told him, in answer to his question, that her husband was dead. I can't think why papa asks the man to dinner at all."

"You forget," replied her mother, "that Thorburn is for sale, and your papa is very anxious to buy it; though I am afraid it will be not so easy to raise the purchase-money."

Meanwhile, what were Mrs. Ogleby's own anticipations of the evening's entertainment? That exemplary lady sat in front of the large cheval-glass in her apartment, occupied in putting the finishing touches to her toilet. But let it not be imagined that her soul was filled with pictures of mere feminine vanity, or that it was through a simple girlish desire to appear well dressed that she found it difficult to please herself in the disposition of lace, ribbons, and jewels. Far from it. Mrs. Ogleby was this evening about to open her campaign in serious earnest. If she dressed well, it was with a view to a certain end. The vague speculations with which she had come to Burleigh were now taking a definite shape, and she saw before her more than one object worthy of the undivided devotion of her energetic efforts. Three unmarried gentlemen were to be in the house at the same time; and each one presented to her certain decided but distinct claims to be constituted the object of her pursuit.

"First," said she to herself, as she finally completed her adornments, "there is Lord Pangbourne. Far above me, indeed, and, I suspect, in love with this Mary Somerset. Moreover, his lordship is undeniably a prig, a dictionary, an encyclopædia, a dead weight upon the spirits. Dreadfully respectable too! But then his lordship is vain; and every vain man is a simpleton, and can be humbugged. Indeed, on the whole, I should say that a man vain of his knowledge and abilities is more easily flattered and won than any other of the vain species of humanity. Still, to catch Viscount Pangbourne is *rather* a bold stroke for Lætitia Ogleby.

"Then there is this squire. Faugh! The fellow's as coarse as his own huntsmen; but he's not exactly ugly, and his income, they say, is pretty fair. I heard what he said about widows the other day: that gives me my cue; it won't do to come the dashing widow with my friend Thorburn—it must be the modest retiring line. But then he won't stand piety, that I am confident of; these fellows never will. I

must be coy and sensitive. But if I *should*, as I expect, get Thorburn on one side of me and Croft on the other, how to manage the coy and sensitive without touching on the pious will be rather puzzling.

"It certainly won't do to say any thing to spoil a chance with Croft; for he may be the right man after all. Indeed, of him I am pretty certain. They say he's very rich and well connected, though he works at his profession as if he had not a farthing of his own. Only there's his never-changing gravity; could I stand that, and for life? Humph! it would be hard; but he might, yes, he must improve, or my name is not Lætitia Ogleby. His earnestness and seriousness sometimes almost frighten me. And they say he really *is* so good, and self-denying, and all the rest of it. Yet he's very clever, and has eyes that at times I don't quite fancy the look of. And what a handsome man! Why, if this baronet and this viscount and this squire were all put into a room together with Croft, and a stranger came in without knowing their names, my life on it he would take Croft for the viscount, and Pangbourne for the man of business. Well, we shall see. The great thing will be not to show my hand and betray my game. Ha, there's the dinner-bell!"

And with a parting glance at the cheval-glass, Mrs. Ogleby descended into the drawing-room.

At the dinner-table all were placed according to Miss Somerset's wishes. Mrs. Ogleby sat on one side, between Mr. Thorburn and Mr. Croft; on the opposite side were Miss Somerset and Miss Thorburn, with Lord Pangbourne dividing them.

"Fond of riding?" said Mr. Thorburn to Mrs. Ogleby, as soon as they were fairly seated. "Deuced fine sight, in my opinion, to see a fine woman go across country after the hounds."

"Very fond indeed," said the widow; "but a sad coward, I am ashamed to own. I used to ride a great deal in Mr. Ogleby's time; he was always buying me fresh horses, in hopes of overcoming my timidity; but I never could get over it. And yet he used to say that I sat a horse remarkably well."

Mary Somerset, upon whom Lord Pangbourne had not yet opened his heavy artillery, heard enough of this reply, though it was uttered in a low and modest voice, to catch its meaning, and to wonder how it was that the departed Ogleby, whom his spouse had hitherto represented as a tyrant, had so sedulously cultivated her equestrian skill. She could not help glancing across the table at the widow; and the latter,

though her eyes seemed fixed only on her plate, was perfectly aware of Mary's glance, and of its meaning also.

"Devilish good for the complexion," rejoined the squire; "that is, for those that want it, which you certainly do not."

"I am too old for compliments, Mr. Thorburn," said the lady; "and as time goes on, the cares and sorrows of life press so heavily, that one does not care for them any longer."

"No compliment, madam, I assure you," said the squire. "No hunting in this part of the world; that's the reason I so seldom show my face among my neighbours. I want to sell Thorburn too, for that very reason; and you know" (here he dropped his voice almost to a whisper) "the baronet is nibbling at it. Will he bite, do you think?"

"I've no doubt of it," replied Mrs. Ogleby, in an equally confidential tone.

"What are all those grand buildings, Lady Somerset," said Thorburn, turning to the said lady, who sat on his left hand, "that I passed yesterday near your church here—Saint Somebody's—what do you call it?—what is the man's name?"

"St. Oswald's," replied Lady Somerset. "The buildings are the additions to the monastery made since you were last here."

"Never heard of such a saint in my life before. Devilish sharp fellows some of those old saints, I'll bet a dozen of claret any day—eh? Mrs. Ogleby, what say you?"

Mrs. Ogleby did not know what to say, and therefore said nothing.

"And those were monks, I suppose, that I saw walking about in black cloaks, or some such queer-looking garments? No Bond-Street tailoring there, I fancy; eh, Lady Somerset?"

"They are holy and mortified men, I believe," said the lady appealed to.

"The deuce they are!" exclaimed the squire; "but up to a dodge for all that, I'll wager a sovereign. Splendid claret, no doubt, in the cellars at—what's the name of the place, Lady Somerset? Ah, yes, St. Oswald's; I had a filly of that name that promised to be one of the fastest horses of the day. That reminds me to ask you, Lord Pangbourne, as you know every thing, what was the meaning of calling those two celebrated racers 'Surplice' and 'Crucifix' by such out-of-the-way names?"

"A most offensive practice," responded the peer.

"Then you think the original owners of those horses weren't Catholics, who gave them those names out of religion and all that?"

"It is impossible," said the peer. "The falsehoods told of us are interminable."

"You don't say so?" said the squire. "But you can't persuade a man of the world like me that these monks and priests of yours are not the clever dogs we think them. Come now, that would be rather too strong."

"What do you mean, Mr. Thorburn?" asked Sir Reginald, not exactly liking the tone of his guest's conversation.

"Oh, mean? Sir Reginald?" said Thorburn; "don't tell me you don't know what I mean; why a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse."

"I don't understand you," said the baronet, any thing but mollified.

Mrs. Ogleby whispered to Thorburn to drop the subject; but he did not take the hint.

"What! not about such things as confession and all that, eh?" said the determined squire. "By the way, it must come deuced heavy to a man of your rank and fortune, Sir Reginald."

"Allow me to observe, Mr. Thorburn," responded the baronet, "that I am totally in the dark as to your meaning."

"Why, God bless my soul! I mean your sins," said Thorburn.

"My sins!" echoed the baronet, actually putting down his knife and fork, and staring the squire in the face. "If I have any sins, what can that have to do with the subject of your allusion?"

"How much does it stand you in in the course of the year? That's what I mean," said the squire. "Of course you don't pay as a plain squire like myself; and your butler, now, gets off, no doubt, at half-price. (The butler and other servants here turned away their heads to smother their painful laughter.) "To my lord, now, the figure must be deuced high. This good lady here, no doubt, is taken at a low price. If I were a Catholic, and a family man, by Jove, I think I would compound for the whole, as one does for one's dogs. Have you any thing of that sort, my lord, in your arrangements?"

During the whole of this harangue the countenances of the listeners were nearly indescribable. Sir Reginald and Lady Somerset looked bewildered. Lord Pangbourne seemed charged to bursting with a volley of eloquence; Miss Somerset disgusted in the extreme, while her cheeks glowed with angry colour; Mr. Croft's habitual gravity appeared more intense than ever; and Mrs. Ogleby bit her lips almost till the blood came, and applied her handkerchief to her mouth to conceal her irrepressible smiles.

The viscount broke the silence which ensued for a few moments when the squire ceased.

"You do not seem perfectly well-informed on the history of the subject of sacramental penance," he began.

"The deuce a bit of it," interrupted the squire, suddenly pulling up the peer. "Never heard of such a thing in the whole course of my life."

"If you consult the records remaining of the earliest periods of the history of the Church—" resumed the peer.

"Rather dull reading, eh, Mrs. Ogleby," again interrupted the squire, in a subdued tone, to his neighbour.

"You will find the most distinct indications of the practices pursued in the Church at the present day," continued the determined peer. "I am not quite certain as to the exact date of the first instance that is recorded of the commutation of——"

"Oh, my lord, pray don't trouble yourself about it. I'm perfectly satisfied," cried Thorburn. "You know a confounded deal more of these sort of things than I do."

Instinctively conscious that Thorburn would not allow him to utter two consecutive sentences, however profound, Lord Pangbourne turned, slightly vexed, to Miss Somerset, and proceeded in his discourse. She, however, was now so much occupied with her own thoughts, that for some time she remained perfectly ignorant of the subject of the viscount's prosing, being aware only of a kind of physical sensation of rumbling in her ear. She ate and drank mechanically; till at last she woke up from her reverie, and discovered that somehow or other he had got from primitive Church discipline to Hindu mythology.

"As you know," he was saying, "the incarnations, avatars, or appearances of the deity Vishnu are very numerous. I have always thought there must be something peculiarly mysterious in his appearance as a tortoise——"

"Eh, my lord?" exclaimed Thorburn, who had caught some words of the viscount's which had excited his never-quiet curiosity; "what's that, if I may take the liberty of asking? Who's that Vishnu you were speaking of? I never heard of him in the whole course of my life."

The spirit of mischief seized upon Miss Somerset, and she forestalled the peer in his reply.

"Oh, don't you know, Mr. Thorburn?" she said; "Lord Pangbourne is telling me of the various appearances of Vishnu, the celebrated Hindu juggler at the London theatres. He once transformed himself into a tortoise before the eyes of the astonished audience."

The gravity with which this sally was uttered completely imposed upon the squire, and the viscount almost felt himself injured; but a look with which Miss Somerset favoured him assured him that she was not laughing at him, and his mind resumed its tranquillity, as Thorburn replied—

"Come, come, my lord, that's coming it *rather* strong. I've not been out at grass long enough to take that in. Your lordship must excuse me, but——"

"She's quizzing you," whispered Mrs. Ogleby to the squire, scarcely turning her head towards him, so that no one but himself knew that she addressed him.

The squire turned as red as one of his own hunting-coats; for if there was any thing he hated, it was being made a butt of. He darted an angry but subdued look across the table at Mary, and actually sat silent for some minutes. Mrs. Ogleby saw that the shaft had struck home, and resolved to turn the wound to her own account. During the remainder of the dinner she made herself as agreeable as possible to the irritated vanity of the fox-hunter; and when the ladies left the dining-room he thought her the most charming widow he had ever had the happiness of knowing.

On entering the drawing-room, Lady Somerset subsided into a large chair, with her spaniels on her lap; Mary essayed in vain to make conversation with Miss Thorburn, who was a dull little piece of uneducated inanity, who sang ballads out of tune, and thought crochet-working one of the fine arts; and Mrs. Ogleby sat silent and reflecting.

"You seem meditative this evening, my dear Mrs. Ogleby," said Lady Somerset; "what are you thinking of?"

"Nothing in particular," replied the widow.

"Weaving the plot of a romance, perhaps?" said Miss Somerset, with as keen an eye on the lady as she dared fix upon her.

An instantaneous cloud passed over Mrs. Ogleby's face, and as instantaneously was banished; but Mary saw that she had again hit harder than she intended, notwithstanding the amiable nothingness of Mrs. Ogleby's reply.

"Oh, this unfortunate tongue of mine!" thought Mary, taking up a book; "what enemies I make with it! When shall I learn self-control? How can I be so foolish as to make this woman my enemy more than is necessary? If I am to do any thing to keep her from doing us harm, it is mere folly to go irritating her in this way. I am certain she's a humbug, and I have a strong suspicion she means mischief; but if I make her my personal enemy, it will make the task of foiling her more difficult than ever; and it's hard enough

already: my father and mother are absolutely infatuated with the woman. What *can* she be after? Is she after this wretched squire? Very likely; but we shall see. Oh, for a little composure and recollectedness of mind!"

CHAPTER IX.

MRS. OGLEBY'S CONFIDENCES.

Opening out of the smaller drawing-room at Burleigh was a conservatory, shadowy with tall and graceful shrubs, and usually lighted up in the evening with two or three lamps, so that a dim and broken light pervaded the whole. Seats were placed beneath the most lofty of the shrubs, and formed a pleasant lounge on a warm summer evening.

The gentlemen had not long left the dining-room, and Mrs. Ogleby was already to be found on one of these seats, in deep shadow, and by her side the squire himself. Their talk was not of love, or sentiment, but of business. A tinge of love, it is true, coloured the thoughts of the fox-hunter, and the speculations of the lady were ever and anon irradiated by some ideas of a less prosaic character than acres, mortgages, and the revenues of Sir Reginald Somerset. These, however, were uppermost in the thoughts, and constituted the subject of the conversation between the worthy personages now in close communication.

"I'm sure of it, madam," said the squire, in the low voice in which the whole of the conversation was conducted; "I have it from unexceptionable authority. The Somersets are living beyond their means; and Sir Reginald, who is as proud as Lucifer, is put to it to keep up his present establishment. How he's to pay for Thorburn, if I sell it to him, the deuce knows; for I don't, unless he borrows more money from that crafty dog, Croft."

"You don't mean to say that Sir Reginald has already borrowed from Mr. Croft?" asked the lady in surprise.

"I do though, as sure as my name's Jack Thorburn; and I've a notion that Croft, the cunning rascal, has a mortgage on a part of the Burleigh estate itself."

"Is Mr. Croft really, then, a wealthy man, as they say he is?" asked she.

"I believe you," replied Thorburn. "People talk of preposterous sums, which of course are all fudge; but I *know*

that he is rich, very rich. Why the man goes on with his profession I can't conceive. He must lay by thousands every year."

The shadows of the foliage concealed the lady's countenance, or Mrs. Ogleby's thoughtful looks at this announcement would not have tended to diminish the squire's opinion that "widows are up to any thing." She took care, nevertheless, not to let the conversation flag, lest he should suspect that more was passing in her mind than she cared to utter. She sat silent a brief space, and then heaved a profound sigh.

"What's the matter, madam?" exclaimed Thorburn, surprised at this sudden display of emotion.

"Ah, Mr. Thorburn," said she, "I was wandering in thought away from Mr. Croft, and Sir Reginald, and the mortgage you were talking of. The sight of this beautiful conservatory woke up old feelings almost too painful to bear. You are a hearty prosperous man; but I'm sure you can make allowances for the sadness of those who have gone through as much as I have."

"I'm deuced sorry to hear it," cried the sympathising squire; "but what is there in this greenhouse place to make you miserable?"

"It reminded me of my poor father's favourite pleasures," said the widow, sighing again; "it was his favourite hobby; the conservatories, and greenhouses, and pineries, in my earliest home were the admiration of the whole county. The fortune my dear father spent upon them annually was immense; but it was nothing to him then; his income would have borne twice the outlay."

"But what's become of it all now?" asked Thorburn, bluntly.

"Gone from me to the heir-at-law," said the widow, "except some miserable twenty or thirty thousand pounds, that my man of business tells me by law is mine, and which he assures me will be in my possession within twelve months. The first legal steps for obtaining my rights are already taken."

The squire's value of the widow rose fifty per cent. Thirty thousand pounds! "A widow indeed," he said to himself. He instantly grew more tender, and, not very cleverly, threw a dash of the sentimental into the phrases with which he expressed his condolence with the good lady on her losses. But the widow was not to be deceived. She saw the squire through and through, and had already matured another step in her plans. Thorburn must be played off against Croft, and the eagerness of the former employed to stir up

the cold emotions of the latter. She knew, as well as if Thorburn had presented her with his banker's book, that his income must be inferior to that of Croft; and she shrewdly suspected that Croft was a rising man, and likely to be twice as rich as he now was before he died; and that Thorburn was, like Sir Reginald, living at the least fully up to his means.

More than this, Mrs. Ogleby was not altogether bereft of the feelings of humanity. The three possible husbands on whom she speculated were not equally indifferent to her as a matter of personal liking. The squire disgusted while he amused her. Lord Pangbourne's coronet did not prevent her from acknowledging to herself that his lordship was undeniably a bore. Mr. Croft at once attracted, repelled, awed, and irritated her. His handsome face, fine figure, singular gravity and earnestness, and entire superiority to all her arts, united with the fact that he never seemed, like Mary Somerset, to be suspecting her and searching into her secrets, produced a mixture of sensations in her mind whose true nature she could not comprehend. One effect upon her was clear; she was beginning to be conscious of a sort of intense determination to make him marry her, not from affection to him, but as an object capable of calling forth all the energies of her determined character. Hardly knowing why, she began to feel herself impelled to employ any opportunity that might turn up to aid in the advancement of Mr. Croft's fortunes. In this, moreover, she found a gratification for her passion for intrigue; a passion which ruled over every other in her bosom, and made her, with her great natural cleverness and iron will, a very dangerous person wheresoever she once established herself.

With the rapidity of a commander-in-chief, who in a few moments seizes the plan of a whole campaign, Mrs. Ogleby's genius sketched out for herself a complete scheme of operations, even while the blundering Thorburn was pouring his clumsy nonsense into her willing ear. She would command Croft's respect by a character for piety, steadiness, and self-denial; she would arouse his jealousy by flattering the eager attachment of the squire; and she would win his gratitude by aiding in the increase of his wealth,—an object which she felt confident was dear to the last degree to a man of his sedate and business-like habits and modest and almost parsimonious style of living. If any thing had been wanted to give an additional zest to her schemes, it would have been supplied by the dislike, every day growing more keen, which she felt to Miss Somerset. Any thing that would at once benefit herself and

injure Mary presented an attraction which she could scarcely resist.

"And so you think, Mr. Thorburn," said she, after a short pause, "that Sir Reginald will find it difficult to find the purchase-money for your property. May I ask how much you ask?"

"Twenty-seven thousand pounds," said Thorburn; "and I know Sir Reginald could not find twenty-seven thousand pence."

"Come now," said the widow, in her most insinuating tones, and lowering her voice to a confidential whisper, "do tell me,—as a friend, you know,—is Thorburn really worth that? It is impossible for *me* to be perfectly indifferent to your interests; and I should like to know the truth, in case I should be able ever so little to influence Sir Reginald's decision on the purchase.".

"Honour bright?" asked the squire; "eh, Mrs. Ogleby? What, I suppose Sir Reginald likes a handsome widow for his adviser; eh, is that it?"

"I ask it out of the purest friendship to yourself," said Mrs. Ogleby, in a pathetic voice; "I am a friendless woman, Mr. Thorburn; but I have a heart, and I own I was touched by your kind interest in my happiness."

"Well, then," responded he, "in the strictest confidence, you know,—the estate is devilishly out at elbows, and I shall be precious glad to get rid of it at that price, or even less. But remember, honour bright, eh?"

"Sir Reginald shall not hear one word of what you have said, my dear sir," replied Mrs. Ogleby. "I have your interest too much at heart. And you think he must borrow the money on mortgage from this Mr. Croft?"

"I'm confident of it," said Thorburn. "The baronet was fool enough to let out something of the kind to me himself, when we were going over the estate. Besides, I overheard him say something about it to Croft."

"Dear me, how late it is!" exclaimed the lady. "We must not stay longer here, or we shall be talked about."

Mrs. Ogleby, however, wished it to be supposed that the squire was smitten with her charms; and therefore re-entered the drawing-room with an air of hurry and self-consciousness, and was delighted to see that for once Mr. Croft's eye was fixed observantly upon her.

(To be continued.)

PROTESTANTISM IN THE PRESENCE OF THE CHURCH.
THE AUSTRIAN CONCORDAT.

The English world has unwittingly been recently furnishing one or two striking illustrations of the truth of the Catholic religion. An "illustration," we may premise, of the truth of any system, is practically a "proof" of a peculiarly cogent kind. Many a mind which is not equal to the fully grasping of what are strictly called the proofs of a statement is powerfully impressed with the force of those facts which may be termed the "corollaries" of the proposition in question. This is peculiarly the way with those who term themselves emphatically *practical* people. They either cannot or will not enter into the merits of any system that comes before them theoretically only. They turn up their noses at the whole affair as something speculative,—*i. e.* whimsical,—and unworthy the notice of a man who is in thorough earnest. They do not comprehend things in the abstract. They cry out for some tangible result, which they can hear, taste, or handle,—just as, by the way, the Pagans cannot do without gods whom they touch with their hands and see with their eyes. Whatever the subject be,—religious, moral, political, agricultural, astronomical, or what not,—they are never thoroughly convinced till they see the working of what looks so perfect on paper.

No doubt, in some respects, this anti-theoretical habit is a laudable and prudent virtue. Considering the fallibility of the human intellect, there are certainly few things that can be trusted till they are tried. It is only in its exaggerations, and its conceited contempt for scientific reasoning, as such, that this "practical" spirit is to be condemned. Good or bad, however, it is certainly a characteristic of our worthy fellow-countrymen. An Englishman glories,—not by any means in the spirit of intellectual modesty,—in being a practical man. Theory is all very well, he thinks, for drowsy Germans and excitable Frenchmen; but give *him* the results of experience, and all your scientific speculations may go to the winds. We may rest assured, that if all the world had ever been like ourselves, Euclid's Elements would never have been discovered; and the human race would have known no more of the mysteries of the algebraic x, y, and z, than popular Protestantism knows of the real facts of Catholicism.

With our worthy fellow-countrymen, then, the kind of "illustrations" we speak of are peculiarly adapted to be of

practical efficacy. They show our religion in its results; and those results being precisely what they would be on the supposition that our religion is true, we point to them as corollaries to the reasoning by which we establish the divine origin of our faith. We contrast them with the practical results of Protestantism. We say that they are the logical and necessary consequences of the truth of our faith, and that they are visible manifestations of the reality of that supernatural agency which our faith declares to be existing around us and within us, unseen by the bodily eye and unheard by the bodily ear.

The only difficulty that lies in our way in bringing these arguments home to our fellow-countrymen is this, that they will persist in their inconsistent reasoning to the end. Their boastings of justice and candour all vanish into air the moment the Catholic appears on the scene. Proofs, irrefragable in the case of a Protestant, prove nothing at all in the case of a Papist. When *we* have done every thing that can be legitimately required of *them*, it turns out that we are accounted as having done nothing at all worth mentioning. If *they* act up to their professions, they are to be held as at least consistent. We, on the other hand, are not to be tried by any professions of our own. We may say that such and such is our creed, and this creed we assert to be true; but the world first disproves the doctrines we do *not* hold, and then denounces us for holding them. We maintain, that there is only *one* true and pure gospel; this shows that we pervert *the* one true gospel. We condemn mistranslations of the Scriptures; this shows that we hate *the* Scriptures. We conditionally re-baptise Protestant converts, on their own confessions of Protestant carelessness in baptising; this proves that we insult the Sacrament of Baptism. We refuse to pay spiritual obedience to the temporal sovereign of the country; this means that we pay temporal homage to a foreign prince. We believe that God gives grace through the Sacraments; this proves that we care nothing for grace, but place all our trust in forms and ceremonies. We hold that a purgatory must purify the soul from every stain of sin before it enters heaven; this implies that we believe that the worst sinners will be saved if the priest absolves them. Truly the round of Protestant objections to Catholicism is the most delightfully ludicrous collection of *non-sequiturs* that the annals of reasoning can supply. Take up any book of curious fallacies, and you will find it far outmatched in absurdities by the infallible proofs by which sensible, solid, practical English Protestantism establishes the wickednesses and follies of us poor, ignorant, unreasoning,

priest-ridden Papists. Accordingly, it is no easy matter to get the public, or any single individual, to reason consistently on such facts as those which the last few weeks have supplied. Though they are exactly what we should look for on the supposition that Catholicism is true, the world most complacently walks away with its nose in the air, more convinced than ever that Protestant England is the most enlightened, the most moral, the most consistent, the most justice-loving, the most Christian nation that ever did the earth the honour of existing upon it. In fact, it is the model-nation of mankind; and Christianity ought to be very obliged to it for setting its seal upon its truth, and recommending it, by its own example, to the acceptance of the semi-barbarous races who make up the rest of the human family.

To one of these exhibitions of illogical fanaticism,—the anti-Bible-burning prosecution in Ireland,—we have elsewhere referred. But still more striking illustrations of the truth of our religion are to be found in the reception of the Austrian Concordat by the popular voice, and in the proceedings at a recent meeting of notabilities in London intended to do honour to Miss Nightingale. We do not know whether the proceedings at this same meeting have attracted much notice among Catholics, but certainly, to our eyes, they furnish one of the most curious illustrations of the real nature of the contest between Catholicism and Protestantism that we ever met with. The Austrian Concordat, however, first calls for our attention.

What, then, are those particular Catholic doctrines which we may expect to see in practical operation around us in such combinations of circumstances as those presented by this new Concordat?

The Catholic Church maintains that Almighty God, in the carrying out of His economy for the salvation of souls, has erected on earth a spiritual corporation; of course visible, insomuch as its members are men, and as its work is conducted through material agencies; but yet in essence a spiritual corporation, whose aims refer to eternity, and only to time as bearing upon and leading to eternity. This corporation, by its very nature, is one. Its office is to preach one gospel; to be the channel of one Holy Ghost, and the representative of one Saviour; to teach and enforce one rule of life for all mankind. Consequently, however manifold may be its actions, and however widely spread its ramifications, by the unchangeable law of its being it must never cease to remain one organised whole, ruled by one superior authority, following one rule of discipline, and subject to no co-ordinate or higher power of any temporal kind whatsoever. All this is

involved in the first idea of a divinely-erected Church, which is at once spiritual and visible. It must be united; it must be free.

At the same time, the Catholic faith teaches that the race among which this corporation has to do its work is by its natural propensities in perpetual antagonism to that God who appoints this very Church for its benefit. The human race is not only fallen from innocence, but its judgment is so blinded and so much in the power of an evil supernatural influence, that its first impulse is to set itself vehemently *against* those blessings which its Almighty Saviour offers to it. Extraordinary and astounding as is the idea, it is nevertheless the fact, that there is a universal inclination in the whole human race to resist the progress of that spiritual corporation which is the appointed channel for its restoration to the divine favour. It not only does not recognise her claims, discern her beauties, or comprehend her spirit; it actually delights in misrepresenting her, in maligning her, in cursing, opposing, and persecuting her. This, no doubt, is only a necessary consequence of the original fault in the human disposition towards God Himself. If men have no love for God by nature, of course they have no love for that Church which is the visible embodiment of His Presence, and actually possesses God Himself within her. If the world was naturally friendly towards the Catholic Church, it would be an infallible sign that the Catholic Church was not from God. Man naturally turns away from God, and by consequence he also turns away from the Church of God.

Here, however, a new element enters into the natural antagonism between the Christian Church and the world. By the natural law, which the Divine Creator designed to be the guide of human society, viewed as a purely temporal thing, the immense multitude of mankind is divided into many distinct divisions. Geographical and other causes assign certain limits to each of these divisions, which require but a very few years to grow into strongly-marked sections of the entire human family, each standing more or less by itself, each depending on its own resources for its existence, and united in itself by some special temporal organisation of its own, and subject to a supreme authority acknowledging allegiance to no other power upon earth. This vast system of nations is, then, of originally divine institution, as really as is the system of the Catholic Church. Each comes, as a matter of fact, from God Himself; and each has a right to be obeyed by the individuals who are the subjects of its rule.

This temporal organisation, moreover, being originally de-

signed with a special view to earthly and not spiritual advantages, has naturally continued to exist and flourish notwithstanding the universal alienation of the human character from God. It was first of all erected with the view to furthering the material and transitory interests of the race; and as our race did not cease to exist, and in a certain sense to prosper, through the fall of Adam, the organisation of the nations, as an essential element of human life and prosperity, has never ceased; nor has it lost its really divine claim to the obedience of individual men.

Like every thing else, however, that has remained in man's possession since the fall, this temporal organisation has been infected with a tendency to destroy those for whose benefit alone it was at first designed. Wonderful, beautiful, consoling, and supporting, as is the world of nature,—both physical, intellectual, and, we may add, moral, even in its degraded condition,—the perverted disposition of the natural mind in regard to God is incessantly contriving to convert this boundless system of good into an instrument of spiritual suicide. The purest affections, the most obligatory duties, the most exact science, the noblest works of genius, every possible element of our life and enjoyment,—the perverse ingenuity of the alienated mind abuses in some way or other, so as to make it stand between itself and its God.

Now to suppose that the natural system of political organisation is alone to be exempted from this tendency to deadly abuse is as philosophically irrational as it is found to be in contradiction to actual facts. If there is nothing else of divine creation, which is not, as things are, made a weapon for eternal self-destruction, why should kings and parliaments be the only good things which naturally serve the cause of Jesus Christ and His Gospel? What possible exemption can they claim from the general curse which God inflicted upon His works after Adam's fall? It is written that God cursed the earth, immediately after it is recorded that when He looked upon the work of His hands, He had declared it to be very good. That curse, undoubtedly, does not mean that the earth was consigned to that horrible state of malediction which the followers of Calvin suppose. The earth, and man who lives on it, are still, in the natural order and allowing for certain grievous evils, good. But it is not, by its nature, the instrument of man's salvation. Rather it furnishes us with a boundless variety of means and excuses for our intolerable selfishness and overweening pride.

And the system of political organisation has suffered this blight with every thing else. Human society, from the fa-

mily up to the nation, has become one of the most formidable antagonists which the Gospel has at all times had to encounter. The individual man, in his natural opposition to Christianity, is bad enough; but the social man, the member of the confederated national body, is far worse. It has been cleverly said, on account of the shamelessness in ill-doing which men exhibit when acting as a body corporate, that a corporation enjoys an immunity from punishment because it has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul that can feel. So it is with the temporal power in its relations with the Christian Church. The worst sufferings of Christians have ever been inflicted under the sacred name of legitimate temporal authority.

Again; as is the case with other doctrines of Christianity, there is one primary truth which comes into peculiar conflict with this natural abuse of the temporal power. Every dogma and every duty of religion finds its own special antagonist in some one element in human nature, or in some object naturally good, but perverted by self-will and stupidity. In the case of the rights of the secular authority of each nation, the spiritual supremacy of the Pope is the one chief point in Christianity which awakens all the hostility of the unenlightened mind. The passions of man, unwilling to turn away from the exclusive enjoyment of this life, and to accept eternity as the only thing worth living for, blind the judgment so that persons of the clearest capacities in secular things literally cannot see that eternity is better than time, and that an authority whose scope is exclusively temporal has, by the very law of its being, no right to control the actions of a power whose rights are of a spiritual nature. If there is a self-evident proposition in moral science—a truth of which it may be almost said that it is mathematically certain—it is this, that eternity is of boundless importance to man as compared with his present existence. To deny, therefore, that it is of primary importance to each individual soul that it should be free to arrange its eternal affairs unhampered by any secular interference, is a thing nothing short of monstrous, viewed merely logically. You might as rationally say that the whole of a thing is not greater than a part of it, as tell me that any earthly power has a right to stand between me and the conduct of my soul's affairs, according to that rule of conduct which revelation has prescribed. Of all the detestable tyrannies that ever cursed the human race, there never has been one so abominable and so irrational in principle as that which seizes hold of the soul through the means of the body, and insists upon a man's being damned because he happens to be an Englishman, a Dutchman, or a Swede.

Yet this is precisely what every man is justifying who is now falling foul of the Pope and the Emperor of Austria on account of this new Concordat. What *is* this wicked Concordat, let us ask? what new enormities does it exact? What fresh fetters does it forge for suffering humanity? What novel exhibition of despotism does it supply? In plain words, it is nothing else than a decree for perfect liberty of conscience for all Catholics in the Austrian dominions. Every Catholic, by the first law of the constitution of the Church, owns no supreme spiritual authority except the Pope. In the humblest village curate he sees a minister of Jesus Christ, whose title to minister to himself emanates from the Pope, and who has not the shadow of a right to exercise his functions except with the Papal sanction. His first demand, therefore, is that no human power shall stand between himself and that supreme authority which he venerates as the representative of Jesus Christ. Tell him that his shepherd is no shepherd, and that if he wants to feed in green pastures, he must put himself under the protection of the wolves; and you get a fair way of putting the impudent nonsense of that world which cries out for the protection of the civil government to guard the private Christian against the tyranny of the Pope. A blessed protection indeed! a truly hallowed liberty! And this from the men who are continually taunting us Catholics with the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition, the Smithfield fires, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew! Who, we ask, perpetrated these bloody deeds, but certain Catholic governments who were the main upholders of that very system which the new Concordat abolishes? If there is one historical fact that is beyond a doubt, it is that the great Catholic cruelties have invariably been perpetrated by so-called Catholic sovereigns, whose system it has been to try to stand between the Pope and their Catholic subjects. As for our own poor Queen Mary, personally speaking, this is not the case with her; for we believe that if let alone she would have been a far more lenient person. But the men by whose advice the Smithfield fires were lighted were Catholics, both clerical and lay, of that very school which seeks to check the action of the Papacy in the spiritual affairs of the various kingdoms of the world. Philip of Spain and Charles of France were Catholics of a very different stamp from the present Emperor of Austria. If we want specimens of Catholics of the true persecuting school, whose delight it is to kiss the dirt that kings and queens tread upon, and who would burn and torture Protestants without remorse, they are to be found in her Majesty's service at this present moment, receiving Lord Palmerston's

wages, and taking the sacred name of religion in vain, while they are ready to persecute a poor Redemptorist for doing his Master's work in a way that they disapprove.

When, then, we hear the popular outcry against the Austrian Concordat, as a thing for enslaving the Austrian people to the sway of a foreign prelate, we first of all laugh at the exquisite absurdity of the notion; and then reflect that it is precisely what was to have been looked for, on the supposition that Catholicism comes from God. Mankind being by nature proud, passionate, ignorant of God, and unwilling to give up time for eternity, it follows, of course, that when people witness a great public act which declares—not in talk only, but practically—that time is nothing, and that the good things of this life are nothing, and that kings and parliaments are nothing, and that a man is nobody merely because he is an Englishman, or a Frenchman, or an Austrian,—it follows of course, we repeat, that their natural animosity to Christianity is stirred to its very depths. They cannot control themselves for anger, when they see one of those very kings whom they would set up as gods acknowledging that his authority, being also divine, must take exactly that lower place in the universal order which God has assigned to it.

Of course, too, this outcry is seasoned with its due proportion of cant. A rogue is nothing without a decent coat; and a falsehood must needs be as plausible to the ignorant as if it were truth itself. What is an affront to Almighty God without a text of Scripture to back it? Accordingly, those who wish to prevent the Pope from regulating Catholic affairs without hindrance from princes have a large stock of phrases, of most telling efficacy, with which they hide the naked deformity of their pretensions. The one grand device, however, has always been the same. The old lie is as fresh as in the days of Pontius Pilate. It does duty in the English newspapers in exactly the same way as it did in the hall of justice at Jerusalem eighteen hundred and twenty-two years ago: "Whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar." From the day when Pilate was terrified by this saying into crucifying Jesus Christ, the world has never ceased to employ it in order to resist the spread of Christianity and the free action of the Holy See. Our Blessed Lord came as a spiritual Sovereign; the Jews hated Him; and the device they hit on was to embroil Him with the Roman power by representing Him as a foreign prince who tampered with the allegiance of the people. It is at once the trial and the glory of the Pope that the same accusation is made against him. A petty prince, viewed as a temporal sovereign—no prince at all, in fact; for he

cannot keep his throne by his own power—the multitude of his spiritual enemies represent him as the chief of a foreign state, seeking to interfere between governments and their subjects, and to upset the legitimate order of things in every other country. Were it not for the serious nature of the question involved, the idea would be something too ludicrous to reason on. Pius IX., that mighty monarch, making himself sovereign of that puny state known to geographers and the curious by the name of Austria! Probably we shall soon see a detachment of six of the Papal Swiss guards bombarding London, and taking Queen Victoria off to the Vatican a prisoner in a Thames wherry.

Still, the cry succeeds. It answers; that is the great thing. It appeals to certain deep passions in the human breast, and justifies a man in being extremely wicked under the pretence of being extremely virtuous. What more can be desired? And go on it will, as long as there are emperors, kings, presidents, and parliaments, whose aim it is to have all things their own way; and populations made up of selfish men, who care nothing for Almighty God and eternity. Over and over again we shall be doomed to hear the same story. Popery is anti-national, therefore it is bad. The Pope calls himself the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and that means that he wants to establish a despotism in every nation and at every fireside. It is perfectly useless to point out the facts of the case, and to show people that the Pope cannot be the feeble monarch whom they love to taunt for his poverty, his helplessness, and the incapacity of his officials; and at the same time a tremendous potentate, whose least word is enough to make an actual emperor shake in his shoes, and cause a mere queen to take to her bed with fright. It is bootless to remind people of the greatness of Austria and the littleness of the Papal States, as showing that the whole affair must be a spiritual and not a temporal question. We shall make no impression on our enemies. They will go on to enslave us in the name of liberty as long as the world lasts.

Why, too, should we expect Englishmen to be different from all the rest of mankind in the attitude they assume against the Church? What they do now, other nations do, and have done from the first. There is not the smallest difference between the talk of English Protestants now and that of Roman pagans when Christianity began to make itself felt in the old Roman empire. "Christianity," said the old Roman, "is anti-national; it sets up an *imperium in imperio;* it comes from a wretched, semi-barbarous, out-of-the-way race of Jews, and has the impudence to place a low Syrian fisherman on a

level with Roman citizens,—yes, far above them; and it says that the religion they have chosen is a falsehood. It burns their sacred images (false Bibles); it overthrows their temples (will not join in Protestant worship); it declares that the Pontifex Maximus is an impostor (declines to acknowledge the Archbishop of Canterbury to be a real bishop); down with it to the ground. Shall Rome be mistress of the world, and bow down to a crucified Jew?" We had almost forgotten that eighteen centuries have elapsed, and had written, "Shall England beard the Czar of Russia in his own fortresses, and submit to a runaway Italian priest?"

Or, take a people as unlike either the old Jews or the old Romans as is possible within the varieties of the human race—the Chinese of this day; there we have the cry of the Jews before Pilate, and the articles of the English newspapers, as faithfully reproduced as if each man had actually copied from his neighbour. No nation ever professed universal toleration on such truly scientific and philosophical principles as does the empire of China. They have attained to the very perfection of agreement as to the equal merits of all religions in the eye of the secular power. In private, moreover, among themselves, they delight in reciprocating compliments towards each other's creeds, which must make the mouths of English Dissenting ministers, when snubbed by an Anglican ecclesiastic, water with envy. When persons not acquainted with each other meet for the first time, it is customary to ask to "what sublime religion" you belong. One, perhaps, will call himself a Confucian, another a Buddhist, a third a disciple of Lao-tze, a fourth a follower of Mahomet; and then every one begins to pronounce a panegyric on the religion to which he himself does *not* belong, as politeness requires; after which they all repeat in chorus, "Pou-toun-kiao, toun-ly,—Religions are many; reason is one; we are all brothers." This phrase is on the lips of every Chinese, and they bandy it from one to the other with the most exquisite urbanity.*

Nevertheless, when it comes to the question of tolerating Christianity, these beautiful professions vanish into air. There is freedom for Buddhism, for Confucianism, for Mahometanism; but for the followers of Jesus Christ there are fetters, torments—often so horrible that the blood curdles to think of them—and death. And the remarkable point is, that the ground on which the Chinese persecute the Christians is literally the same as that on which the English public attack Catholicism. They say it is an anti-national religion; that it makes its followers disaffected towards the Chinese government; that

* Huc's China.

they take up with a temporal allegiance to some monarch or other of the "Western devils," as the people of the Celestial Empire term us Europeans. It is perfectly useless to argue the question with the Chinese authorities, to point out to them that, so far from introducing sedition into kingdoms, it actually makes obedience to authority a Christian duty. They will not hear; they will not understand. The same mysterious law of antagonism between human nature and the kingdom of Christ is at work in China at this day, which eighteen centuries ago caused the blood of thousands of martyrs to flow in Rome, and which we see in daily action in this England of our own. Every thing is to be tolerated except Catholicism;* every thing is a "form" of truth except this one creed. The more a man acts up to his religious principles, whatever they are, the better citizen he becomes; except in the case of

* A delicious specimen of the British way of interpreting the toleration principle occurs in a recent letter from that very pushing personage, "John Cumming," who is in the habit of flattering the *Times* in order to get his anti-popish epistles inserted in its columns.

"Let us suppose," says our learned doctor, "that St. Peter, who, Dr. Wiseman says, was his first Pope, were to rise from the dead and appear in our metropolis. Suppose there were drawn up on his right hand Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists; and, on his left hand, Redemptorists, Passionists, Carthusians, Jesuits, and other friars; and he were to hear from each file a claim to be his children; I am sure he would say, looking to his right, 'Dr. M'Niell, Norman M'Leod, Mr. Binney, and Baptist Noel, I know;' and, turning round to his left and gazing at the motley and extraordinary group arranged there, he would add, 'but pray, gentlemen, who are you?'"

Dr. Cumming's name, in connection with that of Cardinal Wiseman, reminds us also of a certain advertisement which appeared in the *Times* on the very same page with the letter from which is quoted the above specimen of truly Chinese toleration, and which is too good not to be embalmed in our own pages. It thus runs:

PROPHETICAL MEETING, Hanover-square Rooms.—The London Prophetical Society, recently formed for Promoting the Study of the Prophetic Word, and for the General Diffusion of Information on the Subject, will hold a PUBLIC MEETING in the above Rooms (D.V.) on Friday next, December 7, at half-past 7 o'clock.

R. C. L. BEVAN, Esq., in the chair.

The Rev. W. Cadman, Rector of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, will read a Paper on "The Importance of the Study of Prophecy." And the Meeting will afterwards be addressed on the same subject by Colonel Rowlandson, the Rev. W. Pennefather, Rear-Admiral Vernon Harcourt, the Rev. J. Baillie, the Rev. J. W. Reeve, the Rev. Samuel Garratt, and others. All friends interested in the Study of Prophecy are invited to attend. The Meeting will close about 9.

WILLIAM PENNEFATHER, M.A.
JAMES BAILLIE, M.D.
JOHN BAILLIE
E. GARDINER FISHBOURNE, Capt. R.N.
} Hon. Secs.

It will be remembered, that one or more of the vaticinating warriors who here undertake to expound futurity accompanied the said Dr. Cumming in his visit to Cardinal Wiseman, when he offered his Eminence that personal insult which was introduced into our burlesque, "The Telegraph and the Confessional." What a queer world is this in which we live!

the Catholic. It matters nothing that no Protestant sect has any distinct code of morals or doctrine, and that its followers may be perfectly consistent adherents to their professions and yet never dream of making obedience to the laws a duty; it matters nothing that we Catholics have a distinct code of laws, and that obedience to the law of the land *is* a part of that code;—all this is nothing. We are not to be allowed to cite our own documents to explain our own meaning; to call attention to the facts of history as they really are. Our accusers are to be our judges; men who know nothing of us are to decide about every thing that we do and say; and throughout the whole chorus of execration this one shout rises, repeated with every possible variety of insult—"Whosoever maketh himself a king speaketh against Cæsar."

Let us now turn to the meeting held in order to do honour to Miss Nightingale and the "Sisters" who shared her labours as nurses to our army in the East. This gathering was a representation of the whole aristocratic, philanthropical, political, and theological portions of the English people. A more thoroughly "respectable" meeting of the *élite* of the influential sections of the upper classes was perhaps never got together in London. The object was one eminently creditable to its promoters; and it was one, moreover, eminently calculated to diminish the bitterness of theological hostility, and to call forth whatever elements of honour and justice might exist in the breasts of those who took a part in it.

Now, would it be believed by any one not conversant with British Protestantism, that during the whole of the cordial and enthusiastic proceedings of this gathering, nothing escaped the lips of any man which implied even the existence of the Catholic nuns, without whom the whole work of charity, so vehemently lauded, would have fallen to the ground as soon as commenced? Every word was so contrived as to make the entire affair appear the work of English Protestants alone. If it had been stated that no Catholic nuns acted as nurses to the British army, their existence could not have been more practically denied. Yet it is known to every one conversant with the facts of the case, that Miss Nightingale would have been lost without the English and Irish nuns. No one knows it better than Miss Nightingale herself, and than Mr. Bracebridge, a gentleman who, with his wife, was associated with Miss Nightingale. Mr. Bracebridge, too, took part in the meeting; but he either would not, or dared not, breathe the name of those but for whose advice and example he would not have been there that day at all.

Of the scandalous shamelessness of this conduct on the

part of these boasting Protestants we say nothing; though it is, as a matter of deep injustice, nothing less than wicked. But we cannot help referring to it as a fresh proof of the intensity of that dread of every thing that is most holy and heroic in Catholicism, which is a characteristic of Protestantism, and which stamps it at once as a fatal delusion. Why should these peers and gentlemen have kept silence on the heroic virtues of the nuns, but because they *dared* not look their virtues in the face? Why should they practically be guilty of a cruel falsehood, but because in their secret hearts there is a horror of every manifestation of the supernatural power of Divine grace in the actions of living Catholics? What is the explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon; this anomaly in the character of honourable men; this portent in human nature itself? Account for it, if you can, on any other hypothesis than this, that the Catholic faith is from God, and that the virtues of Catholic nuns awake in the breasts of men of the world just that horror which the presence of our Blessed Lord on earth awoke in evil spirits and in men of the world of that day. This crying injustice, we repeat, is just what we should have expected from Protestantism, on the supposition that it is a deception of the enemy, and that it trembles at the approach of Jesus Christ. It is not so with us. The sight of the good works of a Protestant causes in us no fear lest he should pervert pious Catholics to his errors. On the contrary, the more religious he is, according to his knowledge, the more hopes we have of his conversion to the true faith; the more ready we are to associate with him, to inform him about ourselves, and to say to him what we should hardly say to the worse specimens of his school. But, in the judgment of Protestants, the worse a Catholic is, as a Catholic, the more hopes they have of perverting him. When a Catholic violates his conscience, Protestantism begins to think well of him; and the more pious he is, the more hopeless it accounts his perversion to heresy. And what is all this, but a token that the grace of God is with us; that we instinctively love its manifestations wherever they appear; that we have eyes that can detect the faintest sparks of the love of God and of a desire for truth, in the midst of the fog and gloom of the world? Once more we ask, if Catholicism is false, why is it that we instinctively feel that the more consistently a Protestant acts up to his conscience, the more likely he is to be a Catholic; while Protestants look upon an immoral inconsistency in a Catholic as the first step towards Protestantism?

WHO ARE THE REAL BIBLE-BURNERS?

To the Editor of the Rambler.

Sir,—When I wrote the letter that you did me the honour to insert in the *Rambler* of last month, I must say that I had a lurking impression that Father Petcherine, who had the happiness of bringing back about sixty souper families of Kingstown to their duties, might very possibly in his zeal and triumph have committed the very pardonable indiscretion of superintending the cremation of the symbols and seals of their apostasy. When a family has by the potent argument of oatmeal and soup been converted to the established religion, the first sign, the seal of the new profession, is probably the acceptance of a Bible and Prayer-book. These books are offered in contempt of the Catholic religion, and in order to bring it into disrepute, by making the people suppose that it is inimical to the Bible. To the wretched soupers the Bible thus becomes the very instrument of sin; and however one might treat an inoffensive book, one cannot be very angry with the penitent souper if he treats the offending paper as his outraged feelings and conscience would impel him. Protestants, we suppose, have insulted the Cross, the sign of our redemption, without intending thereby to insult Christianity in general. They can, then, easily understand how a Catholic may burn a Bible without intending any insult to religion. Naturally a man loves and cherishes his own body; but that precious Protestant martyr, Cranmer, has been the theme of endless panegyric because he thrust his hand, with which he had signed his recantation, into the fire, exclaiming, "This unworthy right hand!" It may, then, be sometimes right to wreak (so to say) our vengeance on some unoffending thing, if this thing has been the instrument of our sin. The right eye, or the right hand, that causes our fall, is to be plucked out or cut off, and cast away. Do Protestants really value a sixpenny Bible more than their eyes or their hands? If not, the Bible itself will teach them that the Bible by which they sin is to be thrown away.

With these ideas, I thought the alleged Bible-burning by the Redemptorist Fathers justifiable, and therefore probable. But the evidence has, I must say, quite changed my opinion. If the Bibles of the reconverted soupers were to be burnt, how is it that only one Bible and one Prayer-book are proved to have been among the books? How is that these two books managed to shake themselves to the top of their respective

barrows? Is it not evident that the Bibles must have been carefully gleaned from the crowd of bad books brought in, and that these two books were either left by accident, or, what is more probable, added to the barrow-loads on their passage by some Protestant peacemaker? Any how, it is quite evident that Father Petcherine never intended to assist at a wholesale and indiscriminate and public burning of a mixture of Bibles and other bad books. If he had left a Bible or two in the heap, it was an accident; but probably they had been put there by other hands.

But even supposing the case to have been as the Protestants suspected, supposing (the utmost they could attempt to prove) that Father Petcherine had coolly stood by a fire in which he knew or believed that Bibles were burning,—this evidently would have not been in order to insult the Bible itself, but for a quite different object, namely, "disrespect, discredit, and dishonour" to the wretched souping missionaries who had distributed the book as a symbol of their work. And yet this act, the standing by while a Bible is burning, with the intention thereby of protesting against the acts and motives of a certain set of religionists, is interpreted by our law to be done "to the high displeasure of Almighty God" (Mr. Keogh is doubtless well acquainted with the secrets of heaven), "and the great disrespect, discredit, and dishonour of the religion established by law." The act of assisting at a Bible-burning, with the motive of bringing any one's Christianity into disrepute, is, it appears, by our law thus interpreted.

But now, who acted in this way? Not Father Petcherine; a jury has acquitted him of it; and no one can say without slander that he did it. But there are others who, by their own confession, evidently were guilty of this act. They were two of the witnesses against the reverend father; and for all we know were the very people who, by themselves or their agents, put the books in question on the barrows. Allow me to transcribe parts of the cross-examination.

The Rev. Robert Wallace, Baptist minister (we believe), stood without the rails of the chapel-yard, and saw little boys kicking what he believed to be Bibles into the fire. He is thus cross-examined:

"Was there any thing to prevent you from going into the chapel-yard?—No. . . . .

Do you consider it the duty of a Christian minister, who saw what he thought to be Bibles kicked into the fire, to stand by and allow that to be done?—I saw the policeman there, and I took it for granted that the boys were acting by direction; and I did not think it right to interfere.

But did you think it right not to ascertain what the books were?—No.

Did you speak to the policeman on the subject?—No, I did not.

How long were you there altogether?—About ten minutes.

And for ten minutes you stood by and saw boys kicking books that looked like Bibles into the fire, and you never interfered?—I did."

Mr. Wallace evidently rather wished to collect evidence that Father Petcherine had directed a crime to be committed than to interfere to prevent that crime. He consented to stand by and witness a Bible being burnt, in order to have an opportunity of bringing "great disrespect, discredit, and dishonour" on the Catholic religion. If Father Petcherine's supposed act was a crime, is Mr. Wallace, by his own confession, innocent of the very same crime?

Another of these gentry is Mr. William S. Darking, who followed the barrows because he heard there was to be a Bible-burning; who took up a Bible from the barrow to identify it, and then put it down again, without a thought of saving what he pretended to consider a holy thing from the chance of desecration; he never spoke to Father Petcherine about it, to prevent the act, but only to the policeman, in order to implicate some one after the act was done. This is, with his ideas, about as innocent as it would be for an eye-witness to allow A to consummate the murder of B, in order that he, the witness, might have the pleasure of hanging A afterwards. This person appears to have consented beforehand to the Bible-burning, in order to entrap Father Petcherine, and to bring "disrespect, discredit, and dishonour" on the Catholic religion.

These very conscientious reverers of the Word of God can pass by Holyoake's shop in Fleet Street, where every publication in the window throws scorn and ridicule on the truth of the Bible; they tolerate Professor Newman, author of some of the most subtle of these books, as a professor at their university, and a teacher of their youth; they bear it with great equanimity if their children bring home lollipops folded in Bible-leaves, or if the sacred paper wraps the butter that the grocer sends to their wives;—it is only when these books, after having been the instruments of insult to Catholics, are by Catholics treated as Protestants have universally treated our symbols and holy things, our crosses, our pixes, and things still holier,—that their blood is up, and they think it necessary to put their law (a Catholic law, originally intended only to protect Catholic holy things) into force and action. Thank

God, they failed; and they failed on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, which is another consolation.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Pontydwdlm, Dec. 11, 1855. R. AP W.

CROWN COURT AND THE AUSTRIAN CONCORDAT.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—Gaiety and gravity are strangely mingled in this world. And if there was no next world, which I understand is a pious opinion in some Protestant circles, and probably to be made a matter of faith when they get a pope of their own, gaiety would considerably predominate in the mind of any human being who looked on at the present absurdities blazing in the Protestant sky. There really is some apology due to the readers of the *Rambler* for saying something, or any thing, about the matter which I am going to take in hand. But I will do it historically, and begin, with Horace, from the egg.

Now the egg was Presbyterianism, and the hatcher was Calvin, and the nest was Geneva. And the incubation, and the progeny, and the results, may best be described in the elementary manner of the rhythmical and rhyming poem which delighted our childhood in relating the building of the house of Jack. I shall not fatigue your readers, or perhaps, I should rather say, not cloy them, with the repetition of the ancient rhythm, but put the whole in one string.

This is the city of Jack the bald, Now and ever Geneva called. And this is Jack the bald, you see, Who burnt Servetus for heresy. And this is the egg which Jack kept warm, Intending, of course, no possible harm. And this is the Kirk that came out of the shell, And chirped so loud, as we know full well. And this is Scotland, to which it came over, Where a good many years it lived in clover. And this is Crown Court, as you shall see, With a minister prim and starch of ble. Who sometimes wears a Geneva gown, And sometimes what is not his own. So here, in a very few words, you are told Of schism and heresy new and old. And the wonderful house in London town, That Jack has built to save the Crown.

I humbly submit, that this is a tolerable epitome, upon which some future veracious historian of the Kirk or Kirks of Scotland may pin something. Erasmus, we are told, used to laugh to tears when he heard the vagaries and the marriages

of the miserable unfrocked swillers who drank with Luther, and like him. We, it is true, live in an age of toast-and-water; but we think we could furnish Erasmus, first of all, with materials for his laughter exceeding those of his own time, and then dash his mirth by spectacles which he certainly did not anticipate in the midst of his derision. Now the gentleman who calls himself Doctor Cumming and preaches in Crown Court, where I suppose he finds a certain number like himself to hear him, has, by dint of most inexorable puffing, and by a great fertility of publishing books bound in blue, and at first printed with close lines, but latterly with the lines very much widened,—by these harmless artifices he has got himself into such a position as probably no Kirker ever occupied in London before. He has actually succeeded in getting himself noticed and answered by gentlemen. If any thing occurs in England, or even in Europe, adverse to the variolous religions chronicled by Mr. Horace Mann, a letter, signed "John Cumming," appears, probably next day, in the *Times*. These letters are characterised by the sort of learning which we are justified in expecting from the discoverer and peruser of the works of Vigilantius. They have also another quality. They are not such as controversialists of another sort of learning are apt to write in relation to serious matters, and in correspondence with gentlemen and scholars. Who complains of this? No one. It pleases, we suppose, Kirkers and their friends; and certainly does not in the least damage that only true and respectable cause with which all the names in Mr. Horace Mann's paper-basket, except one name, are at war.

Now, the other day the Emperor of Austria effected what has been the desire of Christendom, and therefore not of Crown Court,—a Concordat with the Vicar of Jesus Christ, effectually destroying those fetters which an Antichristian policy had imposed upon the Church in Austria. Kirkdom is immediately refreshed by a letter in the *Times* from Dr. Cumming, so to call him, making remarks upon the sermon delivered by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman on the subject. Mr. Bowyer, really a gentleman and scholar, and a jurist of reputation, replies to this letter in the *Times* with the utmost courtesy. And the correspondence extends to two or three letters on each side. The *Times*, which allows the utmost latitude of abuse and calumny to Dr. Cumming and itself against the Catholic Church all over the world, will not allow Kirkers to be handled roughly in its columns. Let any Catholic take the alternative offered in Holy Scripture, and send a letter to that paper answering a fool according to his folly,—

no one will ever see it. But Mr. Bowyer having disposed of Dr. Cumming's follies in his pleasant and scholarlike letters, you will perhaps allow me, who really have quite a devotion to Dr. Cumming, and enjoy a morning with him—on paper—above most other treats, to offer to that gentleman some few considerations for him and his Kirk arising out of his recent letters.

Dr. Cumming says, that Protestants are agreed in all but discipline. Very well. Some twelve years ago the Kirk of Scotland was one. Then they fell out; and one morning the Kirk split into two. It is well remembered by every body who troubled himself to read any of the tiresome and stupid details of that affair, that the only lively thing in the whole proceeding was the fierce denunciations of the new or free Kirkers against the old or established Kirkers, of whom Dr. Cumming is one. Now these denunciations were not conceived in the least in a spirit of brotherly love. But these denunciations, which used to appear, if we recollect rightly, in a paper called the *Witness*, and elsewhere, went to the length of threatening the spiritual welfare of those who presumed to remain Kirkers of the old sort. This is something beyond differing about discipline, and may account for Dr. Cumming's mentioning no Free Kirk name, not even CANDLISH, when he gave to St. Peter so fragrant a posy of friends.

There is, too, a document, called the Solemn League and Covenant, in which we find that the noblemen, barons, ... ministers of the gospel, and commons of all sorts, make the following pleasant declaration: That they will "endeavour the extirpation not only of Popery but of Prelacy (that is, Church-government by archbishops, bishops, their chancellors and commissaries, and all other ecclesiastical offices depending on that hierarchy)." Now, I humbly submit, that this being directed against the Established Church of England, goes a good deal beyond a question of discipline. For it is a question of doctrine in what way Almighty God determined that His Church should be governed and taught. And it is distinctly laid down in the same book which contains the Solemn League and Covenant, under the head of "The Form of Church-government," that the government of the Church of Christ is Presbyterian. This is doctrine. On the other hand, he Est ablished Church in England distinctly says that bishops, priests, and deacons are the evident constitution of the Church in Scripture and antiquity; and, in her canon of 1603, anathematises most powerfully any body besides itself setting up—like the people in Crown Court, for instance—to be a Church of Christ within this kingdom. I have lying before

me two editions of these Kirk formularies, identical in all respects,—one printed in 1836, the other in 1845; the Anglican Prayer-book is reprinted every year; so the mutual compliments are kept up in all their freshness. I hope Dr. Cumming will not forget this when he writes another little book and calls it another "New-year's Compliment." But how have these dear friends verified these compliments in times past? Is it necessary to tell the tedious old story over again; how the Common Prayer was brayed out of Scotland, and how the Kirkers, in 1641 and the years following, turned out bishops, in obedience to the Solemn League and Covenant, suppressed the Common Prayer, lampooned it as "porridge," and occupied the benefices of the Established ministers, till the Independents, in their turn, ousted them, and found the usual facility, as the Kirkers had done before, of adapting themselves to easy circumstances, and what Chalmers has since called the Bowers of an establishment? No. Other people know all this as well as Dr. Cumming.

But, to make an end with this gentleman, on what is the existence of his Establishment built at this moment? A successful outbreak, according to the League and Covenant, against Episcopacy. The Kirkers in Scotland of the old sort now occupy the buildings, and have the money, which the Episcopalians had taken from us. And the Free Kirkers, who could not take these things from the old Kirkers, formed themselves into a new Kirk, on the express ground of the Erastianism of the old Kirkers in permitting lay persons, her Majesty among the number, to nominate to Kirk parishes. I leave the contemplation of this happy family, not only to Dr. Cumming, who knows all about it, but to the impartial public, who will know more about it before it has done with these Kirks. When Dr. Cumming most impudently and falsely speaks, therefore, of the "disloyalty" of Cardinal Wiseman, we beg him to recollect two things—not the least as a favour to ourselves. The first is this, that if the Cardinal were disloyal, as he is not, being in all temporal things most truly the subject of the Crown, he would have in the history of Dr. Cumming's Kirk the most ample precedent for disloyalty. Never from any pen have there fallen denunciations so fierce and scandalous of the Anglican Establishment as from the Presbyterian party. Never was victory over Church and State so complete as that achieved by the Presbyterian outburst under Charles I. The Independents completed the work; but the Establishment and the King were already prostrate before the Presbyterians. The Cardinal Archbishop claims and exercises freedom for the Catholic Church in this country. Dr.

Cumming's Kirk claimed and obtained not only freedom for itself, but the destruction of all other Protestantism.

The second thing is this: he always talks of "Dr. Wiseman." It is, we need hardly say, matter of real indifference how he speaks of any prelate, or, indeed, of any Christian. But he should recollect, solely for his own sake, that when speaking of the Cardinal Archbishop, who is recognised as such in every part of Christendom and every quarter of the globe, if he, with designed impertinence, describes that illustrious personage as "Dr. Wiseman," people are forced to inquire, by the most natural process of mind, who and what is Dr. Cumming? Now, as we have hinted before, we call him Doctor, not because he is doctor, but because he calls himself so. He certainly is not Doctor of Divinity. That is a degree of Christianity conferred upon members of the Christian and Catholic Church. To ascribe it to a man who is simply nothing, is, on our part, a mere act of social courtesy; for this gentleman, who calls himself "Doctor" Cumming, does it in virtue of his also calling himself Reverend, which is also a title to the various degrees of the sacred ministry of God. Now Dr. Cumming has none of these: he is not a minister of God. He has never received any orders at all, and is merely an heretical layman. Let him, then, for his own sake, recollect that he lives in a house of glass; and that nothing would be easier, if people were so minded, than to withdraw from him all the titles with which he glorifies himself. He knows very well that not only Catholics, but also the immense body of learned and anti-Calvinistic Anglicans, hold his absurd pretensions and absurd ministry in as great contempt as we do. We hope he will take these little admonitions in good part, and recollect them when he takes his pen in hand again. He is "affectionately invited to attend" to them.

D.

Review.

BROWNING'S MEN AND WOMEN.

Men and Women. By Robert Browning. Chapman and Hall.

In an article on Mr. Bailey's *Festus*, in the *Rambler* of last month, we explained how it was that the modern poet cannot act the part of the ancient *vates*, nor aspire to be the channel of communication between God and man. If he teaches truth, he must in religious matters be the mere interpreter of the

Church, the rhymer of her dogmas, the musician who adapts her words and thoughts to the requirements of the popular ear, or the powers of the popular tongue; while in subjects of science and learning he must follow the decisions of the philosopher and the scholar. If he does not do this, he becomes a mere impostor, like Joe Smith, and an antiquarian restorer of dead opinions which he does not believe himself, or a frigid imitator of the antique, like Mr. Bailey. But though we thus denied the prophetical office of the modern poet, we certainly never thought of refusing him spacious territories for the exercise of his calling; indeed we think that we should be on the whole much more liberal than modern critics in general in estimating the subjects about which a poet may write. We cannot see why, if Dante, with his cantos upon cantos of St. Thomas in *terza rima*,—if Milton, with his versified treatises on theology,—if Shakespeare, with his subtle analyses and deep philosophies,—are to be reckoned poets, we are to make it a ground of objection to the modern singer that he turns into rhyme "the pleadings of a casuist, the arguments of a critic, or the ponderous discourses of some obsolete schoolman." Nor, again, if the choruses of Æschylus, or the odes of Pindar, are poetry; or, to come down to modern days, if Keble's *Sunday Puzzle* deserves its popularity and its fortieth edition or so,—can we say, *a priori*, that obscurity and true poetry are incompatible. If the poet is to be allowed to write on obscure subjects, he must be allowed to write obscurely; if he is to state the enigma of life, we must be content to let an enigma remain an enigma. Not that we defend the practice of veiling what in itself is clear enough in the mists of verbiage, or of enclosing a whim in a shell of triple brass, that first breaks your teeth in the cracking, and then ruffles your temper when you find only a maggot inside.

In this we do but say, that "thought's what we mean by verse, and seek in verse;" poetry of a high order must give us reason, not merely melody. Not that we seek reason in poetry as we seek it in a treatise on the differential calculus, in Tredgold on the steam-engine, or in somebody else on predestination; we don't want lists of things added to things, like Horace Mann's statistics; or words added to words, like a blarney of Dr. Cumming's; but we want the thoughts and the visions of a man who knows what things mean, who can read the sermons in stones, and listen to the words that "plants can speak;" and can report to us, or rather can set before us, the stones and the plants in such a way that with our own eyes we can read their sermons, and with our own ears hear the remarks of the daisy and the buttercup. True, a great many

sawneys ramble out into fields, and pluck you a toadstool or a mangel-wurzel, and straightway set it up as a fetish, and display their agility in their uncouth worship; many more, too, will assure you that they read in the gills of the mushroom, or the flakes of the onion, "thoughts too deep for tears," much more for words. But, of course, the failures of the small fry never prove that the great fishes cannot leap up the fall. There are voices to be gathered from the trees and the rocks and the stars (especially the moon), though we do not trust every spoony that professes to have jotted them down on the spot into his note-book.

What is true, in a measure, with respect to the lifeless objects of nature, is most true with regard to man. To exhibit man such as he is, in his doubts, his trials, his affections, his fortunes and misfortunes; to exhibit character; to relate histories which, though individual, are, like algebraic formulas, of universal application, so that, after the poet has once expressed the type, we know exactly what is meant when a man is called an Iago, or a Hamlet, or a Hector, or a Maw-worm, or a Bottom,—this is the real drama, the true epos. Man, as living for realities, man as destined to be and to do something more than to get married to a beautiful girl, and then to be snuffed out,—such as our fashionable novels represent him,—is the object of the poet who is really a poet. As man in real life puzzles his head and breaks his heart over mysteries which he cannot solve, who shall forbid the poet from expressing these mysteries? and who shall complain if they are only expressed, not solved? For our poet is only a poet, a painter, a representer; not a *vates*, or solver of mysteries. It is very fine for Smith to like nothing but ballads—easy songs, in which a simple fact is simply narrated, or Jones to admire no poetry but that of the affections. It is an old complaint, that some men's fancies never change, but make all people do and say the same things in the selfsame way; but there are more things in the universe of poetry than such people's philosophy dreams of.

It is almost necessary to introduce a review of Mr. Browning's late volumes by some remarks of this sort, because people with eyes only on one side of their heads (like flat-fish), and hearts all ventricle, or all auricle, have bitterly complained that a poet of his richness of fancy, his wonderful facility of expression, and, let us add, powerful intellect, has turned away from themes and from melodies which touch all hearts, to these more recondite, but, after all, deeper and more difficult phases of life and thought. That Mr. Browning has aimed at this highest sphere of poetry is evident by the title he gives his poems: he calls them "men and women,"—not

sticks and stones, not small celandines and daisies, storm and stress, sunbeams, shadows, or night-sides of nature. He evidently wishes to make his Cleons, Norberts, Lippos, and Andreas types of character, and to exhibit the subtle workings of particular temperaments in instances that shall have the value of general formulæ. Whether he has succeeded, and how far, of course requires a detailed examination.

Perhaps one of the first things that strikes a person in turning over the leaves of these volumes is a certain Hudibrastic recklessness of thought and diction; a higgledy-piggledy mixture of the grand rage of Lear, the sly wisdom of the fool, and the maniac ravings of mad Tom. Allied to this, the reader will also discover a keen enjoyment of dirt as such, a poking of the nose into dunghills and the refuse of hospitals, into beggars' wallets and into Jews' old-clo' bags, accompanied by the peculiar grunt which expresses not only the pleasure experienced, but also the nature of the experiencer. What animal but a pig could find delight in such accumulations and similes, as "grass growing scant as hair in leprosy on mud kneaded up with blood;" "the leanness of the soil breaking out into substances like boils;" "a cleft in the palsied oak like a distorted mouth that splits its rim;" or the opening of "Holy Cross Day," a ballad of Jews driven to church to hear the annual Christian sermon:

> "Fee, faw, fum! bubble and squeak!
> Blessedest Thursday's the fat of the weak.
> Rumble and tumble, sleek and rough,
> Stinking and savoury, smug and gruff,
> Take the church-road, for the bell's due chime
> Gives us the summons—'tis sermon-time.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Higgledy-piggledy, packed we lie,
> Rats in a hamper, swine in a sty,
> Wasps in a bottle, frogs in a sieve,
> Worms in a carcass, fleas in a sleeve.
> Hist! square shoulders, settle your thumbs,
> And buzz for the bishop—here he comes."

Here is a real Hogarth-like picture of the frowzy saturnalia of the votaries of the nauseous mythological triad, Old Clo', Cloaca, and Cloacina. There is another ballad of the burning of a heretic, equally greasy, grimy, and grim. In fact, abundant evidence might be produced that in one phase at least of his character our poet is, so to say, a Saxon swine. But this phase of his powers may only serve to enhance other sides of his character; the fooleries of mad Tom unquestionably act as a foil to the imprecations of Lear. And it may be that the poet gives evidence of other faculties besides mere power,

when he can wave one hand in the pure regions of the ether above the mountain-tops, and with the other grub for offal among the mud of a duck-pond. It often happens that the strong well-developed man, animal as he must be, must also, *quà* animal, have one side related to animality, to uncouthness, and to dirt, however much, from motives of cleanliness, or in obedience to the laws of refined society, he curbs his inclination. Any how, the laws of society permitting it, the world in general finds no fault with such sallies. The most fastidious Protestant can accept the grotesque buffoonery and grosser blackguardism of Luther, and only think him a grander and stronger man for it. Who blames Shakespeare for Falstaff? and why refuse to acknowledge Robert Browning's right to disport himself in the same regions? If the style of thing was wrong, by all means condemn it in Shakespeare, and in better men than he; but if it is only contrary to present etiquette, it is mere conventionalism and dandification to turn up your nose at it. It is well to be a gentleman; but if you push the thing too far, you may become a gentleman-heretic, a fellow who would renounce the Trinity if he saw vermin creeping upon the skirt of St. Athanasius.

Of course, "there be roses and roses;" we are not excusing that which offends against morals; only that which, though it may offend prudery, does not shock modesty. However, there is really no occasion to defend Mr. Browning so seriously; his critics have only accused him of the faults of an ancient artist, by whose martyrdoms in a picture-gallery one passes shuddering, though their reality and the brightness of their colouring forbid all thought of their expulsion. Mr. Browning's fancy is rather ghastly than unctuously coarse. Every thing reminds him of blood; the mire is kneaded up with it; the crimson on the creeper's leaf in autumn is like a splash of it on a golden shield—

> "The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell
> Like a thin clear bubble of blood:"

the lightning darts forth from heaven and in again; where it breaks the roof, there are shed, "bloodlike, some few drops of rain." But we must apply ourselves to a more detailed account of the contents of these two volumes.

Mr. Browning, it is notorious, is a dramatic writer; his real vocation is to the drama; and the contents of these volumes seem to us to be meritorious in direct ratio to their dramatic form or intention. One of the best things is a sketch in three parts, entitled "In a Balcony." There are but three persons concerned: Norbert a minister of state; the Queen;

and Constance, her niece. In the first part Norbert declares his love for Constance, and prevails on her to let him speak to the Queen. In the second the Queen, who has mistaken Norbert's diplomatic talk for a declaration of love to herself, comes and talks in the fulness of her joy to Constance, who is, of course, unable to comprehend her meaning. In the third, Norbert enters and explains himself; the Queen withdraws; and the sketch ends with the approach of the guards. The intimate knowledge, the delicacy and the subtlety with which the devotion of Constance and Norbert, and the fiery and illicit love of the old Queen, are expressed, bespeak dramatic power of a very high order. There is also a ballad entitled "The Light Woman," in which a plot, disagreeable enough, it is true, but natural and probable, and leading to seemingly inextricable difficulties, is admirably sketched out.

But the poems that have had the most attraction for us form a series on the different phases of artist-life, and the comparison of it with that of the unartistic portion of mankind. Most of these pieces have a dramatic character, though only one person speaks, who is the representative of some one type of artist-life. Together these poems may be said to form, not a philosophy of art, but a philosophy of artists.

First comes the school of flesh. The representative of this class is Fra Lippo Lippi, the profligate friar, who being caught by the guard of Florence in a disreputable neighbourhood after midnight, defends himself in a long speech, in which he describes his life,—how he became a monk, and how he has been attracted to the school of art which he followed, or rather founded. He is a type of the rollicking student, frequenting dens of vice, and yet, in the midst of danger and disgrace, having his eyes open for every piece of nature, sketching off on his thumb-nail the face of the policeman who collars him, to be immortalised in a picture as the slave who holds "John Baptist's head a-dangle by the hair," boasting of his being under the protection of the Medici, the people of the great house at the corner, and finally making friends with the guard, and entertaining them with his chat till daybreak. The picture is admirably put before our eyes; the painter's life is sketched from the time that he was left a mere child to starve in the streets, where he lived

> "——— God knows how, a year or two
> On fig-skins, melon-parings, rinds, and shucks,
> Refuse and rubbish—"

till he is found by his aunt in a state of collapse, and dragged straight to the convent, where he gets a bit of bread, and a vocation, such as it is:

> "While I stood munching my first bread that month,
> 'So, boy, you're minded,' quoth the good fat father,
> Wiping his own mouth ('twas refection-time)
> 'To quit this very miserable world?
> Will you renounce?' The mouthful of bread? thought I.
> By no means! Brief, they made a monk of me."

And all the world knows what kind of monk he turned out. In the streets, he says, as a beggar, he had not watched folks' faces in vain; he came to know by intuition who would fling him a bit of biscuit, or would only kick him; he had learnt the look of things, he knew what faces and limbs meant, and he painted them; he could not endure to paint soul by painting the body so ill that the eye could not stop there; his principle was, that if you paint nature, soul *must* shine through. The use of art is to reproduce nature, which we pass by without notice till the artist arrests our attention by his imitation. This, he says, is to get into the pulpit, and to interpret God to the people. Mere symbolism is no element of art; there is no need of art for your skull and cross-bones, your two bits of stick nailed crosswise, or your triangle. So the profligate rollicking monk inaugurates the school of flesh and limbs; copy whatever flesh you see; expression and soul will be sure to be there.

The next in our series is an epistle from a travelling Arab physician of the time of Tiberius, who comes to Jerusalem, and there examines the case of a madman named Lazarus, labouring under the delusion that he had been dead and had been raised from the grave. Mr. Browning *obiter* takes the occasion of painting what he conceives to be the tenets and the conduct of the primitive Christians: thus Lazarus never attempted to convert his neighbours, never to

> "Make proselytes as madmen thirst to do.
> How can he give his neighbour the real ground,
> His own conviction?"

He answers every objection with the same words: "Be it as God please." The point, however, of the poem, which is very dramatically wrought up, is the cool indifference of the man of science in the presence of Christianity. Lazarus has told the physician of the Incarnation; he is quite ashamed of mentioning such a trivial subject when he has such important communications to make as the discovery of a bed of burrage, of a new symptom in fevers, or of a new charm. Yet the words of Lazarus force themselves upon his remembrance; and after closing the letter, he adds as a kind of postscript the following sublime lines:

"The very God! think, Ahib; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice,
Saying, 'O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, My hands fashioned, see it in Myself.
Thou hast no power, nor mayst conceive of Mine;
But love I gave thee, and Myself to love,
And thou must love Me, who have died for thee!'
The madman saith He said so: it is strange."

The next in the series, entitled "How it strikes a Contemporary," is a sketch of the external life of the poet—say of Cervantes wandering about a Spanish town. And the next, impertinent and satirical as it is, and probably supposed by ninety-nine readers out of a hundred to be a squib on Cardinal Wiseman, is still, to our minds, one of the same series. It is a most subtle comparison between, on the one hand, the lowest grade of artistic life,—that of the literary hack and monthly scribbler for *Blackwood's Magazine*, who "believes he sees two points in Hamlet's soul unseized by the Germans yet—which view he'll print;" but yet lives an artistic life in so far as he strives to reap all his enjoyment from the action of his "imperious necessity of creating" such things as he can; and on the other hand, such a man as Bishop Blougram is a type of the unartistic life,—a man who can enjoy art and artistic creation, but who, whenever these things come into competition with the least enjoyment, with the smallest convenience, at once sacrifices art, and all that elegance, seemliness, and truthfulness, which, in theory at least, the artistic mind requires for its very being. Of such a life there are many degrees, from that of the hard-handed mechanic up to the fat and pampered sinecurist who eats tithe-pigs and flourishes on the fears and superstitions of his neighbours. Of course the most unpleasant specimen of such a man would be the half-sceptical prelate, who sucks means of luxury out of a system the truth of which he does not—cannot believe. The Catholic would, perhaps, pick out an Anglican bishop for an example of this class of persons; he must not, then, be too hard upon the Protestant poet for choosing a Catholic to exemplify his position. At the same time, it is scandalous in Mr. Browning *first* to show so plainly *whom* he means, when he describes an English Catholic bishop, once bishop *in partibus*, now a member of "our novel hierarchy," one who "plays the part of Pandulph," one too, who, though an Englishman, was born in a foreign land; and *then* to go on sketching a fancy portrait which is abominably untrue, and to draw this person not only as an arch-hypocrite, but also as the frankest of fools. It is bad enough to assign a heap of disgusting qualities to a Ca-

tholic bishop in the abstract,—though Catholics are too much accustomed to such impertinence to have their equanimity grievously disturbed; but it is far worse to attribute the hypocrisy and scepticism that he has forged in his own brain to any person whom he designates so plainly.

To return, however, to the class of persons of whom Bishop Blougram is a type; those who smack their lips over the good things of the world; who have a keen relish for fame, honours, comfort, cookery, and so forth; who are by no means indifferent to religion, but (like Dr. Binney) have well settled it in their minds that a man can enjoy both this world and the next; men of strong will, who have faith because they *choose* to believe, and choose to believe because they have weighed the consequences of believing or not believing on their comfort both here and hereafter;—such a man is put forward as the champion of the practical, unpoetical, unartistic life,—against "Gigadibs, the literary man," the dreamy, uncertain, sceptical half-artist, who in the voyage of life would fain furnish his six-feet-by-four of cabin with a grand pianoforte and a picture by Guido. "Bishop Blougram's Apology," though utterly mistaken in the very groundwork of religion, though starting from the most unworthy notions of the work of a Catholic bishop, and defending a self-indulgence which every honest man must feel to be disgraceful, is yet in its way triumphant. If Gigadibs is not converted so as to wish to be a bishop, at any rate he goes to Australia with a treble set of settler's implements; he deserts the artist-life, moved by the arguments of the ant-artist.

Will you believe or disbelieve? says Blougram. Men's minds are full of uncertainty, full of suspicions, which push them now one way, now another. Shall we throw overboard all certainty because we doubt; or throw over our doubt, and act as if we were certain? One way we must decide before we can act, for action requires decision. Which side shall we adopt? shall we call our chequered soul white or black? It will *be* what we call it, what we choose it to be. Act as an infidel, and you are an infidel, in spite of your occasional remorse and religiosity; act on faith, and you are faithful, in spite of your doubts. Choose your side, and you are already that which you wish to be—

> "If you desire faith, you've faith enough."

All this and more Blougram urges with a fertility of illustration and felicity of argument that (in spite of the miserable shortcoming of his principle) is quite delightful. Who, after reading his apology twice, or thrice perhaps, will object to ar-

gument in poetry? Why, the very first use of poetry was to instruct: he who has to weigh and measure his words to force them into shape, to compress his meaning, and to find out all possible ways of expressing it, if he has average brains will, after all this trouble, say what he has to say in a more striking, a more pertinent, a more memorable way than the man who blurts forth his extempore thoughts in the first words and the loosest order, just as they happen to arrive. But there is a kind of argument which belongs peculiarly to poetry: it is the argument of induction in its widest sense; it is the bringing things forward, and making them speak their own language and utter their own meanings. Its process is the process of nature. Children look at each thing that strikes their eye, and from each gain ideas by some inexplicable process. The poet notices the things that impress him; he describes them, or rather the striking parts of them; and his description makes the same impression on sympathetic minds that the original things did on his own. All our ideas are gained poetically; by the poetry of things, or the poetry of words. Philosophy comes after poetry. The revelation of God comes not as the Summa of St. Thomas, much less as the Elements of Euclid; but in the odes of Isaias, in the parables of the Gospel, in the lyrical mysteriousness of the Apocalypse. We cannot philosophise till we have prepared ideas to philosophise upon. Where there are no ideas, all teaching must be poetical,—a preparation for ideas. Terms must be defined and understood before they can be argued upon. Where there are no ideas, where the very first principles are in question, it is not discourse of reason that is wanted, but simple apprehension. Hence, perhaps, the Englishman's notorious dislike to cut-and-dry arguments. What is the use of saying, "because *this*, therefore *that*," when he is not certain what *this* and *that* mean? Hence, too, the line of argument which you will hear in the pulpits under which he sits. Take the questions at present in dispute: the authority of the Church, baptismal regeneration, preaching in surplice, stone-altars, credence-tables, crosses, hangings, candlesticks, rood-screens, new bishoprics, restoration of minor orders in Bible-readers, parish-clerks, and schoolmasters. If you go into a prim Gothic church, perhaps you will find the Bishop of Bullocksford in the pulpit advocating all these things in a lump; and the way he does it is sure to be by simile. He begins with an elaborate description, say of an oak-tree, its roots, trunk, branches, leaves, acorns, and oak-apples; then he treats you to the application: by the root he proves stone-altars; by the boughs, branch churches; by the leaves, screens and various

hangings, and so forth: for every thing that requires proof, let us return, he says, to the oak; like the oracular tree of Dodona, it has a response for every question; and his audience goes away delighted, perfectly unconscious that no argument has been used, that the preacher has simply been labouring to instil first ideas.

Then go into the square brick chapel-of-ease over the way, and listen to the Archbishop of Sheepsbeth holding forth on the same subject. You will get no more argument from him; still similes; he perhaps will bring in leviathan, and show triumphantly that stone-altars, crosses, credence-tables and hangings, are all and severally "very like a whale." Parties run high; the case is brought before the supreme tribunals to be decided; Dr. Liquoringham, in his judgment, goes on the lawyer's ground: he has not to discuss poetry, or analogies, or first principles; he must go simply by law. With bloodless logic he weighs allusions to acts of parliament that say nothing on the subject; to homilies which don't exist; and to other equally grave authorities. He weighs the practice of college-chapels and cathedrals; and after months of incubation, delivers a trimming decision, consigns stone-altars, crosses, para-fronts, and credence-tables to the fishes; but decides that candlesticks may still, like oaks if you please, stick in their places, and that the rood-screen (shortened by the rood) may still stand root-fast.

Both sides appeal; they wanted the first principles made clear,—they did not want a laborious balancing of authorities for which they do not care a straw. The argument of the lawyer carries no conviction. Both parties retire to their own lists, to fight it out as before with similes, with analogies, with figures,—in a word, with the whole furniture of the poet; because it is about the very first conception of religion, of worship, and of God, that the quarrel really is. Protestants only differ in discipline, says Dr. Cumming; you may say with more truth they differ about the very God they worship. They are still disputing about the very first idea of worship, and this must come to them by the poetical method.

We quote the following lines from Bishop Blougram as an illustration of the path of faith being clear on the whole, in spite of difficulties in detail:

——— "That way
Over the mountain, which who stands upon
Is apt to doubt if it's indeed a road;
While if he views it from the waste itself,
Up goes the line there, plain from base to brow,
Not vague, mistakeable! what's a break or two

Seen from the unbroken desert either side?
And then (to bring in fresh philosophy)
What if the breaks themselves should prove at last
The most consummate of contrivances
To train a man's eye, teach him what is faith?"

The next of the series, "Andrea del Sarto," and the last, "One Word more," relate to the influence of woman on the artist.

Andrea was blessed with a fidgety wife, whose only use was to lend her beautiful face to be copied for Madonnas; but who had no mind to appreciate her husband's talents, and no heart to respond to his devotion. She was too weak to bear her husband's absence; but recalled him to her side from the most lucrative engagements, even when he had been paid beforehand for his works; she impoverished him too by her love of finery, and by paying the gambling debts of disreputable relations. In this charming poem Andrea, at his window with his wife one evening, gently tells her what he is, and what he might have been, if her sympathy had been with him:

——— "Had you but brought a mind!
Some women do so. Had the mouth then urged
'God and the glory! never care for gain'—
I might have done it for you. So it seems—
Perhaps not. All is as God overrules.
Besides, incentives come from the soul's self;
The rest avail not."

In the last piece he tells his wife, to whom he dedicates his "men and women," what wings the true sympathetic woman adds to the artist's flight: how for an enthusiastic love the artist goes beyond his own art: how Rafael writes a volume of sonnets for his love, and Dante paints an angel for Beatrice:

"What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture?
This: no artist lives and loves that longs not
Once, and only once, and for one only,
(Ah the prize!) to find his love a language
Fit and fair, and simple and sufficient;
Using nature that's an art to others;
Not, this one time, art that's turned his nature.
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry.
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem;
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture;
Put to proof art alien from the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for one only.
So to be the man, and leave the artist,
Save the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow."

The remaining poem of the series is entitled "Cleon:" it

is an epistle from an artist to an emperor, answering several questions that have been put to him, the last of which involved a querulous preference of the immortality of the artist to the temporary greatness of the sovereign. To this Cleon answers:

> ——"Thou diest while I survive?
> Say rather that my fate is deadlier still,
> In this, that every day my sense of joy
> Grows more acute, my soul (intensified
> In power and insight) more enlarged, more keen;
> While every day my hairs fall more and more,
> My hand shakes, and the heavy years increase;
> The horror quickening still from year to year,
> The consummation coming past escape,
> When I shall know most, and yet least enjoy;
> When all my works wherein I prove my worth
> Being present still to mock me in men's mouths,
> Alive still, in the phrase of such as thou,
> I, I, the feeling, thinking, acting man,
> The man who loved his life so over much,
> Shall sleep in my urn."

At the end of the epistle he tells the emperor that he does not know where to find Paulus (the apostle), to whom a letter was to be forwarded, evidently to get answers to the same questions. The philosopher gently rebukes the monarch:

> "Thou can'st not think a mere barbarian Jew
> Hath access to a secret shut from us."

The artist, no more than the king, has the secret of happiness; yet, in the pride of art, he will not seek it outside the domain of pure art. Art is not all we want; yet it ought to be; so we will have nothing else. As Browning sings in one of his lyrics, addressing the poet,

> "You hold things beautiful the best . . . .
> 'Tis something—nay, 'tis much; but then
> *Have* you yourself what's best for men?
> Are you poor, sick, old ere your time,
> Nearer one whit your own sublime
> Than we who never turned a rhyme?"

Our poet, it will be seen, does not exhaust his philosophy in his blank verse; his lyrics are full of it. In the poem "Old Pictures in Florence," so outrageously dishevelled in rhyme and language, we have an excellent comparison of the spirit of Greek with that of Christian art. In another, "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha," we have an inimitable description of one of Bach's fugues. The attempt to put the more undefined music of Galuppi into words is not so successful; while in the poem entitled "Saul," in which David is the speaker,

who relates what he sung to the possessed king, we have the various stages of Mr. Browning's religious theory.

David, called in to awake the monarch from his trance, first plays him all the tunes he can think of; then sings to him of "the wild joys of living:"

> "How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!"

Then he turns away from this merely animal life, and sings of the human objects of existence—fame and glory. But as yet Saul rises not; David, looking at him, feels the thrill of love, and sings to him that he is ready to die for him to restore him to his former self. Then comes the inspiration; the prophet flings away his harp, and sings of the love of God:

> "Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,
> That I doubt his own love can compete with it? here, the parts shift?
> Here, the creature surpass the Creator? the end, what Began?
> Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,
> And dare doubt He alone shall not help him, who yet alone can?
> Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare will, much less power,
> To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the marvellous dower,
> Of the life he was gifted and filled with? to make such a soul,
> Such a body, and then such an earth for ensphering the whole?
> And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm tears attest)
> These good things being given, to go on, and give one more, the best?
> Ay, to save and redeem, and restore him?"

Then he goes on; it is not in knowledge or in power that man is an image of his Creator; it is in his will:

> "'Tis not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do."

From this David can only draw one conclusion:

> "Would I suffer for him that I love? So wilt Thou, so wilt Thou!
> So shall crown Thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown,
> And Thy love fill infinitude wholly. . . . .
> He who did most shall bear most; the strongest shall stand the most weak.
> 'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
> In the Godhead! I seek it and find it. O Saul, it shall be,
> A Face like my face that receives thee: a Man like to me
> Thou shalt love and be loved by for ever! a Hand like this hand
> Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand."

Oh, the misery, that a poet with a soul like this, naturally Christian, should be held aloof by a spirit of mockery, by the hard artistic scepticism, whose bitterness no one has probed more deeply, no one has described more feelingly than himself! That a man, who has such an affection for the earth of Italy, that

> "Woman-country, never wed,
> Loved all the more by earth's male lands,"

should always stand in an attitude of suspicion, should always have a sneer on his lips for the Church of Italy,—that true woman-church, which alone will really appreciate his art, derided by sceptical critics; which alone can lend him enthusiasm, and give him a real object, instead of the foolish ends on which he wastes his powers,—ends which he knows to be mere vanity and vexation! When one sees how much Mr. Browning must have thought and reflected, and how near he comes to Christianity, one wonders why he has stopped, why he is not a Catholic. As it is, he is held in the trammels of the modern school of Protestants that denies hell; that thinks all men will come right at last; that holds it to be better to do something than nothing,—to do wrong, rather than to idle all day long, because the business of the soul is simply to declare itself by its action, by its fruit:

> "Be hate that fruit, or love that fruit,
> It forwards the general deed of man;
> And each of the many helps to recruit
> The life of the race by a general plan,
> Each living his own, to boot."

A crime, he says, will do as well to serve for a test as a virtue. Do your best, whether winning or losing, if you choose to play:

> "Let a man contend to the uttermost
> For his life's set prize, be what it will."

Mr. Browning has such a perilous facility of putting himself into the place of the most horrible men, of uttering their thoughts and expressing their feelings, that a religious person reading his works runs great risk of being shocked at each page. The same persons who cried out against Byron for imagining the atrocious blasphemy of Cain and Satan—though if Satan is introduced, it is hardly the thing to make him a respectable and twaddling preacher—will find abundant cause to censure Mr. Browning; he makes no bones of uttering from the housetops that which the decent conventionality of society generally agrees to cover and to forget. He expresses things, of which those who are ignorant had better remain so, but which those who know of them will be glad to find so well expressed, so well prepared for dissection and study. Physicians may study the phenomena of madness in Shakespeare, and divines may examine the difficulties of sceptics or the objections of infidels in Mr. Browning.

From all this it may be understood that our author is not a popular poet. He writes for the few, not for the many. Even those pieces which are most adapted to touch men's hearts are interrupted by too much allusion, alloyed with too much

brain, to run smoothly and trippingly. His lyre is as obscure as that of Æschylus. Sometimes a mere dreamy shadowy fancy is the sole foundation of a little piece; other poems, again, appear to be chiefly exercises of metre and rhyme. No doubt it is a hard task to have to write some dozen stanzas of four lines, each stanza containing only from twenty-four to twenty-six syllables, of which no less than ten are to be rhymes. This feat has been accomplished in the lines "On a Pretty Woman," which gain neither beauty nor sense from the fetters. As a better sample of this hornpipe in chains we quote two stanzas of the little poem entitled "In a Year:"

"Never any more
While I live
Need I hope to see his face
As before.
Once his love grown chill
Mine may strive—
Bitterly we re-embrace,
Single still.

Was it something said,
Something done,
Vexed him? was it touch of hand,
Turn of head?
Strange! that very way
Love begun:
I as little understand
Love's decay."

After all, the capabilities of these kinds of metre were pretty nearly exhausted by our poets of the seventeenth century. Modern poets are not supposed to write "altars" or "wings" like George Herbert, nor even to count their syllables on the ends of their fingers. Modern verses are not read by feet, but by the rules of musical rhythm; not by syllables, but by accents. The lines are to be divided by bars as in music, rather than by the ordinary prosodiacal pauses. The application of the rules of musical rhythm will often solve the problem of an apparently halting verse. Thus, how difficult to read is a kind of metre in frequent use, where a short line immediately follows after and rhymes with a long line; you feel as if you had mistaken the number of steps in a staircase, and had been brought up by a step in the air at the top. If

"Rhyme the rudder is of verses,
By which, like ships, they steer their courses,"

doubtless the rhyme ought to indicate the musical answer to the first musical phrase. But the phrase and its answer should be rhythmically equal. Who does not know the curious effect of displacing the rhymes in the ordinary measure of "eights-

and-sixes" (vide Tate and Brady *passim*), and making the three-foot line rhyme with the four-foot immediately preceding? The ear will never get accustomed to these anomalies till it feels the value of the musical principle of the echo, which allows a rhythm to be broken by the repetition or the imitation of the last few notes of each phrase. If this is the law of the short rhyming line, it seems to follow that, like the musical echo, it should be in sound as well as sense a repetition or imitation, or at least an answer to the concluding measure of the former line. Poems where such a metre is used seem to us to halt when the sense marches forward directly, without a slight pause, or even a slight reflex motion, in every short line. Mr. Browning has two poems in such metres, which seem to us unpleasant for these reasons. We quote a stanza from the first poem of the book:

> "Now—the single little turret that remains
> On the plains,
> By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
> Overscored,
> While the patching house-leek's head of blossom winks
> Through the chinks."

The words are beautifully descriptive; but the music is unpleasant. So is that of the piece called "Instans Tyrannus," though in this case the style justifies a licentious metre. What effect a master like Mr. Browning may produce by the repetitions and pauses we have mentioned may be seen in his poem entitled "Mesmerism," where the fixed intention and the persevering manipulations are so excellently imitated by the iteration of the same words and the same ideas.

But, on the whole, Mr. Browning's lyric power is far inferior to his dramatic vigour. His music is not to be compared with Tennyson's, nor his faculty of making nature sympathise with the character intended to be described. When Tennyson describes his solitary woman in the moated grange, all nature, without effort, is in harmony with the woman's solitude. Browning cannot reduce nature to this sympathy without art and trouble; he has an elaborate poem, "Childe Roland to the dark tower came," in which nature is described as it appears to the man riding on a hateful and desperate undertaking; but what he has scarcely done in thirty stanzas Tennyson would have accomplished in ten. Browning also is too energetic to give us always perfectly pleasing images. As he says in his last poem—

> "Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also."

He does not give us things as we could wish them to be, but as we know they are and will be. In this he is like Thackeray,

all whose characters have grave blemishes, but such as on reflection we know that they probably would have. Neither writer will submit to give us heart without brain, to give us without alloy that which the affections and sentiments desire. Both throw themselves into a character, and make the character speak, not what we would have it utter, but what they know it would naturally express. Their aim is not abstract beauty, but nature, and the truth of nature. They belong to Fra Lippo Lippi's school of art, not to that of Beato Angelico or of Overbeck—far less to the drawing-room conventionalities of the Chalons and the rest of the artists of Annuals and Books of Beauty. It is one thing for a writer to establish his own ideal of the pathetic or the humorous, and to distort all nature to this mould, as Dickens does, and another, with Browning and Thackeray, to copy nature in the full confidence that, if she is but truly followed, the copy must imply and suggest soul as much as the original—and more definitively and impressively, inasmuch as in the copy a single object is exhibited, disentangled from all others, concentrated in time, and painted on a plain surface, instead of puzzling the eye with the perspective illusions of solid bodies.

For ourselves, we thank Mr. Browning, sceptical and reckless as he is, for a rare treat in these thoughtful and able volumes. We do not suppose that they will command any extensive popularity; for except the rather select audience to which they are addressed, the rest of the world will probably only use them as a magazine of polemical weapons. Though much of their matter is extremely offensive to Catholics, yet beneath the surface there is an undercurrent of thought that is by no means inconsistent with our religion; and if Mr. Browning is a man of will and action, and not a mere dreamer and talker, we should never feel surprise at his conversion.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

The Chain of Fathers Witnesses for the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. By F. C. Husenbeth, D.D. (Richardson.) Dr. Husenbeth's pamphlet is as opportune as it is interesting. It is a complete reply to the popular newspaper assertion, that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception was not merely unknown to the Fathers, but actually contradicted by them all. The memory of Protestantism is as conveniently forgetful as its scholarship is conveniently inaccurate when

the doctrines of Catholicism are in question. Of the latter, witness the Anglican translation of the angelical salutation, "Hail, thou that art highly favoured;" which we translate, "Hail, full of grace." Even our version is deficient: κεχαριτωμένη meaning, as Dr. Husenbeth reminds his readers, not merely "full of grace," but "formed in grace." A correspondent in another page reminds us that it was on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception that Father Petcherine escaped the malice of the enemies of Mary in Ireland, who charged him with maliciously burning that Bible in which the above specimen of accurate translation occurs.

The Seasons of the Church, what they teach. A Series of Sermons on the different times and occasions of the Christian year. Edited by the Rev. H. Newland. (J. and C. Mozley.) We have seen the "parson fly-fishing," both in Ireland and Norway; and here we have him preaching. We are bound to say that his sermons are as much better than the ordinary run of Protestant sermons as his sporting-books are more amusing than most of the travelling lucubrations of his clerical brethren. We heartily wish that all Anglican congregations were accustomed to hear nothing worse than Mr. Newland appears to give his people. But what can a person of his sense mean by such a fantastical piece of affectation as the following?

"It is very evident that the Church must have had some such intention"—(*i. e.* of illustrating Christian doctrine by the offices of the various seasons)—"in the plan of its Sundays and holidays, from the fact, that throughout the whole of the Western Church there is the same general arrangement of collects, epistles, and gospels—that week after week the Church of Rome, the Church of England and her offsets, and even the Churches of Scandinavia, imperfect as they are, set forth the very same passages of Scripture, and deduce from them the very same prayers."

Really, from a man like Mr. Newland, this is too ridiculous. The fact that those miserable reformers in England and Sweden stole certain passages of the Bible from the "Church of Rome," and printed them as they found them, is a proof of the "intention" of *the* Christian Church! Mr. Newland knows as well as we do, that Luther, Calvin, Latimer, and Ridley cared no more for the "Christian year" than we care for Calvin's commentaries on the Bible.

By the way, in the sermon on "The Presence of Christ by his Scriptures," there is very little difference between the views set forth and the Catholic doctrine of development. We are glad to see that Mr. Newland is a doctrinal and not a candlestick species of Puseyite. The latter are among the most unmitigated humbugs of the day.

The Conversion of M. Marie-Alphonse Ratisbonne: the original Narrative of Baron de Bussières. Edited by Rev. W. Lockhart. (Burns and Lambert.) Most people know that the conversion of M. Ratisbonne is one of the most remarkable things of the kind in modern times. M. de Bussières' account is most interesting, and not less so is Ratisbonne's letter to the Abbé Desgenettes, appended to the present translation. We are glad to see it offered to the English reader in so agreeable a shape as F. Lockhart's edition.

Catechetical Questions. By the Rev. T. A. Walker. (Buller, Preston.) Three hundred and five questions to remind catechisers and teachers what to ask children. A useful little *digital*, if we may coin a new word; for it does not pretend to the dignity of a *manual*.

The Devout Child of Mary: being Novenas and Prayers for the Festivals of the Blessed Virgin. (Baltimore, Murphy; London, Dolman.) The title of this prettily bound little volume describes its contents. It has the approbation of the Archbishop of Baltimore. A large number of the best-known English hymns in honour of Mary are interspersed throughout the various devotions.

Bode's Bampton Lectures for 1855. "*The Absence of Precision in the Formularies of the Church of England scriptural and suitable to a state of probation.*" We have not seen this book; but we cannot forbear quoting its title, as an illustration of the development of Protestant doctrine. It is the old story; but it has not been professed so openly till within these few years. The Englishman does not like cut-and-dried arguments. The demonstrative proof is too strong to be convincing; he likes to depend on probabilities, on analogies, on guess, on processes which leave the reason at liberty to halt and waver between two opinions, rather than on proofs which compel the understanding to assent. "I do not want certainty," he says; "I accept of my state of doubt: it is so natural, it is so like what we have to be contented with in other matters, that it must be intended to hold good in religion also. All our probation lies in the uncertainty of things. Faith is not possible when the invisible becomes visible; possession excludes hope; charity is not tried where there are no apparent reasons for hatred and dislike. Make all things clear, definite, certain, and you take them out of the region of action and of life. No, I like inquiry, so I do not wish for infallibility; I like doubt, so I do not ask for certainty; I like liberty, so I respectfully decline to put a collar round my neck, and to deliver the chain to you to hold."

Yes, we may add, and you perhaps like sin, and so you do not ask for virtue; you like license, so you oppose yourself to all government; you like disorder, so you would disturb all order. But the question is, not what you like, but what has been provided for you. It is of no use to appeal to the analogy of nature, when the question is about grace. It is foolish to conclude that because by nature we are in a state of uncertainty, therefore revelation must leave us in the same state. This is to deny revelation altogether. Because by nature the soul is in miserable and desperate uncertainty, because it yearns to know something of its origin, its home, and its destiny, and has no means of satisfying its wants, therefore God, when He condescends to answer these questions, to satisfy these yearnings, to reveal these secrets, must give an answer that is no answer, must give a stone for bread, must give such a revelation as will leave us as uncertain as we were without it. Want of precision indeed! It is want of revelation, want of truth, want of the desire of truth,—a determination to keep your tithes and your position at all hazards, that can make you accept such an argument as this. You ask for a proof of the Church; and when Father Mumford, or Cardinal Wiseman, or Dr. Newman, or Dr. Möhler, gives you a proof that is, considering its subject-matter, as logical and irrefragable as Euclid himself, you refuse to accept it because it is too clear. It is like a peevish child refusing the present for which but now it was screaming. Or it is like the men who had lost their swine begging the great Revealer and Miracle-worker to depart from their coasts, doubtless for fear of losing more swine. You ask to know; and when you are told, you quarrel with the teller because he answered you but too well.

Popular Astronomy. By François Arago. Translated by Admiral Smyth and R. Grant. 2 vols. Most astronomers would probably think

their science founded on mathematics; Arago thinks it founded on common sense, and asserts that analytical formulæ do not enable us to dispense with the elementary ideas which are as plain to any cultivated mind as to the professed mathematician, and perhaps plainer, as he shows by an anecdote in illustration, to the effect that a German geometer, author of several esteemed works on optics, had so absorbed himself in the complicated formulæ at which he had arrived, and had so utterly forgotten the practical application of them, that one day, at a congress of astronomers, when he wished to examine a star, he turned the eye-piece of the telescope towards the object, and applied his eye to the object-glass.

Let it not, however, be supposed that even an Arago can make astronomy an easy science. All we say is this, that the gentleman of leisure and cultivation, who chooses to give up his mind to the study, can in a few weeks, by means of these bulky volumes, arrive at such a knowledge of astronomy as by the system of other writers would have to be preceded by some years' discipline in mathematics. Not that Arago falls into the error of Goethe, who supposed that a man might discover the laws of optics without any mathematical knowledge; but he proves that an able mathematician may so reconstruct his analytical methods as to make them intelligible to common sense without the aid of any thing but the mere elements of geometry and arithmetic.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

History of the Reign of Philip II., King of Spain. By Wm. H. Prescott. Two volumes. It is really a pleasure to read Mr. Prescott's histories. As Catholics, we can sincerely say that we do not desire the historian to be a party man. Though we hate the mendacious bigotry of your Humes, your Robertsons, and your D'Aubignés, we have no desire to see the same facts cooked up to serve Catholic party purposes. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Catholic identifies the cause of his Church with that of Catholic monarchs, whose history, on the contary, displays but too uniform a tissue of the jealousies and oppositions and struggles and oppressions which the Church had to suffer from their hands. But still, it must always be offensive to the Catholic to hear monarchs of his communion abused and misrepresented, simply because they are Catholics; and to see their royal vices and shortcomings attributed to their religion, and not to their evil passions and weakness of will. Philip II. has been one of the Catholic bogies with whose name Protestant nurses have frightened naughty little boys and girls. Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris have found him an excellent scarecrow to frighten Protestant pigeons from the corn-field of the Church. We do not say that Mr. Prescott's narrative makes Philip an ornament of his religion; but it reduces him to reasonable proportions, it divests him of horns and tail, and makes him an intelligible man, actuated by intelligible principles, and yielding at times to intelligible temptations and weaknesses. He appears before us as a powerful monarch, acting for his own ends and purposes and in accordance with his own convictions, and not as an incarnate fiend and a tool of Jesuits.

Greece and the Greeks of the Present Day. By Edmond About. (Edinburgh, Constable.) M. About is the author of a very clever story, which made a great noise in the *salons* of Paris, but which un-

fortunately appears to have been "adapted" from a forgotten Italian novel of the last century. M. About may perhaps be a little unscrupulous; but the present book proves him to be a very clever fellow, an epigrammatic writer, a shrewd observer, and an able painter.

The Greeks are a race who thrive better abroad than at home. Like Jews or Armenians, while their own country is bankrupt and desert, abroad they rule in the exchanges and corn-markets of the world. Dishonest, conceited, cowardly, untruthful, they are a people with whom it is more pleasant to have no relations. As for their religion, with which Puseyites are so anxious to prove their communion, it is "a dead letter; it prescribes no virtues, but only grimaces; it prostrates the body to the earth without raising the soul to heaven; this religion, daughter of the lower empire, partakes of Byzantine imbecility." Yet every man in the kingdom observes it, and believes in it; and no one fears to appear ridiculous in fulfilling its duties. The Greek is sober, and generally exemplary in his family relations. The nation may be sick, but not incurably so. What is curious is its utter loss of all artistic power. No poet has appeared in modern Greece. Every body, without exception, sings out of tune and through the nose; they have neither the sense of colour nor the sense of form; they are neither painters, nor architects, nor statuaries. As we could only give a good idea of this agreeable and probably truthful book by copious extracts, we beg to refer our readers to the work itself, which is very well translated, and published at a reasonable price in Constable's *Miscellany of Foreign Literature.*

The Song of Hiawatha. By Longfellow. (London, Bogue.) As Bailey versifies the mythology of the Gnostics and kindred creeds, so does Longfellow in this poem treat that of the Red Indians. Hiawatha is a mythological person, the inventor of maze, canoes, fishing, hunting, and so on. Separate cantos relate to his different exploits. Two of them, his wooing of Minnehaha, the "laughing water," and the death of his wife, are beautiful and touching. The rest is in part obnoxious to our criticisms upon Mr. Bailey; but here the mythology is so simple and childish, that the whole has a much more poetical stamp than the verbose enigmas of "The Mystic." The poem is all written in one metre, which the following lines will exemplify. Hiawatha

> "Saw the moon rise from the water,
> Rippling, sounding from the water,—
> Saw the flecks and shadows in it,
> Whispered, 'What is that, Nokomis?'
> And the good Nokomis answered,
> 'Once a warrior very angry
> Seized his grandmother, and threw her
> Up into the sky at midnight;
> Right against the moon he threw her;
> 'Tis her body that you see there.'"

This is perhaps a fair average specimen of the contents of the poem: we do not know how far it is to be trusted as a faithful reproduction of the genuine traditions of the Indians.

Two Summer Cruises with the Baltic Fleet in 1854-5; *being the Log of the Pet.* By the Rev. R. T. Hughes. (London, Smith and Elder.) The "Pet" was present at the capture of Bomarsund and at the bombardment of Sweaborg; and Mr. Hughes narrates in a clear and truthful manner exactly what he saw. He is a pleasant lively writer, and jots down a good many amusing observations; he strikes us as rather free for a parson. The book abounds with quotable passages: we give one or two:

"A German vessel may be known by the beautiful national melodies which the crew sing in harmony; a Dutchman by the clatter of wooden shoes; a Frenchman by vociferous chatteration; and a ship that sails from our own dear native land may be recognised by our national curses and bad language in general." Russian vessels are known in a fog by the smell; "their boats and crews are the filthiest, frowsy, shaggy, ragged, shockheaded sea-vermin that ever stank upon the waves."

The following notes on Swedish churches add another testimony to several which have been quoted in the *Rambler* to the same effect:

"In Swedish churches one looks in vain for any trace of religious reverential feeling. . . . . Royal pews, tombstones, and inscriptions in honour of the king, are made so much of, that they seem to say in the words of the Psalmist, 'He is thy Lord God, and worship thou him!' It is customary also, except during service, to wear hats in church; the doors, with a possibly needful, but certainly not seemly caution, are locked at the beginning of the sermon, and there you must sit *nolens volens* to the end; and lastly, notice of skalds, or public hunting-appointments is always given in church. Imagine a clergyman in Northamptonshire rising and saying, 'I give notice that Lord Fitzwilliam's hounds will meet on Monday at Stanwick Pastures; on Wednesday at Bythorn Toll-bar; and on Friday at Croxton Park.'"

(We may observe parenthetically that we can imagine such a thing very well. We knew a church in old days where one of the lords of the manor used to cause notice to be given of court-leets and court-barons, where the tenants were invited to repair to do suit and service before a bailiff smoking his pipe in the back-parlour of a wayside public-house.) But to return to Mr. Hughes:

"A traveller in Sweden pines for one of those solemn beautiful little chapels which we find in foreign lands by the wayside, on the mountain-pass, by the cataract or the ford, where holy reverence and devotion are expressed in every simple feature of wood and stone. But such things may be sought for in vain in the Church of Luther; and I must admit, that those of our own chapels which I have seen in Sweden quite keep pace with the religious feeling of the land."

Several extracts concerning the war, and the loss of our naval prestige by our extreme anxiety to keep our ships out of range in the Baltic, might be made; but we can recommend the whole volume as amusing, and, in comparison with the general run of books, even solid. Mr. Hughes is evidently a practised writer. He is the author of one of the best of the "Cambridge Essays."

A Treatise on Algebra. By B. Sestini, S.J., Professor in George-Town College. (Baltimore, Murphy; London, Dolman.) Another effort of the Jesuits to enslave the human race. No doubt, as we learn that the education of the Austrian people is now to be "handed over to the Jesuits," this volume will be employed for the demoralising and degrading the souls of young Germany. Wonderful to relate, however, we have not discovered that F. Sestini has any where contrived to insinuate Popery by means of x, y, and z; but perhaps that is because the present volume does not treat on what mathematicians call "impossible quantities." Not even a Jesuit, it is clear, can teach Popery by means of algebra; though we have seen it assailed in a Protestant book on arithmetic. Seriously speaking, F. Sestini's book is extremely well done, though possibly a little more technical in its occasional phrases than is absolutely necessary. Somehow or other, it gives us the idea that its author has a most intense relish for his subject; he seems to *feel* the force of a formula with the sort of keenness of gusto with which a

musician hears a symphony of Beethoven's, or an artist studies the miraculous aerial perspectives of Turner. The volume is also well turned out, in the way of printing, paper, and binding.

Brambletye House. By Horace Smith. (Parlour Library. Hodson.) Horace Smith's best novel, and a good one in itself. We have a very agreeable impression of its perusal when it first came out.

Agamemnon the King. From the Greek of Æschylus. By W. Blew, M.A. (Longmans.) That Mr. Blew possesses one requisite for the translation of Æschylus—a capacity for writing animated and sonorous verses—his own "Prologue" to the present version abundantly shows. Such a rendering of the Greek into English as will convey to the unlearned reader an adequate conception of the extraordinary Michel-Angelesque grandeur of the original, is, we need hardly say, all but impossible. Æschylus is one of the most untranslatable of poets. He sung as Michel-Angelo painted; and who could produce the superhuman effect of the frescoes on the Sistine roof by any description or any device of copying? Mr. Blew's translation, if not impossibly Æschylean, is at any rate a very creditable and interesting effort. Half the volume consists of notes and illustrations, mostly in the way of parallel passages from other poets, for which, like many readers, Mr. Blew has quite a passion. The book is altogether the work of a scholar and an intelligent admirer of the great tragedian.

The Last of the Arctic Voyages; a Narrative of the Expedition in H.M.S. Assistance, under the command of Capt. Sir E. Belcher, in search of Sir John Franklin, during the years 1852-3-4, *with Notes of Natural History, &c.* 2 vols. (London, Lovell Reeve.) The last of the Arctic voyages does not add much to our knowledge of the northern regions, except a few discoveries in natural history, and tabular views of temperature, rise of tides, and growth of mustard-and-cress. The writer is evidently under the greatest anxiety to prove himself in the right in his disputes with his officers, into the particulars of which we suppose he is precluded from entering in a book "published under the authority of the Lords of the Admiralty." The consequence is, that the narrative is disfigured by a querulous tone, and an undercurrent of general inuendos and charges against almost every body under his command, and by a selection of orders and other documents which have no value except as enabling him to make out his case. Neither the style nor the matter of these two large volumes seems to us to be satisfactory. However, we must except from this censure the notes on natural history in the appendix.

The Ballads of Ireland. Collected and edited by Edward Hayes. 2 vols. (London, A. Fullarton and Co.) As a whole these ballads are disappointing; many of them are not the true national songs of Ireland, with their racy humour and their quaint expression, but a set of dandy drawing-room imitations, in few of which do we recognise the true Irish spirit. Perhaps the political ballads come nearest to the vulgar ideal, with all their naive exaggeration and brag, which have been so well parodied by Thackeray. Several of the rest are lovely songs, tender, pathetic, or fanciful; but only Irish inasmuch as they were written (generally) *by Irishmen.*

Western Wanderings, or a Pleasure Tour in Canada. By W. H. G. Kingston. 2 vols. (London, Chapman and Hall.) Mr. Kingston is the author of six other works, besides two et-ceteras; yet he does not seem a very judgmatical writer. For instance, he thinks the points of

his speech after the last day's dinner on the voyage out worth preserving; they are, 1. a hope that the stars and stripes may ever float peacefully by the union-jack; and 2. that he felt towards Americans as towards brothers. Half an hour after, land was in sight. He gazed on it with intense eagerness. "It was America, with its interesting past, its magnificent present, its glorious future." We wonder whether the past, present, and future of America looked like the twenty centuries that were caught spying the French army from the top of the pyramids. We certainly do not wonder at the eager gaze, considering the rarity of the spectacle. At p. 188, vol. i. we have a notice of the sentimental girl that married one of the men exhibited as a red chieftain in Catlin's exhibition in London. She went out with a piano and a variety of elegant furniture; she was a fine, handsome, intelligent person. She sang and played well; indeed, her great delight was music, and it was her sad and only solace when she reached, not the rustic palace of the great red chief, but the miserable shanty of the rough half-caste carpenter, her husband, to instruct the young squaws in such music as they were capable of learning. She had died two years before Mr. Kingston's visit to the Sault Ste. Marie. Such was the end of novel-reading.

In another place we are told that "every inch of the ground" (of a new settlement) was rough with logs, fallen trunks, great and small branches, chips, stones, planks, and other sawn timber." This reminds us of a proclamation of the Mayor of Weymouth, on occasion of a visit from George III., inviting the townsmen to remove all stones, cabbage-stalks, wheelbarrows, and other vegetables out of the streets.

In justice to Mr. Kingston, we must own that these slips are not fair average specimens of his book, which is tolerably amusing, though somewhat spoony (or, as he calls it, rose-coloured); but this he excuses on the ground of the present tour having been his wedding trip—*valeat quantum.*

The Life of Henry Fielding: with Notices of his Writings, his Times, and his Contemporaries. By F. Lawrence. (London, Hall and Virtue.) This is a biography of the great novelist who wrote Joseph Andrews, Tom Jones, and Amelia, written in the same manner as Mr. Forster's successful *Life of Goldsmith*, and presenting the subject of the memoir in relation to his times and contemporaries, so that his works and character may be estimated by the standard of his age. Mr. Lawrence is a very fair critic and historian, and writes with the intelligence of an enthusiastic admirer; though he has none of that kindred genius which enables Mr. Thackeray to present so vivid a picture of his predecessor in his volume on the English humorists.

Cambridge Essays. Contributed by Members of the University. (London, J. W. Parker.) This, like the corresponding volume of the Oxford Essays, which we noticed in a former number, is intended to be an annual contribution to our periodical literature. The subjects on the whole are such as have present interest, and they are handled in a more practical and experienced manner than those in the Oxford volume. The first essay, on the Life and Genius of Molière, gives a very complete picture of the French dramatist and his works; but is also somewhat pedantic. The second, on the English Language in America, is singularly meagre. Galton's Notes on Modern Geography, though amusingly wanting in precision in definitions, is practical and business-like. The next essay is not so good; but the rest of them are longer, more complete, and more carefully executed. The essays on the Relation of Novels to Life, and on the Future Prospects of the British Navy,

are able and interesting; as also, the last, on Classical Education, a subject that was well treated in the Oxford Essays. Altogether it is an able volume.

Eastern Experiences; collected during a Winter's Tour in Egypt and the Holy Land. By Adam Steinmetz Kennard. (London, Longmans.) There are so many writers who have a profound knowledge of the antiquities and inhabitants of Egypt and Palestine, that the casual tourist cannot expect that his observations should be treated as new pieces of information, or should be valued by any other standard than their liveliness and capability of amusing. Mr. Kennard's experiences may be recommended on these grounds, as well as for the absence of that flippant and infidel tone which generally characterises the narratives of Protestant visitors to the Holy Places. On the contrary, he seems to have gone to Palestine with somewhat of the spirit of a pilgrim; though he owns that his devotion was marred by the crowding and squeezing and hustling which he underwent at the hands of his brother palmers.

Mexico and its Religion; with Incidents of Travel in that Country. By R. A. Wilson. (London and New York, Sampson Low, and Harper.) This is a know-nothing book, containing the most abominable accusations against the monks and nuns of Mexico, which Mr. Wilson pretends to have copied from a work which he thus describes:

"I learn from the preface of a book in the Spanish language, which I purchased at Mexico, entitled *The Voyages of Thomas Page*, that a Dominican monk of that name, the brother of the royalist governor of Oxford under Charles I., was smuggled into Mexico by his Dominican brethren, against the king's order, which prohibited the entry of Englishmen into that country. As a missionary monk he resided in Mexico, or New Spain, eighteen years. On his return to England, he published an account of the country which he visited, under the title of a *Survey of the West Indies*. This being the first and last book ever written by a resident of New Spain that had not been submitted to the most rigid censorship by the Inquisition, it produced so profound a sensation, that it was translated into French by an Irish Catholic named O'Neil, at the command of the great Colbert. From this expurgated French edition the Spanish copy now before me was translated . . . I have since found a *black letter* (!) copy of the original, printed in London, 1677; but I have concluded to use the translations (from the Spanish) as furnishing a more official character to the picture therein drawn of the grossly immoral state of the clergy and of the religious orders."

The first would-be translation from this Dominican book is a picture of the cell of the "Prior of Vera Cruz," which we are informed was richly tapestried and adorned with feathers of birds of Michoacan; walls were hung with pictures of merit; tables covered with rich rugs of silk; sideboards heaped with China porcelain; vases and bowls standing about, containing preserved fruits and most delicate sweetmeats, &c. &c., certainly "most foreign to the poverty of a *begging friar*."

After this our readers will of course not be surprised to hear that the catalogues of the library of the British Museum, which certainly cannot be deficient in any English book which ever "created a prodigious sensation," or was "translated by order of Colbert," make no mention whatever of this "Thomas Page," nor of his *Survey of the West Indies*, nor of any O'Neil who translated it; nor, in short, do they give the slightest cue to the discovery of any such work as Mr. Wilson pretends to have found with such facility. Of course, the whole thing is a malicious hoax; and we will not trust ourselves to characterise either the

unprincipled blackguardism of the author, or the blind bigotry of the publishers, who probably made no sort of inquiries concerning the character of the book they were about to launch upon the waters. Sufficient for them that it was against Popery. Such an end, of course, sanctifies any means.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

De l'Art Chrétien. Par A. F. Rio. Tom. 2. (Paris, Ambroise Bray.) This second volume of M. Rio's popular work embraces the Lombard schools of architecture, sculpture, and painting; namely, those of Milan, Bergamo, and Lodi, together with those of Cremona and Ferrara. In chapter xvi. the author gives a short sketch of a theoretical work on architecture by Averulino, better known as Antonio Philaretes, the Florentine architect of the magnificent Ospedale Maggiore at Milan: the book still remains in Ms.; but we hope that M. Rio's notice of it will lead to its early publication.

The Efforts of Protestantism in Europe, and the Means which it employs to pervert Catholics. By Mgr. Rendu, Bishop of Annecy. (Paris, Louis Vivès.) This little book may be divided into three parts: an account of the machinery by which the Bible-societies and Protestant associations attempt to sow doubt and disunion among Christian communities; a series of conversations, in which their pretensions are controverted; and an exposition of Catholic doctrine, with especial reference to the points assailed by Protestants. The book is a manual intended for the use of the author's flock.

Descriptive and Historical Notice of the Parochial Church of St. Eustache, at Paris. (Paris, Dentu.) St. Eustache is the grand expiring effort of Gothic art in France; for the cathedral of Orleans, though later, is but an insipid imitation or tasteless restoration of the ruined church. But in St. Eustache quite new principles are for the first time acted upon,—principles which might be made as fruitful as those which gave birth to the other well-known and well-defined styles of Gothic architecture. We do not say that these principles are analysed or even hinted at in the work before us; but any work is worth mentioning which is calculated to call the attention of men with eyes in their heads to perhaps the most magnificent and imposing of the churches of Paris. The profits of this book go to the poor of the parish.

Life of the Reverend Mother Emily, Foundress and first General Superior of the Religious of the Holy Family of Villefranche de Rouergue, Diocese of Rodez. By Léon Aubineau. (Paris, Louis Vivès.) This is an order comprising two kinds of sisters: the enclosed, who educate children; and the *tourières*, who are employed in the ministrations of charity outside the convent. The narrative is an example of the true endogenous growth of the productions of grace. In England, with human calculation, we define what we are to do, we provide money and means for the external instruments; and we think that the living spirit must come when it is called. In France the living spirit is first allowed to develop itself, and to gather round it and assimilate the circumstances and instruments which are required for its external manifestation. It is as difficult to build up a religious institute as to build a living tree; the one grows by the secret operations of grace, as the other by the mysterious forces of nature. Neither will suffer the control of human calculation and prevision.

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THE WAR, AND ITS INFLUENCE ON CATHOLICISM.

WE English Catholics are always ready to own, some of us even to brag of, our great political disunion. It is notorious, and has often been insisted upon in these pages, that with the exception of the dogmas of religion, there is not a view or a shade in politics, philosophy, or literature, which has not its Catholic supporters. It is notorious that it is impossible to get up any wide-spread and efficient union or organisation among us for any purpose, even for an object so nearly touching our religious interests as the education of our children in poor-schools, middle-schools, and colleges.

Now, without pretending to defend this exaggeration of slipshod indifference, we cannot help thinking that our position as subjects of an heretical government, in the midst of an heretical nation, quite explains the tendency in question. In good sooth, we are in difficulties which might puzzle the genius of the most gifted Catholic politician to settle. In England, as in most Protestant countries, there are two great parties, the conservative and the liberal; the former generally consisting of persons who profess the largest amount of respect for Christianity, and embodying in its ranks most of the religious sentiment of the country; but at the same time professing a hard heartless system, a cold cynical Calvinism, confident of being "owned" by God, and readily acquiescing in the temporal and eternal reprobation of every other shade of opinion. The world, they think, belongs to the saints, that is, to themselves; and their one work is to wage war on the Beast, that is, on us.

The liberals, on the other hand, are the stuff out of whom red republicans may one day be made; they own themselves more or less Broad Church, Indifferentists, Pantheists, or Atheists in religion, materialists and positivists in philo-

sophy, Mazzinians, Kossuthites, mobocrats in politics. Yet this party offers us fewer insults, more present protection, than the other. We are freer to act in the presence of this great Gallio, who cares for none of these things, than in the presence of evangelical fanaticism. We find by present experience that, politically speaking, the party that professes religious indifference is less to be deprecated than that of the Exeter-Hall saints. Yet if we give our outward support to the liberal party, there at once arises the scandal of a colorable imputation of an intimate alliance between Popery and infidelity. The religious feeling of the nation is justly shocked; it is more convinced than ever that our religion is a mere political organisation, and is confirmed in its estimation of Popery as something more diabolical than Mormonism, Mahometanism, Judaism, or infidelity itself. Besides this, the support which we give to the liberal party, though it may secure our present quiet, is yet full of threatening for the future. It strengthens the hands of the anarchists, of the enemies of all order, of men whose ultimate aim is not against the existence of Popery, but against the family, against marriage, against the fundamental principles of society, against every vestige of Christianity. The day may be distant; but when the crash comes, the ferocity which we should experience at the hands of this wretched party would be many times more unendurable than the cold-blooded, sneaking, insulting, and yet sincere hostility of the Evangelical and the Calvinist. Which of the two, then, are we to support? are we to go on the principle that the evil of each day is sufficient, and take no thought for the future? or are we also to give some weight to past history, to take warning by what has already happened, and to forecast what is to come? There is plenty to be said on both sides; and it is no wonder that the Catholic politician finds himself inclining now to one side, now to another, with a vacillating inconsistency that surprises and scandalises the statesman whose party is his principle, and whose country is his conscience.

The Catholic mode of considering the present war has furnished no exception to our usual mode of treating political questions. The uncertainty we feel about it is reflected in our newspapers, not one of which ever advocated it with the trenchant decision of a partisan, while others have from the first written about it more from a Russian than from a British point of view. And yet, one would think, if on any question of English politics a favourable decision were easy, it would be on this. In alliance as she is with the great Catholic power of the West, England cannot hope to turn all the in-

fluence, all the advantages she may gain, to the use of her dominant religion. Protestant state as she is, and, contrary to her maxim of religious equality, using her political influence for the benefit of the creed of the dominant party, she surely cannot expect, in a war wherein a great Catholic power is an equal partner with her, to be able to turn successes to a purpose that would at once compromise her with that power. Surely, we might think, if ever there was a matter in which the success of a Protestant state would be of no benefit to Protestantism as such, it is the present war. If ever it were lawful to wish for the aggrandisement of such a state, it is in the present instance.

Again, what effects have not been predicted from the familiar intercourse of our army and navy with the Catholic soldiers and sailors of our allies? from the spectacle of the self-sacrifice of priests and sisters of charity daily displayed to our troops? Whatever our home population may think, surely our men, who see these examples before their eyes, will bring home with them a very different impression of the Catholic religion from that which they received from their parents, their schoolmasters, and their parsons.

Again, a time of war is a time of change. Abuses, injustices, inequalities, like rust in machinery, increase the friction of the wheels of the state, and tend to bring it to a dead lock. In time of war such a result would be ruin; the bolts, therefore, of the temple of prejudice, like those of Janus, must be drawn back. The shock of war must be allowed to shake down the crazy erections of a period of spoliation, impiety, proscription, inconsistency, and barbarism; and then from the top of their ruins the new generation may perhaps be able to discover things that were hidden from the passions which governed the age just past. War must bring its political changes; and those whose position will most probably be improved by such changes are those who have least to lose. Such times of change permit all good as well as all evil; in destroying the past, they also pull up by the roots the hatreds of the past. Error has once more to descend from its fortresses and its citadels, and to bivouac on the same battle-field with the truth, whose existence it had so often boasted of having destroyed from the face of the earth. Surely now is a time in which men have more chance of recognising the truth, in proportion as they have more need of it, and as it is brought more clearly before them, even though it be in a hostile way.

Then again, the foe against whom we fight is even a more redoubtable enemy of Catholicity than England herself. The

Russian nation has more unity, more faith, more wish to see its own religion triumphant than the English. In its persecutions in Poland, it has shown itself more remorseless and barbarous, if less hypocritical and underhand, than even England in its conduct to Ireland. Russia and England may perhaps both dream of an ecclesiastical supremacy over the world; but the aim of England is destructive and negative,—that of Russia positive and affirmative. England would simply forbid us to be Catholics; Russia positively sets up the golden calf before which she would make the nations bow. England would only oblige us to conceal our religion; Russia would force us to commit acts of false worship. The establishment of Russian power, though it may be in itself more religious than that of England, would probably be a severer blow to the Church, would entail upon us a keener persecution, than the increase of the influence of England. To see two such powers expending their strength in knocking one another down, must, to the Catholic who can divest himself of all national feelings, and view the combat simply in the light of Catholic interests, furnish an amusement nearly as agreeable as that of seeing

"——— the engineer
Hoist with his own petard."

Certainly, from this point of view, the hostilities and jealousies between England, Russia, Prussia, and America, may to the Catholic politician present as hopeful anticipations as our alliance and increased intercourse with a great Catholic power.

Once more, nothing more than the events of this war can teach Russia the necessary lesson, that it is an evil and bitter thing to stand alone in the world; to have a snug Christianity all to itself, cut off from the Catholic Church; to have no common interests, no common aims with Christians of other countries; to meet them, perhaps, in the holy places of Jerusalem and Bethlehem, but to meet them as enemies; to knock them down and strip them, and to extort a confession of her superior force. This war, if any thing, must teach her that the broad expanse of her territory is not universality; that the numerous names of petty tribes who adhere to her form of Christianity, however long they may make her list, do not make Catholicity. Now, if ever, she must feel that the blessing of the Pope, the communion of her bishops with those of Austria and France, the sympathy of her population with the peasants of Southern Europe in faith and in hope and in enthusiasm for the same religion, would do more to ensure the march of her influence, and to neutralise the force of mere political considerations about the balance of power, than all

her armies, all her diplomacy. Only imagine what Russia might have been at this moment if she had uniformly lowered like a thundercloud over the revolutionary tendencies of Europe as the protector of the Church, the preserver of the patrimony of the poor from pillage, the enemy of the imperial and royal interferers with theology, the patron and hope of Catholics, instead of their bugbear and their dread.

On the other hand, the sight of what Russian fanaticism can do is perhaps more than any other thing calculated to teach us what we have lost under the influence of the philosophers and the march of intellect. Nothing can replace enthusiasm; economists and calculators are not the stuff out of which heroes can be formed. And no local temporary enthusiasm, no nationality of feeling, can in the long-run replace the universal enthusiasm of attachment to a universal religion. The true barrier against the fanaticism of error is enthusiasm for the truth. The only way of neutralising the influence of Russia is to surround her with a cordon of earnest Catholicity. What consummate wisdom our statesmen must now own they have shown in opposing themselves to all negotiations for the union of the great body of Armenians to the Church! What a strength has England gained from her years of underhand interference with the French protection of Eastern Catholicity; by her insulting hostility to creeds nearer to the truth than her own; by her bigoted opposition to the consolidation of any Catholic influence in the East! If we really fear the gradual approach of the Russian power to our Eastern possessions, why are we fools enough to oppose the establishment of what in the long-run is the single antagonist which must be quelled before Russia can be dominant? If the work of St. Francis Xavier had been continued in India, India might by this time have been the natural antagonist of Russia, instead of a mere passive territory, a herd of cattle, as ready to be milked by the hand of the Czar as by that of the Hon. East India Company. What wisdom it would have been if England had lent her influence towards joining together Georgians, Armenians, Syrians, and Maronites, in a league of Catholic unity; had helped to allay, instead of excite, the animosity of the Christian subjects of the Porte against the Christians of the South of Europe; in a word, had helped to consolidate not a political but a religious league against the progress of the cold Cæsarism of the schism of the north! But sapient Protestantism will never understand this. The last great act in this direction, instead of having its political significance thankfully recognised, has only caused the devil which possesses her to writhe in the most ludicrous contortions, and

to howl with the most ferocious fanaticism. Certainly the tendency and intention of the Austrian Concordat is to give at least ecclesiastical unity to a congeries of discordant nationalities; to give them one common possession for which they may feel a common enthusiasm; to inspire them with a faith that will always be the fiercest and most indomitable opponent of Russian aggression, as long as Russia remains what she is. Protestantism and schism have no convictions, no enthusiasm. The Lutherans of Finland and Courland, the degenerate Christians of Armenia and Georgia, Greeks and Cossacks, soon bring their necks to bear with slavish indifference the yoke of a religion that differs more or less from their own; only Catholic Poland requires to be harried with fire and sword, to have her priests and her nobles banished or shot, before she can be brought to a graceless and precarious submission to her fanatical tyrant. Liberalism devised a pretty work when it consented to the partition of Poland. It is strong enough in blaming those who were its instruments in this injustice; but when precisely the same question comes up in another form,—when it is again proposed to strengthen the hands of the Catholic Church by the Austrian Concordat, and in a more indirect way by the Austrian tenure of the Danubian principalities,—liberalism and Protestantism must protest. And yet this Concordat, if it is efficiently carried out, and if the hopes and the prayers of its authors succeed, will be found to be a truer check upon the progress of Russia, a more efficient barrier against her aggression, than the fall of Sebastopol itself. It is already a forbidden subject in Russia: the journals are as silent about it as about a defeat of their armies. But Protestant bigotry will in the end be found as much its own enemy as it is that of Catholicity. At any rate, whatever the bigots may say, the present war may teach reflective thoughtful men a novel lesson on the necessity of the Church for the preservation of European society.

There is another consideration, the drift of which is in the same direction, namely, to lead Catholics to look with hopefulness on the results which will be occasioned directly or indirectly by the present war. Is it not true that the state of the world most favourable for the spread of Catholicity is a state of political unity? When our Lord came upon the earth, the Roman Empire was such a unity; and while it continued in this state, in spite of the fiercest persecutions and hostility of the political order, the Catholic Church marched on in one uniform unvarying progress of success. When the Roman Empire split into two, the foundation was laid for the Eastern schism from the West. While the West remained

in one grand political confederation, while it was with truth reckoned to be one Christendom, the Catholic Church flourished. It established its power over the nations of the confederation, and made vast outlying conquests. When this Christian confederation ceased, when jealousy sprung up between Christian powers, when they denied their subjection in spirituals to the paramount authority of the Church, national enthusiasm took the place of Catholic enthusiasm, the separate powers began to support their own anti-popes, Gallican liberties began to be claimed, soon national religions were substituted for the Catholic Church, and the schism of the West was consummated. The political theory of the balance of power brought no mitigation of this evil; for it was no honest bond, but simply an agreement of thieves to unite against the thief who practised his profession upon one of his own confederates. It was the union of hatred, jealousy, and fear, not of Christian love and Catholic peace. It was the apotheosis of national jealousies and antipathies, not that of the true spirit of humanity. Nationality has always been the great political enemy of the Catholic Church; whatever loss she has ever suffered has been from her own children, because her own children chose to be Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Austrians, Germans, before they were Catholics. But for the last half-century another spirit has been abroad; the march of Providence has been again towards ecclesiastical and political union. Gallicanism has ceased to exist. The Russian empire and its policy is a great confession of the desire of unity. The conquests of the great Napoleon had this object in view; the socialist doctrine of the sodality of peoples is but another mode of expressing the same idea. In the other hemisphere, the progress of the United States is towards the same consummation. And no doubt the present war encourages this tendency. If it separates, it also unites; and where it unites, it must, in a measure, heal national antipathies, demolish national pride, and thus fill up the valleys and level the mountains which at present render the way of Catholicity so rugged and difficult. Whatever may be the result of the present war, some good must come of it in this respect. If the gigantic Russian Empire were by any chance to come off victorious, Catholicity would at least have as good a chance under it as under the dominion of the Cæsars; and she would have the advantage of having a territory prepared for her conquests, reaching not from Persia to Spain, which was the greatest extent of the Roman monarchy, but an empire that overshadows China and Holland, and extends its ramifications into the New World itself. On the other hand, the

success of the Allies would be the seal of a confederation of Southern Europe, for purposes not merely selfish and suspicious, not merely for jealously watching an encroaching power, but for mutual aid, for friendship, and for commerce—a true sodality and solidarity of peoples, which surely might be found as favourable to the progress of Catholicity as ever the extension of the Roman Empire was. And in this point of view the admission of an infidel nation like Turkey to the European confederation may be defended. For the principle is, that the Christian polity can be assisted by the civil, not by grafting the sword on the pastoral staff, not by destroying the enemies of the Church at the point of the bayonet, but by letting a peace-making power, though it be indifferent or heathen, like that of Augustus Cæsar, walk through the earth, and take care that "all the earth is inhabited and is at rest." Such a confederation as we regard possible is not one that can take for its motto,

> "Auferte gentem perfidam
> Credentium de finibus,"

with a sword in one hand and a Bible in the other; but such an association of people of different faiths as shall in the end compel each to guarantee an absolute freedom of conscience to every member of the confederate states; an association which shall leave the Catholic Church as free as she supposed herself to be in the United States of America before the disgraceful outbreak of the Know-Nothing party. A Protestant confederation is out of the question; a Catholic one would exclude England. The alliance from which the English Catholic can hope for most good is just such a one as the present, the effect of which must in the long-run be the separation of religion from politics, and the freedom of religion in its own sphere. For let us always remember, a fair stage and no favour is all that we demand, as it is apparently the one thing which hypocritical Protestantism, with all its pretence about the inviolability of private judgment, is determined to prevent our obtaining.

But it cannot be denied that there is another side of the picture. There is not an argument that we have urged which may not be reversed and turned upon us. How can we hope that any circumstances will prevent Englishmen from using whatever influence they may gain to the "furtherance of wickedness and vice, and the suppression of true religion and virtue"? It is all very well for diplomatists to state on paper that their views are simply political, that all they seek are material guarantees against the advance of a power, or commercial facilities; but the persons to carry out these purposes,

the force of public opinion which backs them up, and pushes them on, and provides their means, are powers which, whatever oversights they commit in the region of politics, generally have their eyes wide open to, and show consummate address in availing themselves of, all opportunities of furthering their peculiar religious views. Whatever freedom of conscience an English Government may proclaim, however it may engage to restrict itself to the merely political order, let us always understand that, even with the most honest intentions on the part of the members of the Government, it could not carry out its professions. It reposes too immediately on the seething foundation of popular opinion not to express but too faithfully the heavings of the abyss beneath it. And in England the mass of the people either hate Popery because they hate all religion, and because Popery is the great representative of its class, the generic exemplar and type of religion, containing in itself all reality that subordinate species divide between them, and therefore concentrates in itself all hatreds due to them, attracts to its doctrines and its discipline all the savage fury which is poured out only in portions upon the religious sects; or else they hate Popery because they profess a system which is only true on condition of Popery being not merely false, but also fraudulent and diabolical,—not simply a mistake, an error, but a conspiracy, a treason, and a crime.

On the other hand, the so-called Evangelicalism of England is a system which can never be loyal to plighted faith, because it recognises no means of plighting it. In religious questions it cannot be bound, for no one has any limiting power over another; the minority are not bound by the majority, a single dissentient voice is as strong as the all but unanimous decision of the rest. The whole system rests on the most extravagant abuse of private judgment, not merely with regard to a man's own convictions, but with regard to his right of imposing these convictions upon others. Hence all the religious fraud, all the underhand influences which the English Government exercises and permits, are justly laid to the account, not of the Government itself, but of the popular feeling, and the private convictions of the individuals who exert it. The Government, as a Government, proclaims its fairness, its perfect equality to all creeds and all shades of opinion; while the governing individuals are not slow to proclaim publicly their bigotry, and their hatred and loathing for the Catholic religion. There can be no question that the English is a Protestant Government in the strictest sense; that its principle of action is to perpetuate the ascendency of

Protestantism, and to prevent the growth of Catholicity; that its profession of impartiality and fairness is but a contemptible quibble, to allow it the opportunity of disclaiming in its own name all acts of religious intolerance, and of throwing the blame of them upon the broad back of the multitudinous-headed people, who are numerous enough

> "To share a sin; for such proportions fall,
> That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all."*

Whatever injustice is committed to Catholics; if a jury white-washes an Achilli, or refuses to find a perjurer guilty because the injured party is a Catholic; if a mob burns a Catholic church; if a Dr. Armstrong or a Mr. Wallis makes the most ludicrously false charges against the Catholic priesthood,—all this we must put up with; if our poor children are kidnapped, the Government is very sorry, but cannot prevent the expression of popular opinion, which, after all, finds an echo in the heart of every one of our governors, who would not prevent its expression if they could. But if, on the other hand, any case of hardship to a Protestant occurs in a Catholic country, where the wisdom of the serpent has not yet introduced this distinction between the things done and the things permitted by the Government, our rulers immediately direct their diplomatic agents to make inquiries, and offer their advice or their protestations with the coolest assumption. No wonder that the Englishman is enamoured of the principle of indistinctness and absence of precision in religious formulas. In England whatever religious injustice is committed is the work of the whole people, and cannot be brought home to any one body, any one principle, any definite head; while abroad, where religious rights are codified, where ecclesiastical law is as well defined as civil, all abuses can be at once fixed upon the right person or the right power, complaints may be made, and apologies can be demanded. If not honest, it cannot be denied that the English principle is at least convenient. But in spite of its convenience, it must always inspire the considerate Catholic with the deepest distrust, must make him see that no professions of the English Government in matters of religion can be trusted, that no political interests can be expected to put rein or bridle on an undefined, diffused, and cloudy responsibility, the moving powers of which are parsons and old women; that the increase of English influence must always be disastrous for the Church, unless God chooses to overrule its designs. And though we may look back through history, and congratulate ourselves that Protestants have so

* Dryden.

almost uniformly loved mammon, or some other selfish consideration, rather than the cause which they deemed to be God's, that they have never been able to act on far-sighted views of exclusively Protestant policy, but that, on the contrary, they have often been the ignorant and involuntary instruments, the very catspaws of Providence for the humiliation of the enemies of the Church; yet it is clear that we cannot on this ground give our sympathies to the English cause, that we cannot wish the success of evil because God has so often brought good out of it.

Then again, as to the habits of intercourse and the impressions likely to arise from our increased communication with the French. In the first place, our greatest national anti-Catholic movements have followed closely on the alliances of the two countries. The friendship of Henry VIII. and Francis did not prevent the Reformation; that of the courts of Louis XIV. and Charles II. was one of the great causes of the Revolution of 1688. And though those alliances were of the courts, ours more that of the two peoples, yet it appears to us that one people has no intention of learning from the other, but only of instructing it. Or if Englishmen learn, it will only be in those things of which the ends are visible and measurable, in which our inferiority can be demonstrated; and not in a subject like religion, which, if tested by material fruits, ceases to be religion, and becomes political economy; and if tested by its fruits in the next world, is immediately carried out of the domain of experience. The Englishman naturally despises the whole world; and it is not till he has actually seen, heard, touched, smelt, and tasted the results of other systems, that he can be brought to form the suspicion that they may be as good as his own. If he is at present at all wavering in his faith, it is only on a few points connected with his commissariat, or manufactures, or cookery; not, we are afraid, with regard to his religion. It is something, certainly, if the war has sent the English mind out of itself to gain knowledge of any kind from instructors that it formerly despised; if the least breach has been made in the oak and triple brass of national conceit with which, on every subject, the Englishman is early taught to shield his own ignorance. But in the matter of religion it is not to be taught, but to teach, that he aspires. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the way in which the pedagogic spirit manifested itself on the occasion of the late visit of the King of Sardinia. That personage, having got into some few difficulties with the Holy See, presented himself as likely to be a favourable recipient of Protestant instruction; so, from the first moment that he put his foot on

these shores, he was assailed by Young Men's Christian Associations, Shaftesburys, Mawworms, Lord Provosts, fanatics who kidnap Catholic orphans in the streets and by force and by law bring them up Protestants, and whisky-consuming Scotch Sabbatarians; and had an amount of sermonising inflicted upon his unwilling ears, which seems to have had the happy effect of disgusting him with Evangelical cant, of disposing him to arrange matters with the Roman See, and which has certainly drawn from his secretary-of-state a just and cutting rebuke, which, however, we are afraid will fall harmless on the methodistical stolidity of the Lord Provost of Edinburgh and his very silly companions. No, England is evidently called upon to teach her allies, not to be taught by them. And as man's nature is more prone to evil than to good, as the error that gives a charter to libertinage is more easy and comfortable than the truth which forbids it, the Catholic surely has a right to fear more evil to Catholic lands from the alliance of England than he can hope of good to England from the confederation of Catholic states. Small blame to him if he views with satisfaction indications of a cooling of the first love of France and England, and of an approach of the former power to nearer relations with Austria, the Catholic power which, if sufficiently strengthened, could be the only effectual barrier against the progress of Russia towards the south.

Again, whatever the Church may hope from changes abroad,—and that it may hope much, that times of change admit of all good as well as all evil, the improved condition of the Church since the outbreaks of 1848 proves,—here in England the case is different. Abroad, in France and Catholic Germany, the heart of the people is sound; the country is Catholic; though the philosophers, like scum, had bubbled to the surface, and covered with their film the clear depths beneath. Ireland is in this same condition; but for us in England, what can we hope from changes? The great parties of Evangelicals and of Liberals are equally our enemies, and we must still patiently await years of silent internal growth, amid outward contumely, before we are in a condition to influence a movement, before we have weight enough to bias the rolling ball. We grow best—like the summer-grass—in the dark, in quietness. The agitation which followed the establishment of the hierarchy doubtless stayed the tide of conversion for a time; and it is only now beginning to resume its flow. As a party, we are not firm, knit, weighty enough to gain any thing by the tempest. When crockery and cannon-balls roll together on the deck of the tempest-tossed ship,

the earthenware gets smashed. Something we may hope from the necessities of England. She is not likely at the present moment to do any thing designedly to disgust the Catholic soldier whom she finds so useful; it is only a pity that the said soldier cannot be kept more *au courant* with regard to the dealings of such persons as Major Powys, of boards of guardians, and of the managers of county-schools with the wife and the children whom he leaves behind him. But, except in cases directly connected with our Catholic soldiers and sailors, it is difficult to anticipate much good from the war in reference to our political position.

The rest of our arguments for the war are of such a theoretical and general character—so uncertain and viewy—that they could never justify the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of human beings, and all the other individual horrors of a state of hostility. The Catholic will doubtless feel a kind of satisfaction at seeing the vengeance of God fall on a Government which has been the most persecuting power of modern days; but the Catholic, who is also an Englishman, will hardly find great consolation in the thought that the vengeance of God is once let loose. It may begin with Russia, but how long will England escape? If the present sufferings of the schismatical nation of the North are really a retribution for its persecution of the Catholic Church—if the sword has been drawn from the scabbard in this cause—if it is for this that vengeance is abroad—then certainly sooner or later it will find us out, we shall feel its violence. The Russian is a really religious people,—that is, Catholic at heart, and schismatical only through ignorance, and through the chicane of a despotic government, that uses the national Church as a mere tool for its own purposes. There is a reality, a solidity, a respectability, a kind of honesty about its religion, about its opposition to the Church, about even its persecutions of her priesthood, that is sought for in vain amid the cynical hypocrisy of English Evangelicals. The religion of England is the impersonation of narrow-mindedness, of sourness, of all that is ridiculous, grovelling, dishonourable, and unjust. It only seeks to propagate itself by corruption, by low cunning, by appeals to the most degraded parts of our nature, by threats, by starvation, by force. Infidels and atheists it leaves at peace; it tolerates halls in London where Sunday by Sunday the "God of the Bible" is held up to execration and ridicule, and compasses sea and land to make one proselyte from the Catholic Church; even though in so doing it make him a hypocrite, a perjurer—tenfold more a child of hell, if possible, than itself. It will not comfort those whom God has smitten;

it will not relieve their poverty, their nakedness, their famine, their ignorance, but at the price of their conscience. It gives soup, and oatmeal, and clothes; but only on the condition of apostasy. It preaches private judgment, and gags our mouth. Wives and daughters and children are free to listen to the Cummings and the Armstrongs and Achillis, to defile their ears and their consciences with the slanders of libertines and liars, to accept their tracts, to study their statements; but the English father and husband, the hater of slavery, the emancipator of niggers, the freeman who stands up for every body's right to believe as he pleases, and to act as he believes, at once becomes a turnkey, a jailor, almost a Jack-Ketch towards his own flesh and blood whom he catches going to a Catholic church, reading a Catholic book, or, worse than all, putting himself into communication with a Catholic priest. While the bigot howls against us for shutting up the sources of knowledge and stifling free inquiry, he puts into practice every *ruse* to prevent men from hearing both sides of the controversy, and from amassing the materials necessary for judging for themselves. Discussion is free, but the Catholic Church must be gagged. And it is the mass of men of this kind that forms the ecclesiastical government of England; there is no secretary of state for religion,—the people itself holds the portfolio of public worship and education. If it was *bonâ fide* a question between the governments of the respective countries, it would be difficult to decide on their comparative merits; but if the question is, whether Russian or English supremacy would do more harm to the Church, we must surely adjudge the unenviable prize to our own people. The Russian is a nation only accidentally uncatholic, which might, by a stroke of the Czar's pen, be converted into the most Catholic, the most religious people of Europe. The kernel is sound, it is only the external husk that is poisoned. On the other hand, the outside of the British fruit may look more promising, but the apple is rotten at heart. England is not to be converted wholesale: each person must be separately prepared, taught, and trained. There is no wide-spreading influence, no contagious enthusiasm; there is only the slow and somewhat disheartening labour of the mere gleaner of souls, who only goes over the field after the devil has reaped and carried the harvest. When the Russian is brought into free contact with the Catholic Church, he forthwith wonders what keeps the two communions apart. Reasons of state soon prove powerless before the unitive force of Christian faith and charity. But the Englishman in Catholic lands always forms a little coterie of his own, sits under some disreputable fugi-

tive parson, and keeps himself aloof from the religion which rebukes his own infidelity; ensconced behind the bulwark of his ignorance, he persuades himself that it is his duty to carry on a petty warfare of contempt and injuries against the religion of the people among whom he lives, and to ally himself with every loose fish, every freemason and free-thinker that happens to come across his path. An evil day would it be for the Catholic states of the Continent when these little knots of exemplary Britons acquired any real power.

Again, whether the events of the present war are really and practically teaching the Russian government the evils of their schismatic isolation from Catholic Europe, any more than they are teaching the English people the necessity of a Catholic league, and of the solidification of Catholic enthusiasm, as a barrier to the advances of a fanatical schism, is a point on which we have no evidence, beyond the vague report of some improvements in the condition of the Catholic Church in Poland, and of the recall of some of the exiled priests from Siberia. But in our own country we certainly do not see that either the alliance with France, or (much less) any political consideration as to such use of Catholicity as we have pointed out, has as yet led to any improvement in the behaviour of the people towards us. We cannot see that the tone of newspapers or of books has improved; rather the reverse: the literature of England is perhaps becoming still more ribald in its abuse and misrepresentation of our religion. We see no inclination to do justice to Catholics; as was ever the case, the Protestant is still able to appropriate any stray idea of ours, to take out his patent for it and pocket the profits. Miss Nightingale is only a second-hand sister of charity, and yet a testimonial-fund is being raised to her as the inventor of a practice which our nuns have been silently employed in for centuries. We do not see that the ridiculous figure which the English nation made of itself on the occasion of the "Papal-Aggression" excitement has at all opened its eyes to its fatuous absurdity; as soon as the Austrian Concordat (which, as we have shown, is one of the most significant and important anti-Russian achievements of the present day) offered the opportunity, the old hubbub was renewed; all the papers, from the great bull-calf, the *Times*, to the last penny journal just hatched, with its egg-shells still sticking to its tail, bellowed, and grunted, and brayed, and chirped in most unmusical concert, singing precisely the old tune, accompanied by precisely the same

"Orchestra of salt-box, tongs, and bones,"

with the same furious grimaces and impotent threats which greeted the old original Papal aggression. Then, with what charity did our good friends behave on the question of the Bible-burning, which, on their own confession, was as much (if not more) their own act as that of the little boys who wheeled the barrows! In fact, look where we will, we see the same domestic tyranny exercised in regard to converts; the same municipal tyranny in regard to our poor and orphan children; the same insulting assumption of our idiocy and incapacity, of our dishonesty and hypocrisy, of our superstition and slavish fear. Still they talk of us as "poor unfortunate men;" or describe us as fiends with horns and tails; or preach about us in such a way as would (if the English were a more excitable people) endanger our windows and hay-stacks, if not our limbs and our lives. If the war does teach the Russian to let the Catholic alone, or if it makes the Englishman confess that, as the Catholic league of Europe alone enabled it to stand against the advance of Mahometanism; as the first introduction of national jealousies into that league broke up the crusade and compromised the cause of Europe; and as it was nothing but Catholic enthusiasm which finally triumphed at Lepanto and at Vienna,—so now, when another danger threatens, when another fanatical power, professing a religion which it offers at the point of the bayonet, threatens to burst like a storm over Europe, the hope of Europe is still in the Catholic Church,—in that only body which the Russian persecutes, that one communion which cannot be forced into submission to his tyranny. The natural and sole abiding confederation against Russia will be a league of Catholic states; to which England will probably be drawn by commercial considerations, and by her fear of the advance of Russia in the East. It is difficult to speak to the belly, because it has no ears; and it is difficult to speak to Protestantism, because it has no brains. We can only hope to address it through its pocket, and to say and prove, "Your interest lies there; that is the path of the iron and cotton trade; here you will sell most buttons, and buy corn cheapest."

To the last argument which we adduced in defence of the war, it is easy to answer, that the world may be pacified and levelled for the march of Antichrist as well as for the march of Christ; that whatever would ultimately happen to the Church in the event of Europe becoming Cossack (and it does not seem unlikely that the Russian would, like the Arian Goth, soon conform to the faith of the people whom he had overrun), the case would probably be different if the other Napoleonic alternative came to pass, and Europe found itself

republican, or bound together in a confederacy in which England and English ideas had any predominance. Doubtless political unity, so far as it did away with national antipathies, narrownesses, and conceits, would offer a favourable condition for the spread and consolidation of Catholicity. But an Anti-christian unity—now that the devil is wiser than he was—would not be the same thing as the imperial sway of a Nero or Diocletian, but something infinitely more intolerable to the Catholic Church.

As far as principles are concerned, we are, therefore, just where we were; we are so balanced in our judgments, that we can comfort ourselves in every eventuality. As Englishmen, wherever our brain may be, our heart goes with the Allies; we thrill when we read of Inkerman or the Malakhoff, and lose our appetite for two days after the failure of the 18th of June. But feeling is not reason; we own that nationality is a sentiment often as wrong-headed and as immoral as love itself:

> "Love will venture in where it dare not well be seen;
> Love will venture in where wisdom once hath been."

And when our nationality is cited to plead against our Catholicity, it may be put to great shifts to defend itself. And if we are unsteady and uncertain in our judgments on political questions, it is because of the intricacy and confusion with which religious and political interests have become mixed together. The fault, we take it, is not in ourselves, but in those who have caused the original confusion; in those who first used religion as the mere appendage and instrument of nationality, of government, and statecraft. We have every intention of rendering to Cæsar his dues, as well as His dues to God; but when the partisans of Cæsar have intentionally disturbed the waters, have confused the limits of the respective provinces, they cannot be surprised if we hesitate before we act. We have great respect for the price of the funds, and for the interests of cotton; but we conceive that the interests of Christianity are somewhat heavier in the balance.

ST. OSWALD'S;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CLOISTER.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. OGLEBY'S CRITICS.

BREAKFAST was over on the morning after the dinner-party at Burleigh, and Mrs. Ogleby stood looking out of one of the windows of the dining-room, gazing at the noble prospect, with Sir Reginald Somerset by her side.

"What a splendid scene!" cried the lady, "and how worthy of the ancient mansion from which it is viewed! But do you not think, Sir Reginald, that those trees, which half-exclude the turrets of Eccleston Castle, and the distant horizon besides, are rather an eye-sore to the landscape? If I might venture a suggestion, I should ask why you do not cut them down?"

Now Mrs. Ogleby was perfectly well aware that the trees in question were on the Thorburn estate, and that Sir Reginald did regard them with hostile feelings. But her assumed tone of ignorance was perfect.

"Your taste is most discriminating," responded the baronet graciously. "Those trees *are* a blot on the landscape; and if they become mine, they shall come down immediately."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Ogleby, "I am quite disappointed; I always flattered myself that the whole of this vast range of country belonged to the same proprietor. Surely, Sir Reginald, the whole of this magnificent landscape *ought* to be attached to Burleigh. Burleigh alone is worthy of it."

"You are right, my dear madam," responded Sir Reginald; "it ought. There is no doubt of it. I feel that it is due to myself to secure the property in question, even at the cost of some little sacrifice."

"Oh, Sir Reginald," rejoined Mrs. Ogleby, "it cannot be any sacrifice to a person of your position. The thing must be a trifle to the possessor of Burleigh Manor."

The baronet was convinced that, whether it was a trifle or not, it ought to be a trifle. He therefore smiled his approbation, and proceeded to his study to look over certain papers

relating to the purchase, with a more fixed determination than ever to complete it.

In less than a week afterwards, Mr. Croft, Sir Reginald's agent, was surprised by receiving an anonymous letter. The handwriting was unknown to him, and he could hit upon no clue to its authorship. Its contents served only to baffle all conjecture as to the motives of the writer, whoever he might be. That the writer was of the gentler sex it never entered into his head for a moment to suppose; and if he had suspected it, it would never have occurred to him, not being in Mrs. Ogleby's confidence, to impute the authorship of the epistle to that crafty lady.

The letter purported to be from a friend, and informed him that, on the most certain testimony, the writer knew that the Thorburn estate was not nearly worth the twenty-seven thousand pounds which Sir Reginald Somerset was to give for it. And it then went on to suggest that if Mr. Croft was going to lend Sir Reginald the purchase-money, he should secure himself against loss by a mortgage not only on the Thorburn estate, but on a sufficiently large portion of Burleigh Manor.

Mr. Croft sat in amazement over this epistle. How the writer could have come at the knowledge evidently possessed, passed all comprehension. Sir Reginald had already, against Mr. Croft's advice, engaged to purchase Thorburn at the sum demanded; and he had applied to him to lend him the money, which he had promised to supply. What was to be done? The case was clear for any honourable man. The letter must be shown to Sir Reginald without loss of time. In the course of the morning Mr. Croft was closeted with the baronet, and the epistle itself lay open upon his table.

Sir Reginald was confounded, surprised, angry, and intensely magnificent. A host of conflicting feelings tumbled over one another in his bosom. He would denounce Mr. Thorburn as a cheat—he would treat the letter with contempt—he would ferret out the author and make him prove his words, if it cost him half his fortune—he would possess the Thorburn estate at all risks—he was confident the whole thing was a trick, and the estate was worth *more* than twenty-seven thousand pounds—he was vexed to think that Mr. Croft himself had cautioned him against signing any papers in a hurry. The result was a compromise of various emotions. He would complete the purchase without making further inquiries, in a right royal spirit of splendour; and he would be conscientious in the same princely style, compelling Mr. Croft to accept such a security on the Burleigh property as

would protect him against all possible loss. On the whole, Sir Reginald had never before felt so like a sovereign monarch in all his days. He announced to Lady Somerset in private that he glowed with the pride of an honourable man, who had acted worthily of his ancient pedigree, and who was a very model of human virtue to beings of an inferior race. In due time he entered on the possession of the coveted acres, cut down the obnoxious timber, and almost forgot how large a slice of Burleigh was already mortgaged to his own agent as security for his twenty-seven thousand pounds and various other sums before advanced by the same ready lender. All that he told his wife, he told, under the seducing influence of her judicious flatteries, to Mrs. Ogleby also; and a little more into the bargain. From Lady Somerset he concealed the full extent of the charges gradually accumulating upon his hereditary property, and the large amount in which he was already indebted to Croft. But Mrs. Ogleby suffered nothing to escape her penetration; and though the baronet only spoke oracularly, she knew enough of the facts of the case to enable her to interpret his mystic allusions to her own full satisfaction.

Having thus, as she considered, been the means of materially aiding Mr. Croft's fortunes, her interest in him proportionately increased. For human nature in this little lady was like human nature in general; she felt more attraction towards those whom she benefited than towards those who benefited her. The steward's personal merits gained ground in her eyes, and there arose in her breast the slightest possible germ of a wish to marry him for his own sake. But now sprang up with it the usual doubts and fears attendant upon a genuine affection. Faint as was the feeling in her calculating and self-reliant heart, it was enough to cause her just the semblance of a consciousness that she was not sure to win him if she chose to attempt it. Moreover, he was to her a mysterious person. Whether he was a cold man of the world, or a hypocrite, or an honest man, she could not decide, with all her speculations. His countenance, ordinarily so passionless, and his manner, always polished and earnest, but never (at least in her presence) excited, gave no clue to his real character. On the whole, after much meditation, and after learning as much of his history and life as she could cleverly extract from others, she came to the conclusion that he *was* a religious man; possibly—as she styled it—even fanatical. At any rate she conceived that she now saw a way to his respect, and so afterwards to his attachment. He must learn to look upon her as a person of devoted piety, to whom the very idea of a matri-

monial speculation would be absolutely abhorrent. Whether or not she took her steps judiciously, in accordance with this conviction, will hereafter appear. At any rate she lost no time in laying down her plan, and in commencing its accomplishment.

It was not long after she had settled her measures, when she was the subject of a conversation at St. Oswald's between three of the Fathers with whom the reader is already acquainted. Father Benedict, Father John, and Father Jerome, were walking to and fro in the shady paths of the monastery-garden, when the last-named of the three suddenly interrupted the course of conversation by exclaiming—

"By the way, that reminds me that I had something to say to you about this Mrs. Ogleby who is staying at the Somersets'."

"Humph!" ejaculated Father John; while the novice-master remained silent, and looked rather curiously at Father Jerome.

"She seems a very interesting person," continued the first speaker. "She has been frequently here to consult me; and now ———"

"Too often!" interrupted Father John.

"I can't think that," said Father Jerome, "considering the peculiarities of her position, and the great troubles she has to undergo."

"Her position ought to make her all the more circumspect," rejoined Father John, with a slight degree of acerbity.

"I really don't see that she is at all indiscreet," rejoined the other. "She has suffered immensely."

"She does not look like it," again interrupted Father John.

"She has indeed, I assure you," replied Father Jerome; "and she tells me that now, for the first time, her mind is acquiring repose."

"Is it?" asked Father John, in a tone of incredulity.

Father Jerome seemed vexed, but he went on;—

"She does not seem perfectly satisfied with the advice I have given her, and has begged me to consult as many of the Fathers on her circumstances as I can."

Father Benedict here looked very serious, and Father John exclaimed—

"I believe the woman's a —" "humbug," he would have said, but that it suddenly occurred to him that he would be guilty of a glaring breach of charity in respect of a person of whom he knew little. Father Benedict, however, took up the conversation.

"As she has spoken so pointedly to you," he said, "I

really don't see that there can be any harm, but the reverse, in saying what I think about the matter. Mrs. Ogleby once talked to me in the same strain, and I fancy she has been trying us all round, and has got mighty little encouragement for her pains. If you will allow me to say it," he continued, turning to Father Jerome, "I believe the acute lady is trying to impose upon you."

"Really you are very uncharitable," retorted the other, not particularly pleased. "Surely I have my eyes open, and am not likely to be deceived."

"Almost any body may be deceived by a clever person, such as I take this Mrs. Ogleby to be. They go upon the plan of finding out one's weak points, and so blinding us to the deception they are practising upon us."

"I must say I think you are discussing another person's character with unjustifiable freedom," replied Father Jerome.

"Pardon me," rejoined the other. "She herself requested you to make her the subject of conversation with the Fathers. At least this is the only way I can interpret her strange request. I should have rigorously kept my opinion of her to myself, if charity had not required me to speak out."

"Charity to whom?" asked Father Jerome.

"Charity to her, who I fear is playing a deep game," replied Father Benedict; "and charity to you, who I fear are so good-natured that you judge her unwisely, and from mere kindness and unsuspiciousness may do her serious harm."

"I am convinced you are wrong," rejoined Father Jerome; "and I see you are so prejudiced against the woman that it is useless to consult you about what she asked me."

"I dare say I should suggest to you to give her the very advice I once gave her myself when I met her at Burleigh, and which she clearly does not at all like to follow."

"What is that?"

"Not to talk to the religious about herself, her feelings, or her affairs generally. I am convinced that her object is notoriety. Besides that, I don't like spiritual 'button-holders,' as Lord Chesterfield would say."

"But she says that she always derives so much benefit from what I say to her," said Father Jerome.

"Fudge!" loudly exclaimed Father John. "She takes you in by ———;" and again he pulled up, thinking he had better hold his tongue.

"Well, what were you going to say?" asked Father Jerome. "Pray don't stand on ceremony, I beseech you."

"As you ask me, then," said Father John, "I will say it. My dear brother," he continued, laying his hand on the

other's arm, and dropping all the usual bluntness of his manner, "this woman flatters you. She makes you think well of her, by making you think well of yourself. Beware of her, I entreat you, for her sake, for your own, and for the sake of us all."

Father Jerome's countenance fell. Was this the truth, or was it a sheer piece of uncharitableness and hastiness? He was puzzled, but he was not convinced. Mrs. Ogleby's clever flatteries had gone so deep into a mind too prone to over-estimate itself, that they could not be dislodged in a moment. He took the remonstrance, however, in tolerably good part; at least so far as to determine conscientiously to be upon his guard; but he was far from having his eyes fully opened to his own infirmity. The conversation then changed.

"To turn to a very different person," said Father John, "did you remember to give Mr. Croft's message to Father Procurator this morning?"

"I did," said Father Benedict, to whom the question was addressed. "What a liberal man he is! I think, considering his means, he is one of the most generous Catholics I ever met with."

"I don't know what his means are," said the other, "but I am sure that in actual amount he is by far *our* largest benefactor. And from what I hear, this is but one of many places where he pours out his wealth. He absolutely spoils all the poor people he has to do with. His servants and labourers are ruined for work elsewhere, he pays them so excessively, and I am told never utters a reproof to them."

"But what a strange manner he has," said Father Benedict; "I never saw such gravity in all my life. There is a mixture of seriousness, intensity, and thoughtfulness about him that quite oppresses me. I respect him excessively, but I own I am a little afraid of him. I don't think I ever saw him smile. And yet he is such an excellent fellow."

"Every man has his own character," said Father John. "One man is secret, like you ——"

"Thank you for the compliment," interrupted Father Benedict, laughing.

"Another is grumpy, like me," continued the other. "And a third is like you, Father Jerome, heroic and grand."

Father Jerome thought there was more irony than sincerity in this account of his character, but he laughed it off as well as he could.

"Have you heard of Croft's last gift to the church," said Father John,—"that is, of his next gift; for it is not yet arrived, though ordered."

"No," said the others. "What is it?"

"A canopy to carry over the Blessed Sacrament, which I hear is to be the most splendid piece of work of the kind in England. I am afraid to say what I am told it is to cost, the sum is so enormous."

"Well," said Father Benedict, "it is delightful to see a man like Croft, who makes money so fast, yet so free from the love of it, and so devoted to doing every thing possible in honour of our Blessed Lord. Lawyers are proverbially keen-sighted. It is pleasant to see them as keen-sighted in spiritual things as they are in temporal. As to Croft, there's no end of the labours I hear he undertakes for other people. He's as sharp in ferreting out a person in distress as his pettifogging brethren are in ferreting out clients."

"He's a good fellow as ever I knew," said Father Benedict. "But there goes the bell for Vespers."

And the three Fathers hastened into the church.

CHAPTER XI.

CURIOSITY AND ITS RESULTS.

The above-related conversation terminated just about the time when Mrs. Ogleby was enabled to accomplish a wish she had for some little period entertained. She was a good walker, feared no weather, and in the course of her strolls had made herself pretty well acquainted with the whole neighbourhood of Burleigh and St. Oswald's. But there was no spot which more frequently attracted her attention than a certain comfortable abode, possessed and inhabited by Mr. Croft. Every thing bespoke the easy circumstances of its owner. It was a solid-looking mansion of the days of George II., of red brick with white stone facings. It was not ugly, though it was not handsome, or even picturesque. It was thoroughly comfortable-looking. Some thirty or forty acres of capital land surrounded it; the shrubberies, gardens, and offices, were exactly what they ought to have been, neither too large nor too small, neither shabby nor pretentious; and Mrs. Ogleby was of opinion (as indeed were other ladies of the country) that it wanted only the delicate finishing graces which a female hand could bestow, to make it as perfect a little place, of its kind, as any one need wish to dwell in.

On the afternoon in question Mrs. Ogleby was surveying the house from the turnpike-road, and devoutly wishing that

by some fortunate chance she could penetrate into its interior. Chance, on a former occasion, had enabled her to see a good deal of the grounds; but with her present plans it had become a great object with her to inspect the house itself. As she now strolled slowly along the road, revolving many things in her deep mind, a sudden thunder-clap startled her from her reverie; and instantly afterwards she heard the sharp but not unmusical voice of Mrs. Longford calling to her from behind in tones of anxiety and alarm. Turning round, she beheld the little lady running towards her, and every now and then hastily looking up into the heavens, with manifest dread of the approaching storm.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Ogleby!" cried she, as soon as the two ladies had met, "what *shall* we do? This dreadful thunder! I am always frightened out of my life at thunder; it is so dreadful. And here comes the rain too. And this beautiful green silk gown of mine! it will be ruined utterly. Oh, what shall we do? Do you know I once had a dress,—lilac-coloured it was, and the General always used to say—oh, good gracious, what a dreadful clap! I'm sure we shall be struck! And there's not a cottage near for us to run into. Do tell me what to do, Mrs. Ogleby."

And the poor woman's frightened looks would have disturbed any body's heart, except one as cool and collected as Mrs. Ogleby's. For Mrs. Ogleby despised Mrs. Longford from the bottom of her soul. She counted her a fool and a bore, and usually troubled herself as little as might be to pay any remarkable attentions to one from whom she thought nothing was to be got. But now an idea struck her. In Mrs. Longford's company she might venture upon taking shelter at Mr. Croft's from the storm, which was really coming on so severely as to have justified a neglect of any ordinary rules of etiquette. Still, she was delighted to have Mrs. Longford as a companion, and the more so, as a method for employing this latter lady in her schemes upon Croft had more than once crossed her mind. Few people knew human nature, at least in its infirmities, better than Mrs. Ogleby; and in her many meditations as to the best means for ingratiating herself with the gentleman in question, it had occurred to her that if she could induce him to believe that Mrs. Longford wanted to marry him, and at the same time could persuade Mrs. Longford that Croft was secretly pining for love of her, such manifestations of absurdity on the part of the lady would inevitably follow as would annoy Croft beyond endurance; and it was Mrs. Ogleby's plan that she herself should treat him with a respectful deference and timid regard for his opinions which

should contrast forcibly with Mrs. Longford's follies, and thus insensibly draw him on to regard herself with a tenderer feeling. As he was a lawyer, she was aware that at any time she could invent grounds for consulting him in his professional capacity, and so could ensure any reasonable amount of personal interviews. As she was a person capable of rapid decision at any moment of emergency, she now suddenly matured this part of her scheme, and lost not a moment in seizing the opportunity placed before her.

"Dear Mrs. Longford!" she exclaimed, pretending to be out of breath with alarm, "I'm so delighted to see you. My nerves are dreadfully shaken, and a thunder-storm drives me to distraction. I don't know what to advise you; there seems not to be a cottage that we could reach without being soaked through and through before getting to it. But let us run at once under those large trees; it will be some time before the rain gets through the branches, and perhaps by that time the storm will be over."

So saying she seized Mrs. Longford's arm, and drew the terrified and overpowered lady into the temporary shelter.

"There!" she cried, as they placed themselves against the knotted trunk of a huge elm, "that will do for a few minutes, at any rate. And really it is quite a treat to see so beautiful a scene under such a remarkably grand effect. How strikingly those dense clouds bring out the prominent features of the landscape! Just look at that old red house, that a gleam of light is just now falling upon; whose house is it? It seems a comfortable place enough."

"Oh, don't you know it?" said Mrs. Longford; "that's Mr. Croft's; and a pretty wealthy man he is, every body says."

"Then no doubt his house is as comfortable inside as the outside promises."

"I never was in it but once or twice in my poor husband's time," replied the other; "and Mr. Croft, you know, is not at all a marrying man, every body says, so it's not at all likely there will ever be a lady there; so you know ——"

"Oh, Mrs. Longford," cried Mrs. Ogleby, "Mr. Croft not likely to have a wife! How can *you* say so? If a certain fair lady's heart were not as obdurate as marble, they say that nice-looking house would not long be without a mistress. Men like Mr. Croft, with his serious and solid character, generally like to marry widows, I have observed; at least *handsome* widows."

"Mr. Croft going to marry!" echoed the astonished Mrs. Longford. "You don't say so? Oh, how strange! and such a man too! and a widow! But who is it to be? Do tell me,

dear Mrs. Ogleby; I do so long to know. It really will be delightful. There's not been a wedding here for years and years."

"Oh, fie, Mrs. Longford," said the other, with a crafty smile; "you are *too* cunning. When all the world says a thing, you know, it must be true."

"I protest to you that it is the very first time I have heard of it," rejoined Mrs. Longford; "but, oh, dear! here's the rain beginning to drop through upon us."

"Come this way a little, then; it's perfectly dry here," said the other. "But are you really ignorant of the state of the case?" she continued.

"Absolutely, positively."

"Then I suppose I have said what I ought not to have said; so, if you please, my dear madam, don't let what I have said go a step further. Don't mention it for the world to any one. You know it would look so bad if *you* were to say any thing about it to any one."

"Goodness gracious!" cried the poor lady, almost out of her wits with terror at the rolling thunder, with distress at the thought of getting wet through, and with bewildered curiosity excited by her companion's mysterious hints: "goodness gracious! my dear madam, it's all a riddle to me. You really must tell me what it means. How very strange you look! I'm really quite frightened. Do tell me, what is it?"

"I dare say this accounts for Mr. Croft's never laughing, and hardly ever smiling," continued Mrs. Ogleby, as if talking to herself. "No wonder, poor man, with his noble character, and with such a sorrow upon his mind. How deep it must go into a heart like his! And such a handsome man too!"

"Oh, Mrs. Ogleby, do tell me!" exclaimed Mrs. Longford. "What is it? What *is* the matter? What have I to do with it?"

"My dear madam," said the other, thus adjured, "is it possible that you have no idea of what every body says, that Mr. Croft has been for years cherishing a secret attachment to yourself?"

Mrs. Longford was so astounded at this intelligence, that she actually forgot to cry out with fright at a tremendous peal of thunder which at this very moment burst over their heads, followed by a sudden increase in the heaviness of the rain. She looked into the face of her companion with a steady gaze of utter bewilderment, turning almost pale with a feeling akin to alarm.

"Why, Mrs. Longford," continued the other lady, "you

look positively frightened. Do you mean to say that this is the first time you have heard of it? Then it is plain I have made a great mistake, and let out a secret which I ought never to have mentioned."

"Oh, Mrs. Ogleby," replied Mrs. Longford, at last gaining breath, "it is impossible! You don't say so? No, it can't be! And I never,—no, never,—gave him one word of encouragement. It really is quite ——. But, come now, I'm sure you're joking. I never did; no! I'm sure—it's all a mistake. Depend on it, it's all a falsehood from beginning to end."

"Well, my dear madam," said the other, "you know best, no doubt. At least you know best about your own feelings; but you must give me leave to say that you are not the best judge as to Mr. Croft's. I assure you every body says you are using him very ill; and that if you don't give him some distinct idea of your wishes before long, you will have much to answer for. But we can talk it over another time. The rain is coming through the branches so fast that we really must run for it."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what is to be done?" cried poor bewildered Mrs. Longford: "I don't know what to do. I had thought of begging Mr. Croft's housekeeper to give us shelter; but now, after what you have said—oh, dear! only think!—not for the world—what would people say? And to think of my never suspecting it!"

"I fear we must put etiquette out of the question just now," rejoined Mrs. Ogleby, in a tone of serious firmness. "When life itself is at stake, we must forget the foolish censoriousness of the world."

"Good gracious! what is it?" exclaimed Mrs. Longford; "life at stake! I hope there's nobody going to kill himself, or to kill you or me."

"Why, my dear madam," said her companion, "don't you know that there's nothing so dangerous as to stand under a tree in a thunder-storm? Only last week three people were killed by a stroke of lightning under just such an elm as this; and the tree itself was shivered to fragments. I once knew a whole family who took refuge under—oh, what a frightful flash!—we shall certainly be struck dead! Run, run; come, for your life: any where; into the house; any thing rather than stay here to be killed."

And so saying, she seized the arm of the overpowered Mrs. Longford, and forced her through the storm towards Mr. Croft's gate. At the gate Mrs. Longford stopped, and refused to move.

"Oh," she cried, in miserable agitation, "if Mr. Croft should be at home!"

"But he is not," replied Mrs. Ogleby, extemporising a falsehood, "I saw him riding hard away from the house just before you came up. He must be miles away by this time. Come, my dear madam, run for your life. Look at these frightful black clouds; they are charged with lightning, and will break over our heads in another half-minute."

And away she dragged her victim; and the half-minute had hardly elapsed before they stood at the house-door. Mrs. Ogleby rang the bell violently; and the moment the door was opened dashed into the house, still holding Mrs. Longford by the arm. Mr. Croft's housekeeper, Mrs. Williams, stood just within, and barely escaped being prostrated by the unexpected inroad of the two ladies. Mrs. Williams was a widow, respectable, middle-aged, gossiping, and managing, who had lived for some time in Croft's service. A little boy, her only child, also lived in the house, one of the many recipients of Croft's generous bounty. He now stood by his mother's side, clinging close to her by her gown, and staring at the visitors with the open eyes of childhood when it is half-forward and half-shy.

Mrs. Ogleby threw herself, as if fainting with exhaustion, into a hall-chair, and then announced to the housekeeper in a profuse stream of words the terror of Mrs. Longford and herself at the storm, and begged a few minutes' shelter. The housekeeper made a civil reply, and infinitely relieved Mrs. Ogleby's real fears by informing her that her master was from home, and would not return till the next day. She then led the two ladies into the drawing-room, and left them to themselves.

"This will never do," said Mrs. Ogleby to herself. "I must positively see the rest of the house, by hook or by crook. This tremendously proper old lady must be got at, in some way or other."

The door of the room now gently opened, and the round chubby face of the boy peeped shyly in. A happy thought struck the meditating Mrs. Ogleby. She was on her feet in an instant, and in another had caught the child in her arms and sat down again with him standing at her side. She was not generally very successful with children, for whom in fact she cared nothing; but she was soon on easy terms of familiarity with little Dick Williams.

"What's this?" said she to him, holding up a piece of silver. "And who is it for?"

The boy's eyes glistened.

"That's a shilling," said he.

"No," said the lady, "it's a half-crown. But who am I going to give it to?"

"Me!" cried the child.

"To be sure," said the lady. "And tell mother it's to buy the prettiest cap she can get to put upon these pretty little flaxen curls."

The boy flew out of the room; and whatever he said to his mother, it is certain that he told his tale with sufficient accuracy to satisfy Mrs. Ogleby. A quarter of an hour elapsed, during which she was employed in calming the agitation of Mrs. Longford, and assuring her that there was no impropriety in her staying in the house till the storm had passed, when the door again opened, and Mrs. Williams entered, with good humour on her face and a tea-tray in her hands. With innumerable apologies for the absence of cream, which she declared was all gone sour with the thunder, she then proceeded to console the ladies with as many cups of tea and as many pieces of sweet cake as she could induce them to swallow. Under these cheering influences Mrs. Longford's spirits began to revive, while Mrs. Ogleby summoned up her energies for the task she had set herself; a task which was rendered all the more agreeable by the contemplation of the very good taste and capital condition of the furniture of the drawing-room in which they were seated.

"What a comfortable sofa!" she exclaimed, leaning back in an attitude of perfect enjoyment after declining Mrs. Williams's pressing invitation to drink an additional cup of tea. "And how admirably well kept all the furniture seems to be! I never saw a bachelor's house kept in such good condition before."

The bland smile which this elicited from the housekeeper was not lost upon Mrs. Ogleby.

"I always think there is no house so pleasant as a bachelor's house, every thing is so orderly and regular; no mistress to interfere with the master's comforts, no children to knock things about and destroy them; provided only the master has the rare happiness of having good servants. Is all the rest of the house as comfortable and pleasant as this room, Mrs. Williams?"

"You shall see, ma'am, if you will be so good as to look at it. Master has a few very grand pictures, as they tell me; and now and then gentlefolks come to see them, who of course would not care to see any thing else in it. But somehow master don't seem to care as much as he once did for pictures and that like. It's all kept as neat and as careful as ever, but

his heart seems to be somewhere else. I do believe there's not a more generous gentleman, and thinks more of others, in all the county, let alone other places."

Mrs. Ogleby cast a knowing glance at Mrs. Longford, as much as to say, "You see it is just as I told you." Mrs. Longford was so bewildered that she could say nothing, but silently followed the housekeeper as she led the way to the rest of the house. In the dining-room, among a few really valuable specimens of the old Italian Catholic schools, were two miniatures of a lady and a gentleman. Mrs. Ogleby's attention was attracted by the latter. She was for once unaffectedly interested, and, she could hardly tell why, was puzzling herself to decide who it could be. She was confident that she knew the face, and she undoubtedly admired it; but she could assign it to no living individual.

"The old lady is Mr. Croft's mother, ma'am," observed the housekeeper; "and the other is master himself."

"What! Mr. Croft?" exclaimed Mrs. Ogleby. "Impossible! It's like, and yet it's totally unlike. Ah, I see how it is; the features are the same, but the expression is totally changed. How very singular!"

And she went on examining the portrait, forgetting Mrs. Longford and every thing else.

"Painted many years ago, I suppose?" she asked at length.

"Only seven or eight, I believe," said the housekeeper.

"How strange!" said Mrs. Ogleby, almost to herself. "The change seems impossible. Why this is the portrait of a gay, lively, almost frivolous young man. Certainly age and gravity become some faces wonderfully."

They next went to the library; a large room, so loaded with crowded book-shelves that scarcely a foot of wall was visible. The state of the chairs and tables also showed that it was a room in constant use by its owner.

"And here no doubt Mr. Croft spends most of his time," observed Mrs. Ogleby. "I have no doubt he is a man who loves a library better than a dining-room, and a good book more than a good dinner."

"Bless you, ma'am," exclaimed the housekeeper, "indeed he does. Such a man for reading I do believe never was known. Why he's always in this room, and can't bear to be disturbed. And as to dinners, he cares for them no more than the dead. It quite goes to my heart to see such beautiful dinners as I send up to him come down almost untouched. Tell me of the monks over there at St. Oswald's, why they're a joke to my master. He doesn't touch meat oftener than once

or twice a-week; and as to a good breakfast, I'm confident he hasn't had one for these many years past."

"You don't say so!" interposed Mrs. Longford, now speaking for the first time since they had left the drawing-room. "Really, Mrs. Williams, it seems quite shocking. How very cross I should be, if I had always to go without my breakfast!"

"No doubt Mr. Croft is never cross with any one," remarked Mrs. Ogleby, in a tone of inquiry.

"Well, as to that, ma'am," said the housekeeper, "I can't say quite that exactly. Not but his temper's very good and kind, and he seems always quite ready to be put upon by every body. I say sometimes he seems as if he'd not a bit of spirit in him. But then, now and then, though not often, he does break out quite awful. We had one maid that went away from the situation only because of the dreadful scolding he gave her about going into that little bit of a room there one day when the door was left unlocked, and he didn't give her leave. She said she wouldn't face such a master again, no, not for five-and-twenty pounds a-year wages."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Longford, looking quite pale, and thinking how alarming it would be if Mr. Croft treated her to one of his passionate outbreaks, in consequence of her trifling with his attachment. "Dear me!" she said, "what can there be so bad in going into a room?"

"Can't say, ma'am, indeed," replied the faithful housekeeper; "I never pry into master's secrets. If he likes to lock up a room, well and good; it's his house, and he has as good right to lock up one part of it as I have to lock up my boxes."

"But what room is it you are speaking of?" asked Mrs. Ogleby, whose curiosity was somehow aroused.

"A little room that you go into by that door," said the housekeeper, pointing to a door so surrounded by book-shelves that it looked as if it opened only into a closet. "There's nothing to see in the room; I've been in it many times, when master has it cleaned out, which he does sometimes. It's quite empty, except for a great sloping board, for all the world like the wooden things they make for young ladies with weak backs to lie upon. I fancy master sleeps sometimes on that board; but, then, nobody *could* sleep upon it, especially a thin man like Mr. Croft."

"Then why is it always kept locked?" asked Mrs. Ogleby.

"Can't say, indeed," replied the servant. "All I know is, that master keeps the key himself; and I don't know where

it is. I have to get it from him whenever scrubbing-time comes round again."

"But I know," suddenly observed the housekeeper's little boy, who was following the party from room to room, and listening silently to all that was said.

"Do you?" said Mrs. Ogleby.

"Yes, that I do," said the boy; "he keeps it in that drawer there—" pointing to a drawer in a writing-table—"for I saw him put it there last Sunday." And the child ran to the drawer in question, and tried to open it. It was, however, as every one expected, securely locked.

"Dick," said his mother, "you're a naughty boy. How often have I told you not to go peeping into places that don't concern you!"

The boy hung his head, and looked sheepish; but Mrs. Ogleby's curiosity was thoroughly aroused. She could not have told why, if she had been asked to explain her feelings; but so it was, that every thing she saw and heard served only to quicken her interest in Mr. Croft and his affairs, and to stimulate her desire to know more of him and his circumstances. She was one of those persons of extremely strong and determined character, who walk independent and untouched through life, until they come into contact with some mind at once more powerful and determined than themselves, and possessing besides some decided attractions to their feelings or their interests. Up to the present time she had never felt the smallest disposition to yield a thought or an act to mortal man or woman. It had never even occurred to her for a moment to think that any human being could control or rule her. But now her hour was come, and she felt that it was come; and she made no opposition to the newly-born ideas in her mind. From her first meeting with Croft she had been agreeably impressed with his manner and appearance, and the calm steadiness of his countenance and conversation had compelled her involuntarily to respect him. At first she had judged him as she judged every one else, namely, by herself, and had given him credit for no more sincerity or single-minded religiousness than she attributed to the rest of the world who were gifted with brains. For Mrs. Ogleby was one of that common class who suppose that earnest religious devotion is the quality of inferior minds alone; the refuge of weak heads and soft hearts, who, unable to stand alone among their fellows, cling to devotional practices for the sake of the comfortable emotions they thus secure, and follow a spiritual guide because they are too feeble to guide themselves. She therefore at once scorned and disliked them; and if a strong

man appeared to be also a religious man, she set it down to deliberate craft, and neither liked him better nor less for his duplicity.

But now, in some inexplicable way, she felt convinced that Croft was a man of another mould. Her woman's heart was touched, and her judgment was influenced also. For she was a woman, after all; and the first entrance of feelings bearing any likeness to true affection and to the submission of her mind to one stronger than herself was so sweet, that she yielded without reluctance to the fascination. As for her notions of moral right and wrong, they remained untouched. The conscience was as dead as ever. It was a purely human homage which she paid to the natural nobility of a fellow-creature, formed, as she supposed, at once to satisfy her ideas of greatness and to please her imagination and taste. The feelings thus gradually elicited made her only the more eager to know more of the man whom she began to regard with an intensity of interest. And curiosity being an infirmity in her character, which a whole life of unprincipled indulgence had fostered into an absolute vice, she felt an eagerness to know the secret of this forbidden apartment—if secret there really was—which a better person would have found it difficult to control. Of that pure and honourable love which prompts to a tender respect for the person beloved, Mrs. Ogleby had none. At any rate, she said to herself, she must gratify her wishes. The only question was, how to do it without exciting suspicion in people's minds. While Mrs. Longford and the housekeeper continued their gossiping, she accordingly pretended to examine the backs of the books on the shelves, with a harmless literary interest, and in a brief space had hit upon an ingenious device.

Appearing to be attracted by some books above her head, she reached a chair, and mounting upon it, took down two or three volumes and carefully replaced them. Then she jumped from the chair, and fell upon the floor with a cry of pain.

"Oh dear! oh dear! what *is* the matter?" cried Mrs. Longford, while the housekeeper rushed to the assistance of the prostrate lady, and attempted to lift her from the ground.

"Oh, don't touch me!" cried Mrs. Ogleby, "for heaven's sake, don't touch me! I've sprained my ancle dreadfully, I fear. I couldn't bear to be moved just yet. Oh, how sharp the pain is! Could you be so kind as to let me have a glass of water immediately, Mrs. Williams? I fear I shall faint."

"Oh, don't! don't! for goodness' sake, don't faint!" exclaimed Mrs. Longford, stooping down and endeavouring to support her. "Do run, Mrs. Williams, and get some sal-

volatile, or some wine, or some any thing. Oh dear! suppose Mr. Croft should come home and find us all here! What would he think of me? And in his own library too! For goodness' sake, my dear Mrs. Ogleby, pray don't faint. You don't look so very pale, after all."

Here the fallen lady made an apparent effort to rise; but sank down again, with a fresh cry; nor until the housekeeper returned, not with sal-volatile, for it was a thing unknown in the house, but with a lighted candle and a whole handful of feathers, would she make another attempt at moving. Then, when the worthy Williams proceeded to thrust the lighted feathers under her nose, with kind but rough haste, she slowly rose, and hobbled to an arm-chair, with all the gestures of a person suffering from a severe sprain. Meanwhile the storm without was clearing off, and Mrs. Longford was getting into a fidget to depart without delay.

"Well," said Mrs. Ogleby at last, "if you must go, you must; and, indeed, if Mrs. Williams will allow me to remain here for an hour or so, and rest, while you go and send some conveyance to fetch me, by that time, no doubt, I shall feel strong enough to move."

To this proposal the worthy housekeeper, who was zealously occupied in rubbing the ancle supposed to be injured, and rejoicing over the fact that it did not appear to be *much* swelled, instantly acceded; and after a little more talk, Mrs. Longford went her way, promising that her pony-carriage should return in three quarters of an hour, or an hour at the farthest.

"Oh dear, I feel so sleepy!" said Mrs. Ogleby, as soon as she was alone with the housekeeper. "I always do after I have been near fainting. Could I lie down on a sofa somewhere until the carriage comes? It would refresh me more than any thing. Give me your arm, Mrs. Williams, and let me try to walk. Oh," she cried, after rising from the chair, "it's impossible. I don't think I *can* move just yet. Do you think I might stay quietly here till the carriage comes? I am sure I could sleep in this very comfortable chair; and then perhaps the man that brings the carriage might help to carry me down stairs."

Mrs. Williams could not say nay, and half-unwillingly she at length left Mrs. Ogleby to her slumbers, promising that no one should disturb them. The moment her retreating footsteps were no longer audible, Mrs. Ogleby walked softly to the door, listened, and hearing nothing, turned the key as gently as possible. She then sat down, and for the first time her cheeks really lost their colour. She breathed rapidly, held

her hands tightly one within another, and her eyes looked intently into space. Should she do it, she thought to herself, after all? It would be the first time in her life that she had actually perpetrated such an enormity. She had often read other people's letters and papers, opened their drawers and examined their contents, and listened to conversations not meant for her ear. All this she had repeatedly done, and she knew that many other persons, not of any very remarkable depravity, were guilty of the same meannesses. But here she was contemplating a step further, which if much the same in practical result, was condemned much more severely by the judgment of the world. Often as she had meditated on the possibility of doing such a thing, and conscious as she had been of what the world would say when she had acquired the skill which she now proposed to put into practice, she had never felt so keenly the shameful character of the act for which she was preparing. She sat vaguely dreaming for a minute or two, when the image of Mr. Croft crossed her mind's eye, and instead of quelling the disorder of her brain, only roused her to a more passionate longing to know his character and history.

"Why should I fear?" she murmured to herself, starting to her feet. "No one *can* know it. Why should I care for the opinions of an idiot world?"

And she hastily put her hand into her pocket, and drew from it a knife containing, besides its blades, two or three of those curious little instruments in which the ingenuity of the cutler delights to exhibit itself. The uninitiated would have been puzzled to assign a particular use to all these little strange-looking pieces of steel; but Mrs. Ogleby was well aware, that, though not originally designed for that purpose, one of them was capable of being used as a picklock. This she opened, and with trembling hands applied to the lock of the drawer which the child had pointed out as containing the key of the door of the forbidden apartment. She preferred this course to trying the lock of the door itself; partly because she doubted whether she should be able to open a large and strong lock, and partly because she thought it likely that Mr. Croft would be much more astonished at finding the door unlocked than the drawer.

As she proceeded, her hesitation soon ceased. Conscience, if conscience had any thing to do with her first timidity, lay silent and motionless; and her hands regained their accustomed steadiness. After a short trial she opened the drawer; her eyes sparkled as she saw a large key lying within it; she seized it, walked across the room, listening as she went to

hear if any one was approaching, and opened the door whose security was the object of Mr. Croft's anxious care. A feeling of disappointment and anger with herself came across her as she entered the room, and saw nothing to reward her pains. It was a small apartment, with one window, having the blind drawn down, with no carpet; and the only contents being a single chair, a small and common-looking old mahogany table, and the sloping-board of which the housekeeper had told her, and which she recognised as exceedingly like the apparatus on which she had been made to recline when a school-girl. On the walls there was nothing except a plain cross of black wood. She felt disgusted and confused, and almost smiled at herself for having taken so much pains with so poor a result. Almost unconsciously she went up to the cross, and looked at it closely. She perceived that it had formerly been part of a crucifix, from the holes in the wood made by the nails which had attached to it the Sacred Figure Itself. They appeared to have been torn out by some unskilful hand. The fact did not awake in her any speculations; for no one cared less than Mrs. Ogleby for any of the external objects of religion. Even as a girl she had shown less interest in such things than is usual with children tolerably well brought up.

She was about to leave the room disappointed, when she noticed that the table had a drawer in it. It struck her that there might be something worth seeing there laid by. With some little interest she proceeded to open the drawer; but it was locked. Before employing her picklock she gave another pull; for the table was old and rickety, and the lock seemed somewhat shaky. It yielded to her hand; and as her eyes devoured what she saw, she felt actually faint and sick, and sank upon the chair to recover herself from the strange emotion. In the drawer lay one of those scourges, well known to Catholics under the name of a "discipline." She would not have thought much of that, for she had seen such things in former days; but the discipline before her was covered with clotted blood. Breathing rapidly, and almost trembling, she soon rose again, and could not refrain, though with a sensation of horror, from touching the crimsoned thongs with her finger. She felt that the blood was not yet dried; and this proof of the recent use of the instrument made her literally shudder. She looked on stedfastly for a few minutes, then closed the drawer, retreated into the adjoining room, locking the door after her, and carefully replaced the key in its original place. She then unlocked the door of the library, expecting that some one might soon be approaching, sat down

in the place where she had been left, and yielded her whole soul to the emotions that rose within it.

Many a woman would have been so affected by the conviction thus acquired of the terrible austerity of Croft's religion, as to have found all feelings of a tender character towards him instantly put to flight; and especially in the case of those who, like Mrs. Ogleby, were conscious hypocrites in their own religious professions. With her the result was altogether different—she felt absolutely fascinated. The intensity of his sincerity, which she seemed to read written before her in letters of blood, served to extort from her vigorous mind a homage more complete than ever. A species of pity for his sufferings also sprang up in her bosom. For the first time since she had grown up she was conscious of a kind of longing to soothe the pains of a human soul, and to be loved in return for her tender sympathies. All these feelings, however, were at the time overmastered by a sense of fear and amazement, and by the consciousness that she was getting into a new world of ideas and passions, and that there were depths in the human breast which she had never yet learned to fathom. When the housekeeper at length entered the library, and announced that the carriage was come, she was really looking extremely ill; and that worthy woman sincerely compassionated her as she hobbled down stairs to take her departure. Mrs. Ogleby was quite alive to the necessity of keeping up the part she was playing, and limped along, leaning on Mrs. Williams's arm, with the skill of an accomplished *artiste*. The fresh air revived her; the sun was now shining brilliantly; the breeze was laden with perfumes; the birds sang from every tree; and by the time she reached Burleigh she had regained her self-possession, and had nerved herself with more energy than ever towards the task of winning Croft. She suffered herself to be half-lifted from the carriage with an air of graceful languor, and thanked Mary Somerset for her kind aid with an apparent warmth which almost conciliated that young lady's regard, and made her think she had been unjust towards her father and mother's guest.

(To be continued.

THE MYSTERY OF THE PASSION AT OBER-AMMERGAU.

[In the sketch of mediæval plays, completed in a late Number, mention is made of the solitary instance in which (as far as we know) they have descended to modern times. An account of the Mystery of the Passion, as still performed at Ober-Ammergau in Bavaria, appeared some years ago in the *Rambler;* it was, however, but brief; and our readers will probably be glad to see a fuller and more complete record of so remarkable a scene as that witnessed by Mr. Raby, the gentleman whose account we originally published, and who has favoured us with the following more detailed and most interesting picture.]

I WITNESSED the performances in 1850, on Sunday, September 8th; and will describe the whole scene, only premising that the miracle-play in question originated as follows:—In 1633, Partenkirchen, Eschenlohe, and Shohlgrule, villages adjacent to Ober-Ammergau, but separated from it by a high mountain, were visited by a sort of plague, which carried off half the population. For a short time Ober-Ammergau, protected by its situation and the precautions taken, escaped the scourge. But a field-labourer of the place, employed for the summer at Eschenlohe, anxious to assist at the wake of his native village, approached it by a secret mountain-path, and brought with him the infection, of which he and all his family, with eighty more persons, died in less than a week. Under the pressure of such a calamity, the community, with the advice of their pastor and the neighbouring monks of Ettal, made a solemn vow of deprecation, engaging publicly to perform every ten years for ever the miracle-play of our Saviour's passion and death, as a homage of thanksgiving and work of edification. The plague is said to have ceased directly; and the following year the vow was fulfilled for the first time. To this votive character of their play, the community of Ober-Ammergau were mainly indebted for being able to save it from total suppression in 1810, as related above. That the custom of acting miracle-plays at the villages was observed from remote mediæval times in the same manner as every where else, local chronicles attest.

I left Partenkirchen at five o'clock in the morning, so as to arrive in good time for the beginning of the miracle-play at eight. After a brisk drive of an hour, I reached the foot of the long and steep ascent to the Ammer valley, and had to alight and walk till the summit was attained. Here I encountered other vehicles filled with company of all sorts, also arrived, as well as numerous pedestrians, including many priests, some of whom had been walking all night long. At last the

cupola of the unfinished church of Ettal, so much admired for its architecture, and still more so for its rich-toned organ, appeared in sight crowning the hill. At this place peasant-boys came running up to us with play-bills for sale. I bought one; and a strangely solemn effect it produced on my mind, as I read the advertisement it contained, as follows:—"The great Sacrifice of Reconciliation on Golgotha, or the history of the Passion of Jesus, according to the four Evangelists, with plastic tableaux from the Old Testament, faithfully presented for devout reflection and edification, by gracious permission of lawful authority, at Ober-Ammergau in Upper Bavaria." At the foot of the bill were the words: "Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow." Impatient to arrive at the spot, I at once resumed my seat behind the driver, who hastened on at full speed, and in another half-hour brought me to my destination, the bleak and straggling village of Ober-Ammergau, with its quaintly frescoed walls and houses. It was a few minutes past seven o'clock, the church-bells were ringing, mortars exploding, and every thing in a state of unspeakable confusion, from the concourse of carriages and strangers. Mass over, I made my way with some difficulty to the ticket-office, procured the best seat I could, and followed the stream of people to the theatre, erected on a large meadow outside the village. On taking my seat, and standing up to look around me, I found myself in a square enclosure of wood of vast dimensions, open to the sky, with rows of benches rising like an amphitheatre from the orchestra to the opposite end, where the view was terminated by the "noble gallery," or boxes, a few reserved seats raised above the rest, decorated with flags and placed under cover. The entire structure, I was told, was calculated to accommodate 6000 spectators. Immediately before me was the stage, surmounted by colossal figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, painted on the lofty frontispiece. It was not composed of three stories representing heaven, earth, and hell, as I have described in the first part of this essay; but, agreeably to the revised form of the miracle-play as now acted, it was divided into two parts—namely, the proscenium, or outward stage before the curtain, and the inner stage behind it. The former measured 90 feet in width, and projected about 16 feet before the latter. It exhibited, on the right hand, the house of Annas the high-priest, and on the left that of Pilate, both provided with balconies, and connected with the side-scenes by arches, through which the eye caught a perspective of the streets of Jerusalem. These houses shut in the inner stage, about 30 feet wide, the curtain of which hung between them; and this being also

painted to represent a scene in Jerusalem, the entire background of the outward stage displayed a view of the Holy City.

The whole of these scenic decorations, it is true, were executed in a manner rude enough, and no doubt sinned a good deal against correct taste; but it not the less produced a powerful effect on the imagination by its novelty, its significancy, and a certain barbaric grandeur of design evinced throughout. Meanwhile the audience kept pouring in at every door, presenting in the bright sunshine a most animating spectacle, especially the peasantry from various parts of Bavaria and Tyrol in their picturesque variety of costume. Their behaviour, too, was fully in keeping with the occasion; a subdued tone prevailing over the din of voices, and a gravity pervading the looks of every one, indicating the consciousness of a solemn act. Indeed, I was struck by observing not a few, as if in church, absorbed in pious meditation, or saying their prayers. Eight o'clock, the hour appointed for the performance to begin, at length struck. After a few minutes' delay, three discharges of cannon gave the anxiously-expected signal, and the orchestra immediately struck up the overture. At first it was scarcely audible in the confusion of people still settling in their seats. Gradually a profound silence prevailed. As the overture drew to its close, all eyes were intently fixed on the stage, where, as the last melancholy chords still vibrate on the ear, a stately figure slowly enters from the right hand, presently followed by seven others gradually diminishing in height to the last. They are met by seven more from the opposite side, and all range themselves in a row like the pipes of an organ in the centre of the proscenium. They are of both sexes, attired alike in white tunics, gloves, and stockings, in flowing mantles of different colours, in richly-embroidered belts and sandals, and wear on their heads gilt coronets with plumes. The solemnity of their appearance is like that of priests issuing forth to celebrate High Mass. On consulting my text-book, I found them styled "Guardian Spirits;" in other words, they were the chorus. Crossing their hands on their breasts, and making simultaneously a deep reverence to the audience, the leader advanced a step and began the prologue as follows:

> "Cast yourselves down in wonder to the earth,
> O race beneath Jehovah's curse oppress'd!
> Peace to you! rejoice! Again is grace in Sion.
> Not always is He wrath, the offended One.
> Thus saith the Lord: The sinner's death
> I wish not, &c."

Then, on coming to the words,

> "Behold the mystery of God, Moriah's sacrifice,
> The image of the Cross on Golgotha,"

the speaker and his companions separate right and left, ranging themselves in an oblique line from the pillars of the inner stage, the curtain of which rises and discovers a plastic tableau of two groups: Adam and Eve driven from Paradise, and the Sacrifice of Isaac. Pointing with outstretched hands to these tableaux, the chorus of "Guardian Spirits," accompanied by the orchestra, sing their history and symbolical meaning. Then the curtain falls, and they take their exit in opposite directions, observing the same ceremonious order as at their entrance.

As soon as the "Guardian Spirits" (whose performance was the more interesting, as exhibiting in its full significance the classical chorus of the Greek drama, only penetrated by a Christian spirit) had retired, the curtain again rose for the first act, and displayed the inner stage crowded with the Jewish populace, strewing boughs and shouting Hosannah! in honour of our Saviour's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, who presently emerged to view, arrayed in lilac robe and mantle of dark red, sitting on an ass, and attended by His disciples. Slowly He advanced, amid the enthusiastic demonstration, on to the proscenium, where He dismounted and began to harangue the multitude. It was, indeed, something wholly new thus to have our Blessed Lord before me, as it were, in His living shape, to see Him move from place to place, to hear Him speak to the Jews,—the Man-God, the Saviour of the world. I confess I had entertained my fears lest the awful ideal which the mind vaguely forms from Holy Writ and the works of Christian art should be disturbed by a dramatic representation; such a one at least as a set of illiterate peasants might be apt to devise. But happily it was not so. This sensible appearance of our Lord on the stage, if it did not heighten the ideal as it existed in my mind, at least made it clearer to my perceptions, and engraved it more vividly on my imagination. For while the very looks of the actor of the part (a carver in wood at Ober-Ammergau, named Pflunger), the native piety and refinement of his features, his graceful figure, and parted hair flowing over his shoulders, were such as an artist would have chosen to study,—his acting evinced, in the quiet dignity of his gestures and the unction of his voice, despite a certain monotony of tone, that just conception of the character he supported, which produced on every one the deepest impression. He made it felt from his

first entrance, that notwithstanding the shouts of jubilee and tokens of veneration that greeted him on all sides, he was the predestined victim of the fickle multitude, the Lamb that was to die for the sins of the world. The act concluded with the scene of His expulsion of the money-changers from the temple, amid the applause of the Jewish people and the wrath of the Scribes and Pharisees: the whole performed with a homely truth of nature that was very striking, and not without some pious hilarity on the part of the audience at the upsetting of the money-tables, the escape of votive lambs and pigeons, and the rage and avarice of the profane traffickers scrambling to recover their property.

The next act, ushered in without pause by the "Guardian Spirits" as at first, and by a plastic tableau of Jacob's sons plotting against their brother Joseph, exhibited the Synedrium of the Jewish priests and doctors, met together under the auspices of Annas and Caiphas to take counsel how Jesus should be got rid of. The view of this assembly in full debate, and in their variegated robes, was highly imposing. Caiphas was the genius of the scene, and with his crescent-shaped mitre glittering on his head, opened the proceedings in a speech beginning: "Most reverend members of our Sacred College!" This he delivered in so resolute and fiery a style, and in a tone of voice so piercing and sonorous, as most admirably suited the part he supported, and stamped him as an actor of no ordinary powers. His vituperative and artful speech lashed the assembly into a perfect tempest of passion. The aggrieved money-changers were introduced to lodge their complaints; and with a unanimous resolution to put Jesus to death as a blasphemer and seducer of the people, the Synedrium broke up and closed the act.

In the third act, preluded by the chorus as usual, and two tableaux of Tobias parting from his parents, and the Bride in the Canticles bewailing the loss of the Bridegroom, the scene introduced you to the house of Simon the leper at Bethany. Our Lord announces to His disciples that He is shortly to be separated from them and crucified. At this St. Peter, with simple pathos, exclaims: "O Master, my old head can in no wise comprehend this parting!"

Meanwhile you see Mary Magdalen perfume the feet of Jesus with her precious ointment, and wipe them with her hair. The disciples murmur at this proceeding. Above all, the sordid soul of Judas takes offence, so that he cannot refrain from giving vent to a hypocritical burst of anger. "O what a piece of wanton extravagance!" cries he; "three hundred pennyworth! How many poor people could I not have

relieved with it!" Our Saviour's well-known rebuke follows. On His rising to depart, His immaculate and virgin Mother appears for the first time on the scene, lamenting over her Son, whose hour she feels is come, and seeking to detain Him. The fair actress of this most interesting part, it must be owned, did not adequately sustain it. She whined and whimpered too much for the dignity of Mother of our Lord; withal that she seemed deficient in that spirit of resignation befitting the handmaid of the Lord. I was told she had been to Munich to take lessons from an actress of the theatre there, thinking thus to attain perfection; instead of which she only got a few vapid airs which spoiled her. For the due performance of such a part as hers, she should have studied nothing else than the sublime hymn, *Stabat Mater dolorosa.*

The tableau of the fourth act represented King Assuerus on his throne, with his newly-elected queen Esther, the queen of the future, on his right hand, and the rejected queen, Vasthi, in her disgrace an emblem of Judaism, on his left. In this act you see our Saviour pursuing His way to Jerusalem attended by His disciples, who in vain try to dissuade Him from His purpose. Judas is the most importunate on this subject. "Prithee, Master," cries he, "take measures for our future provision. How useful now were those three hundred pence!" "Dear friend," answers Jesus, about to lay down His life for the eternal provision of mankind in heaven, "dear friend, put thy trust in My words." "Am not I keeper of the purse?" rejoins Judas; "who will take care of us, if I do not?" Again Jesus admonishes him, and then proceeds on His way, accompanied by Peter and the rest. Judas alone remains behind. "Three hundred pence!" soliloquises he; "O what a great loss! Did I but possess such a sum, my fortune were made! To throw away such valuable ointment on His feet; I cannot get over the thought! I will no longer be His disciple, I have lost all confidence in Him." At this juncture, a money-changer of the Temple is seen approaching Judas. "Truly, he seems in much perplexity," says the commercial speculatist; "I must see what can be done with him." He then accosts Judas, at first with indifferent questions; then he asks him how it fares with his Master, pretending that he would like to make the acquaintance of Jesus. "Thou?" exclaims Judas, in a tone which sufficiently proves that he has ceased to be our Saviour's disciple, to the crafty money-changer. "Come now, be honest," continues the latter; "if affairs are no longer prosperous with Him, I will be on my guard against Him." "He has Himself said as much," replies Judas, who by this time finds himself surrounded by a

whole troop of buyers and sellers, all eager to stand by their associate. Judas regards them at first with suspicion, and wishes to retire; but they detain him. "Perhaps you also," cries he to them, "would like to be His disciples?" "By all means, if He can hold out to us favourable prospects," answer the gentlemen of the Jewish stock-exchange. "Here are His prospects," shouts Judas in reply, exhibiting to their gaze in an ironical manner his empty purse. He then relates over again in his bitter style the history of the box of precious ointment. It is just the language, just the state of mind favourable to the designs of his tempters. They lose no time in breaking to him the project of betraying Jesus. Judas inquires if he shall thereby be enabled to make good the three hundred pence? They promise him a still greater sum. Remorse of conscience now begins to prick him a little; but the thought of the three hundred pence soon counteracts the effect. "What!" cries he, "shall I let the money slip through my fingers? O thou most precious ointment, now do I know for the first time thy real value!" He agrees to consider the proposal made to him, and fixes a time for discussing it further. Still mistrustful of him, his seducers will not let him quit their company till they have again reminded him of the agreement he has entered into, telling him how they rely on his word as a man, a friend, and a brother. They then take their leave of him. His first impulse is to express his joy at having secured the three hundred pence; for money is his delight, the treasure of his soul. Next his conscience gives him a few more twinges. "After all," says he to himself, "the Master is such a good man, how can I, who have so often witnessed his goodness, think of betraying him?" Beyond this idea of a "good man," it seems he has not been able to carry his appreciation of Jesus, who, on further reflection, he is glad to think will best know how, by means of a miracle, to protect himself. Besides, as he is actually denounced as a rebel against the established religion by the divinely-constituted authorities of the state, his ruin is inevitable, together with that of every one else associated with him. By such sophistical arguments as these he seeks to silence his rising scruples; but cannot help feeling great uneasiness of mind in spite of all his efforts, concluding his soliloquy with the exclamation, while cautiously looking about him: "Surely no one has seen me! I must dissemble. O, that I had but the money!" It was truly a powerful delineation in the rough, this terrible part of Judas. In the scenes that followed later, too, how full of character was the anxious and hurried manner in which he took the thirty pieces of silver counted out to

him by Caiphas, ringing each piece separately on the table to prove that it was good metal. Then came his despair and suicide. What a husky voice, what distracted looks were his, when he burst again into the midst of the Synedrium to demand the liberation of the divine Master he had betrayed! With what disgust and fury did he fling the thirty pieces of silver down upon the floor when his demand was scornfully rejected, and rush out, exclaiming, "The rack of my conscience is too much for me! O, the warning of my Master! I heeded it not! My treachery has excluded me for ever from the number of his disciples. For me there is no hope, no pardon, no salvation more!" What an awful, what a seasonable lesson to the crowd of rustic spectators, among whom perhaps were but too many of that numerous class of Christians who remain faithful to their religious duties as long as they are sure of enjoying a respectable competency in life, but who, as soon as their divine Master begins to talk to them of despising riches, and being ready to deny themselves and renounce the world for His sake, turn round like Judas and desert Him. In the old cast of the miracle-play, as formerly acted at Ober-Ammergau previous to its revision, the suicide of Judas was attended by circumstances still more appalling than those I witnessed. For when about to hang himself, Belial, Lucifer, and other devils appeared on the scene to encourage him in his purpose. You saw Belial show him a convenient tree, then present him with a cord, and exhort him to make use of it with all despatch, telling him his sin was greater than the world itself—too great ever to be forgiven. When Judas, in the last dreadful struggle with his conscience, still hesitated, another devil asked him why he should wish to remain on earth always to be pointed at as a thief, an evil-doer, and the betrayer of his Master? On his yielding, at last, to their infernal arguments and approaching the fatal tree, you saw them officiously assist their wretched victim to lop off the under branches, so that his fall might not be baulked. This done, and Judas having tied himself up, Lucifer finally came up and congratulated him on his spirited behaviour, assuring him that he never was so pleased with him before, and promising him a rich reward in the dark kingdom of hell. We may well imagine what a shudder must have passed through the soul of every one at a scene of such infernal irony as this. As soon as Judas had turned himself off and was dead, a whole swarm of devils fell upon his body, tore out and devoured the entrails, and then carried it off the scene.

In the fifth act were comprised the events of the Last Supper. It was the living reality of Leonardo da Vinci's far-

famed picture. The plastic tableau by which it was introduced,—the Israelites eating manna in the desert,—was by far the most elaborate and gorgeous of all. Upwards of three hundred persons took part in it. I could hardly believe they were real men and women, so admirably was the deception kept up. In the foreground I observed a woman with a child in her arms, certainly not more than three years old, but yet so well trained that it held up its little hands to catch the manna, motionless as a statue, like the best of them, for at least five minutes, till the curtain fell. In this most interesting act all the incidents of the Last Supper, as detailed in the Gospels, were faithfully given. Even where the inspired writers deviate somewhat from each other, as for example respecting the way our Saviour pointed out who was to betray Him, no preference was shown, but each way reverently commemorated. You saw Jesus not only dip His hand with Judas into the dish, uttering the well-known words according to St. Matthew, but directly afterwards put the morsel into the mouth of Judas, bidding him do speedily what he intended to do, according to St. John. When the ceremony of washing the disciples' feet took place, and you saw our Lord gravely put on a woman's apron for that purpose, tying it fast with its long strings, I felt tempted to look round on the audience and mark their behaviour. All was solemn attention, and I could no where perceive the least sign of hypocritical levity. The actor, Pflunger, went through his difficult task, it must be owned, with astonishing propriety from first to last. The calm dignity of his bearing, which had struck me at first so forcibly, never failed him in the most trying situations. Moreover, when the imagination is powerfully excited and appealed to, as it was in the present case, the effect is to produce in it a self-creating power which assists in beautifying and in making up for the deficiencies of the performance; for you gladly overlook a variety of exterior circumstances, or else mentally shape them into proper keeping, when it is the pith, the spirit, and soul of a dramatic work which absorbs your attention.

After I had seen Jesus sold by Judas in the sixth act, the events of the actual Passion began in the seventh act, ushered in by a tableau of Adam eating his bread in the sweat of his brow, prefigurative of our Lord's bloody sweat on Mount Olivet. Nine acts more ensued, the whole play thus comprising sixteen acts in all. These remaining acts may be shortly described in their order as follows:

7. *Plastic.* Adam eats his bread in the sweat of his brow. Joab kisses and stabs Amasa. Samson is bound by the Philistines.

Dramatic. Christ is betrayed by a kiss, is apprehended, and led away.

8. *Plastic.* The prophet Micaas is struck for telling King Achab the truth.

Dramatic. Christ is led before Annas, and struck in the face.

9. *Plastic.* Naboth, though innocent, is condemned to death on false testimony. Job is patient under various insults.

Dramatic. Jesus is taken before Caiphas, condemned to death on false evidence, and maltreated by the servants of the high-priest.

10. *Plastic.* The perjured Achitophel hangs himself.

Dramatic. Judas returns the thirty pieces of silver, and hangs himself in despair.

11. *Plastic.* The princes and governors accuse Daniel, and urge his being cast into the lions' den.

Dramatic. Jesus is taken before Pilate, pronounced innocent, and sent to King Herod.

12. *Plastic.* King Hanon mocks King David's ambassadors.

Dramatic. Herod treats our Lord as a fool, and sends Him back to Pilate.

13. *Plastic.* Joseph's coat, stained with blood, is brought to Jacob. The ram for the sacrifice sticking fast by the horns in the briers.

Dramatic. Barabbas proposed instead of Jesus to the Jews. The scourging at the pillar.

14. *Plastic.* Joseph proclaimed ruler over Egypt. One of two rams is chosen to be sacrificed for the sins of the people.

Dramatic. Ecce Homo! Barabbas is set free, and Jesus delivered up to be crucified.

15. *Plastic.* Isaac, bearing wood, ascends the mountain to be sacrificed. Moses sets up the brazen serpent.

Dramatic. Christ carries His cross, is crucified, expires, is taken down and laid in the sepulchre.

16. *Plastic.* Jonas is cast alive on the dry land by the great fish. The Israelites pass the Red Sea, and the Egyptians are swallowed up.

Dramatic. The holy women visit our Saviour in the sepulchre. His resurrection, and the appearance of an angel.

It would be a difficult task to describe the succession of various emotions, all of the most solemn kind, with which I, as well as every one else present on the occasion, followed the incidents represented in these acts. What did it matter, indeed, that I knew all that was going to take place beforehand;

that I had read over and over again in the gospels, had heard in sermons, had seen painted on canvas, carved in stations, and engraved in steel and wood, how our blessed Redeemer, under pretence of concern for the law and the good of the state, was dragged from one high-priest to another, from Pilate to Herod and back again to Pilate, each being anxious to devolve on the shoulders of the other the responsibility of putting the messenger of divine truth to death; and how at last He whose kingdom is not of this world was executed as a political delinquent, on evidence the utter falsehood of which they every one alike were privy to? The fact was, I now saw it all with my bodily eyes theatrically exhibited, and this gave it an entirely new interest.

Among other eminent persons who resorted this year to Ober-Ammergau to witness the performance of its far-famed miracle-play, was the celebrated actor and historian of the German stage, Edward Devrient, who afterwards published in the *Augsburg Universal Gazette* a series of papers about what he saw and felt on the occasion. The testimony contained in the following extract from those remarkable papers by so high an authority on histrionic subjects is the more valuable as proceeding from a Protestant.

"When the Saviour," writes Devrient, "is bound and led away amid scoffing laughter, and all, even His dearest followers, have fled, the impression of the Redeemer's utter loneliness among His fellow-men is completed in us in an overpowering manner. We have seen and experienced it, how every one, even His most intimate disciples, always misunderstood Him, how He always spoke to them in vain; how in the hour of His mortal struggle with the thought of His own self-sacrifice, it was possible for His four most trusty ones again and again to fall asleep in spite of the urgent warning of their Master. How Peter could do nothing else than just strike a blow, and then run away in order to protest and swear three times over that he knew not the man. How no one, not even John, whom we have seen so tenderly leaning on the breast of his Friend at the Last Supper, goes with Him and says, 'Where Thou art, there will I also be; and where Thou sufferest, there also will I suffer.' How all, yes all, forsake Him and flee, and He alone walks forth, bound and reviled, with infinite love in His breast, to die for so wretched, so pitiful a race. This vast solitary greatness it was that first (though only in a village miracle-play) brought home to my soul the power of dramatic art."

In another passage Devrient adverts to the opinion of modern critics on the drama, that our Lord's Passion is an unsuit-

able subject for the stage, because the hero only suffers, but does not act; and declares that all his doubts on this point were removed at Ober-Ammergau. His argument is, that the free-will with which our Saviour undergoes His sufferings causes the endurance of every single torment and insult to appear as so many great actions. Buffeted, kicked, and spit upon, scourged at the pillar, and sinking beneath the weight of His cross, He presents Himself to our eyes always in the light of a conqueror. In His silence before Caiphas, before Pilate and Herod, there is a surprising tragic grandeur; in this glorious silence the vanquished world lies at His feet.

I have mentioned how effectively the parts of our Saviour, Caiphas, and Judas, were performed. To these should be added, as also worthy of praise, the part of Pilate; though it must be owned his whole bearing had more of the Turkish pasha in it than of the Roman proconsul. It was truly a grateful spectacle at first to witness his well-meant efforts to save Jesus from the fury of His persecutors. Unhappily, it but too soon became apparent, when he found how utterly unavailing all his arguments, all his asseverations in favour of our Lord were, that he was only a prudent time-serving man, whose love of justice is secondary to the enjoyment of place and emolument; who yields to circumstances, and consents to spill innocent blood, the guilt of which he would fain wash from his conscience by washing his hands. Another striking feature of the performance was the emphatic way in which the Jewish populace played its part; simply because every one acted from a paramount sense of duty alone, and thus gave to all he did, however subordinate, a reality and life in strong contrast with the worldly stage, where scenes of popular tumult usually prove so flat and tame. I may remark here, that none but natives of Ober-Ammergau are allowed to perform in the miracle-play, and that the principal characters sustained are hereditary in different families. The chorus of guardian-spirits, too, did not wholly confine itself to ushering in the various acts with a prologue, or to interpreting the plastic tableaux, but occasionally joined in the dramatic part itself. Thus in the exciting "Ecce Homo" scene it took part with our Saviour against the bloodthirsty multitude clamouring for His death. For example:

The Jews. Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!

Chorus. Alas, the piteous sight! What evil hath He done?

The Jews. If thou release Him, thou art not Cæsar's friend.

Chorus. Jerusalem! Jerusalem! On thee the Lord will yet avenge His Son!

The Jews. His blood be upon us and upon our children!

Chorus. His blood be upon you and your children! &c. Chanted as this was by both parties, it may be imagined how powerfully it wrought upon the feelings, and enhanced the tragic effect.

The last act but one comprised the events of the crucifixion. Our Saviour bearing His cross till He sinks beneath it; the Roman captain on horseback leading the way; behind him the two thieves with the executioners; the fiendish exultation of the populace, broken by the piercing wail of devout women, to whom Jesus exclaims, "Weep not, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, for me; but weep for yourselves and your children." Then Simon of Cyrene is required to take up the cross, but demurs at first to do so; till, finding it is for Jesus, he complies at once. All this was played in a manner the most affecting. The curtain now drops, and a deepened feeling of awe seizes the audience as the chorus enters divested of its pomp, and attired in black mantles, belts, and sandals. The leader advances, and begins a sort of prologue, alternately spoken and sung, descriptive of our Saviour's actual crucifixion; while behind the curtain is plainly heard the tumult of the people and the blows of the hammers. Now the chorus retires and the curtain again rises, discovering the two thieves already bound on their upright crosses; while our Saviour still lies on the ground nailed to His, waiting the result of the application to Pilate to alter the inscription, with which Caiphas and the Pharisees are dissatisfied. At last the answer, "What I have written I have written," is brought back, the offensive scroll is affixed, and amid the shouts of the mob, the blasphemies of the high-priests, and the sorrowful cries of His blessed Mother, of Magdalen, and the disciples, Jesus on His cross is elevated aloft. An indescribable spectacle! presenting not a mere picture or carved image, but as it were the reality itself; rescinding the lapse of 1800 years, and transporting the mind to the real Calvary, the living crucifixion on Golgotha, in a manner that no book, no effort of the imagination, ever did or could do. The illusion was complete. Now it was that I thought I saw with my eyes and heard with my ears my crucified Redeemer exclaim, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do;"—to the good thief, "Amen, I say to thee, this day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise;"—to His weeping Mother, "Woman, behold thy son!"—to the disciple, "Behold thy Mother!" Then, while Caiphas and the Jews challenge Him to descend from

the cross if He be the Son of God, the soldiers cast lots for His garments, and put a sponge with vinegar and gall to His lips. But He bows His head, and cries "It is finished!" What then? Are the feelings of all who witness such a sight at all offended because some poor mortars explode for thunder; that a few pasteboard houses topple down as if by an earthquake; that a huge curtain in the background is rent from top to bottom? By no means. Meanwhile I shall not easily forget the sight of stern-looking men around me striking their breasts, women sobbing aloud, and the subdued murmur of emotion which passed through the entire theatre when the centurion on guard, who alone fled not at the mimic horror of nature, ejaculated in rough tremulous tones, "Verily this man was the Son of God." The taking down from the cross, a wonderfully dramatic reproduction of Rubens' grand picture at Antwerp in all its glory, and the laying in the sepulchre, terminated this awful act; for the worthy actor Pflunger the most trying one of all, as he had to remain suspended, with his arms stretched out in the crucified posture, nearly half an hour, so that he was visibly exhausted, and his hands discoloured from the stoppage of the circulation.

In the last and sixteenth act, after our Saviour has risen from the dead amid a blaze of glory, waving His flag of triumph, and the terrified guards have fled, the Scribes and Pharisees come on to search for His body in the tomb. This was the signal for a characteristic outburst from the more enthusiastic portion of the audience, chiefly peasants, whose sense of decorum had not been able wholly to keep them in check from the first, but who now broke all bounds in giving vent to their zeal in our Saviour's cause, and their hatred of His persecutors. They rose from their seats with derisive shouts at the perplexed Pharisees, groans and hisses resounded on all sides, and ironical exclamations, such as, "Ay, ay, seek away; you'll find Him at last!" issued from many a shrill throat, old and young, seasoned with such epithets of insult and abuse as it is not necessary here to repeat. At length the curtain fell, and the pious tumult subsided. A grand allegorical tableau, *The Glorification of the Establishment of the New Covenant*, in which the whole body of actors, upwards of four hundred, took part, and intended to represent Christ triumphant, supported on each hand by His apostles and disciples, while the high-priests and money-changers lay humbled in the dust before Him, formed the finale amid a perfect tempest of pealing Alleluias. The whole performance had thus lasted from eight o'clock in the morning till six in the evening, including the usual pause of an hour at noon for

refreshment, and a further interruption of an hour on account of a storm.

For the rest, suffice it to say, that the edification and instruction I derived from this wonderful exhibition, in spite of all its faults, was such, that I shall ever esteem it a grace to have witnessed it. Withal that I carried away from it a deeper conviction than ever of the unspeakable injury inflicted on the public life of nations by the Reformation, especially in blighting in the bud the Christian drama of the middle ages, and in substituting in its place the noxious and semi-heathen drama of the present day. Surely it is not too much to hope that, however distant, better times are yet in store, when even the theatre will be won back again to the service of the Church, as of old; when, under her auspices, the dramatic art (of all others the most potent in its workings on the human mind) will develop a perfection of thought and style in the cause of faith and piety equal to what, under the auspices of the Church alone, has already been developed by the sister arts of music, painting, and architecture. Who knows but that the obscure miracle-play of Ober-Ammergau, so wonderfully preserved amid the storms and ravages of modern civilisation, may be the destined link of connection between the bygone era of the infancy of the Christian drama and that of its classical perfection yet to come?

SONNETS TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

I.

THE MORNING-STAR.

Star of the morn! o'er yonder purple hill
Reigning alone, amidst a wintry sky;
See, one by one, the lamps of midnight die
Before the rising dawn; thou reignest still,
Bright herald of diviner lights which fill
The rosy East; in heaven a lonely eye,
Until His chariot soon approaches nigh
Who routs the evil birds of night at will.
Not even before His face thy radiance pales,
Clear star of hope; thou brighter eye of morn;
Herald of sunshine to a world forlorn,
Thy stainless rising all creation hails,
Thy light is His; His countenance like thine,
Thy face the mirror of His rays divine.

II.

THE EVENING-STAR.

Mirrored in oceans calm, thou lingerest,
Bright pilgrim travelling the western heaven :
Our sun is gone ; yet for a space 'tis given
To watch with thee, our soon-departing guest.
Through summer clouds He passed into His rest ;
Dark shadows o'er our widowed hearts were driven,
Tracing His path through crimson glories riven.
Thy lustrous orb still reigning in the west,
Not wholly gone, He visits us in thee ;
Beneath thy ray, we feel Him not so far
In depths of light where glowing seraphs burn,
Through thy pure beam reflected o'er that sea.
Tranquil thy setting, Memory's lingering star ;
Oh, take with thee our joy, till He return.

III.

The King of day unveiled, when skies are clear,
Thy path assigned may cross His noontide face ;
Our eyes, awaiting thee, may gauge the space
Which severs thine from His remoter sphere,
And ours from both ; how far, and yet how near !
Thee millions hail, in every distant place
The star of love to each admiring race,
Throughout all times, in thee united here.
The same, thou reignest in the flushing dawn,
Or sinking in the west, at golden eve ;
The glad precursor of a day new-born,
Or hovering o'er the shadowy curtains drawn
Across the path where late He took His leave ;
Glory of Age mature, or tender morn.*

December 8th, 1855.

* By the transits of Venus, which occur only at long intervals, across the face of the sun, astronomers are enabled, with very great accuracy, to measure the sun's distance from her and from our earth. The eyes of all places and all times are centered in admiration of this beautiful object in the heavens ; which, though seen at one time before the sun, and at another after him, is always the same.

THE FOUNDING OF CLAIRVAUX.

I.

THERE lie in the depth of yon forest dim
A valley and streamlet lone:
The forest rings with the wolf-howl grim,
The valley with morning and evening hymn,
And that water's gentle tone.

II.

It had threaded for ages the shadows vast
Which the ancient forest-kings,
Oak and pine and sycamore, cast,
Swinging their solemn plumes in the blast
Over its murmurings.

III.

'Twas still such scene as in days of old
Would Druid priestess seek,
When the long wind rolled and the thunder tolled,
And there her arms to the storm uphold,
And with the spirits speak.

IV.

Then a youth there came with heart of flame,
And a smile like his sainted mother's;
And two and two the wild wood through—
Though nor he nor they that desert knew—
Stepped in his step twelve others.

V.

Slowly he climbed by the brawling bed
Of the sunless rivulet;
Weary and worn his troop he led
Through brier and branch and brown leaves dead,
And the mossy hollows wet.

VI.

The pale mild face now bends to earth,
Now looks up to rock and tree:
Fashioned for camps or for courtly mirth,
Brow, lip, and eye show noble birth,
And nobler humility.

VII.

Awful as night grew the hollow vale,
Huger each mighty stem;
The hearts of the twelve began to fail,
And though hid in the shade, their lips were pale
When he turned and looked at them.

VIII.

"Behold our home and our resting-place;
Here let us fast and pray;
Here run our race, and by God's sweet grace
The path of the soul up to glory trace,
And live for the Judgment Day.

IX.

Where the close air dies shall free souls quaff
Paradise airs, new shriven;
Where in darkness this staff I plant shall laugh
O'er earthly remorse's cenotaph
The fresh rose-dawn of Heaven.

X.

Where dwelleth the fox and the keen wolf gaunt,
And the owl through shadow winging,
Angels shall haunt, and the pure choir chaunt,
And childhood guide the frail foot of want,
And Christmas-bells be ringing.

XI.

Bend we our knees 'mong the solemn trees,
Glory to God proclaim;
Jesus decrees, and Mary sees,
And Saints shall bless through eternities
The place and its mystic name."

XII.

Strange—do men know this desolate dell?—
Each bodes a name whose sound
Of sorrow doth tell, and suiting well
The dark rock's tears, the sad wind's knell,
And the loneliness around.

XIII.

But the rapt youth smiles on the scene of doom,
On the old wood's solemn pall,
And signs with cross those aisles of gloom,
And cries, "Henceforth this forest-tomb
The VALLEY OF BRIGHTNESS call!"

XIV.

Saints' words come true: bright, bright it grew;
They warred on the pine and oak:
The fresh flowers blew in the sunlit dew,
And the wide green pastures came in view
To the sound of the axe's stroke.

XV.

In brightness and power came each morn the shower
Of the seven-hued prism of love;
From the womb of that hour grew cloister and tower,
Like the summer home, like the brooding bower
Of the infinite-hearted Dove.

XVI.

Bright o'er it each night fell the sweet blush-white
Of purity's blossom-snow;
It was God's delight, and joy to men's sight;
And the names still breathe of love and of light,
BERNARD and CLAIRVAUX!

Ω.

MISPRISION OF FLUNKEYISM.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

SIR,—"Facit indignatio versus"—"Fools rush into my head, and so I write." I cannot bottle up my wrath till next year; therefore, although my grievance has not much to do with your periodical, will you indulge my outraged feelings with the permission to make a small explosion in your pages? In our new compound *Catholic Directory*—(the two old ones have coalesced, joined forces, and charge more heavily accordingly)—probably for want of more pertinent matter, we have a series of lists of "Catholic Peers," "Non-Catholic Peerages to which there are Catholic heirs," "Noble Catholic Lords not Peers," "Catholic Gentlemen of Noble Family," "Baronets," "Knights," "Catholic Privy Councillors and Judges"—then we migrate to "Catholic Ladies of Rank," and after finishing with people of rank we pass to those of no rank, "Ladies of Baronets," "Ladies (by courtesy) of Knights," and last, not least, "Catholic Landed Gentry of Great Britain." Now, I dare say it is very proper to insert these lists, which will be found highly convenient to secretaries of charitable institutions, priests in want of funds for churches or schools, lay-brothers on quest, and the like; and will also, I have no doubt, be largely used by begging-letter impostors,

seedy Poles, Italian refugees, and editors of *Heralds, Standards, Advertisers*, prophetical journals, and other organs of Protestant abuse, who sometimes are in want of ready-made compendiums of Catholic statistics, to prove either our contemptible poverty or our overgrown wealth, our insignificant numbers or our formidable and overwhelming multitudes, or both at once, as the case on hand may require.

Taking for granted, then, the propriety of the lists as lists, will you allow me to inquire through you on what principle the last catalogue, that of the "Catholic Landed Gentry," is made out? May I ask what constitutes a landed gent? Now, for example, I possess a flower-pot. How far does the *bonâ fide* actual possession and usufruct of a flower-pot, with all the rights, members, and appurtenances thereof; with all and every the plants, weeds, leaves, stones, earth, lands, waters, drains, and watercourses, rights, jurisdictions, privileges, and hereditaments whatsoever thereto appertaining, constitute the possessor a landed gent? Or if doubts of the absolute legality and formality of this ground are entertained, any how does not such possession amount to a ground of claim to the title of landed gent by courtesy? And why not treat the gents (by courtesy) as well as the ladies (by courtesy), who have a list all to themselves? Are not the editors of the *Directory* guilty of giving occasion to all kinds of bickerings and heartburnings in our little world by this invidious distinction?

But to proceed. If a flower-pot is not sufficient, is a mignonette-box enough? Will a fore-court do? a back garden? a paddock and dunghill? Where will you draw the line? Does leasehold property constitute a landed gent? a forty-shilling freehold? Must we have five hundred a-year in land to entitle us to write the title after our names? How spacious in the possession of dirt need we be to be admitted into this enviable society? Draw the line wherever you please, say I, only draw it somewhere; tell me I am not one of the landed gentry *because* I have only a flower-pot, whereas I ought to have a square mile of freehold, and I acquiesce; but when you publish a list of Catholic landed gentry, without defining your terms, and I don't find my name therein, of course I am immeasurably disgusted.

There is another thing. Every here and there in the list a little annotation is added to some favoured name, to tell us how long the family which bears it has had root in the soil. Thus, to take the first instance: after the name of Mr. Bastard (a gentleman for whom I have the very highest respect, and on whom I do not intend to cast the slightest reflection) there

is a note appended to inform us that "the Bastards have existed in Devonshire since the Conquest." I have no doubt of it; but why make invidious distinctions? why not say the same for the families that are named immediately afterwards? Have there not been Batemans, Beaumonts, and Beeches as well as Bastards since the Conquest, or, let me add, since Hengist and Horsa, or even since Odin himself? Do the editors of the *Directory* mean to insinuate that these families are of less respectable antiquity than the first? Do they intend to hint that they are more recent than that of my neighbour Zachariah, the marine store-dealer at the Black Doll opposite, who possesses the pedigree of his family up to Abraham? I do something in this line myself. I have an old family Bible in which my genealogy is traced through Jenkyns to Gog and Magog, and so to Japheth and Noe. And I must say, that when antiquity of descent is on the tapis, I do feel personally insulted if my pretensions do not obtain due consideration.

As the editors have treated me with such injustice as to omit my name altogether from the list of gentry, of course I am led to ask what was their motive for putting the catalogues into the book at all? Was it simply to swell out the volume, and justify the extra sixpence? Or was there somewhat of the spirit of Jeames, a little flunkeyism in their breasts? Or worse still, did they give the Catholic body credit for the possession of this virtue, and for the consequent love of Peerages, Court Circulars, news of high-life, and the like? On the part of the Catholic body, I spurrn with scorrn the ruffian imputation. There is no class of men so free from the feeling in question as the English Catholics; none more independent, more uncontaminated with adulation and admiration of rank, title, and wealth for their own sakes. Why, then, put into our hands a Directory, a book of daily use, crammed with all this apparatus of flunkeydom? Why compel us to handle day after day such a gross and rank occasion of this grovelling weakness? Why should the Jeames within us have his evil concupiscence continually importuned by temptations like these? Who can answer for the numbers of us who, for want of better reading, will gradually come to excite in themselves an unhealthy appetite for this, and so will fall into a surfeit of toad-eating that can do nothing else than study the Peerage and the Court Circular?—a symptom by which this disease may as certainly be discovered as a morbid love of bacon may be inferred from the patient obstinately persisting in licking the pigsty-door.

No, I think I may assert without fear of contradiction,

that we Catholics are wonderfully free from all stupid gaping admiration of rank, titles, wealth, and high-life; though on this latter point I have been somewhat disturbed latterly by some "marriages in high-life" recorded in the *Roman Banner*. I do not for a moment insinuate that the gentlemen and ladies there named do not appertain to this sublime state; but here, as before, I want the terms defined. What is "high-life"? What constitutes a marriage in high-life? Where is the line that divides it from a marriage in no-life or in low-life? Is it a marriage in high-life when only one of the parties is highly connected?—when, for instance, the cook of the Marquis of Carabas marries Mr. Smith's butler? Or must both parties come from high places? Or what the dickens is high-life unless it is my life here in my six-pair-back, No. 5 Cwn Street, Pontydwdlm?—I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

RICHARD AP WILLIAM.

January 17, 1856.

Review.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Longmans.

THE History of England, by Thomas Babington Macaulay, will cost Thirty-Three Pounds; it will be comprised in thirty-seven very large volumes, consisting of thirty thousand pages; it will weigh more than three quarters of a hundred-weight; and it will be finished about the end of the next century. This at least is what Mr. Macaulay intended when he not only commenced his work, but when he actually printed and published his first two volumes. "I purpose," he says, in his opening sentence, "to write the history of England from the Accession of James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living." He then goes on to state further in detail what he shall do, and in the first three pages of his history repeats the pronoun *I* exactly fourteen times,—an extent of egotistical expression which we take to be perfectly unique among historians of capacity and mark.

The first instalment of the work thus magniloquently heralded was sufficient to show, by its mere bulk, that there is a certain deficiency in Mr. Macaulay's mind which incapa-

citates him from fulfilling the duties of a true historian. Many are the qualifications necessary for these duties; but we apprehend that among the most essential perhaps the first place ought to be assigned to that peculiar power of weighing probabilities, of sifting evidence, and of computing the relative magnitude and smallness of things in general, which constitutes a person of sound judgment. When a man comes to us, and ostentatiously promises to do a certain work, and at the same moment offers us a specimen of his powers of such a nature that we see at once that it is *impossible* that he can fulfil his engagement, we at once suspect that man's work itself. Whatever it appears, we feel sure that it must be hollow. We do not like to trust a man who undertakes distinctly to accomplish what by his own showing must take a hundred and fifty years to bring to an end. Small, therefore, as may appear the circumstance that in his first two volumes Mr. Macaulay got over just four years of his history, we think it was amply sufficient to make the observant reader suspicious of Mr. Macaulay's powers for estimating things in general. It betrayed an ignorance of himself, and a blindness to the facts of human life, which ought to have made every reader say, "This man may know a great deal, he may work very hard, he certainly is very clever, and he is a most brilliant and attractive writer; but he is a man for *show*, and not for *facts;* he thinks too much of himself, and too little of the difficulties of getting at historic truth, even in the most thoroughly studied of human affairs; he is either deliberately taking me in, or he is a reckless writer, whose aim is to present a grandly got-up story, and to seem to have penetrated to the depths of every thing when he has been merely picking up materials for a rhetorical statement."

Seven years after the publication of his first two volumes Mr. Macaulay appears with two more, still bigger than their predecessors, and relating the events of just eight years. Now, if the author really wanted seven years to study for the writing the history of eight, and those eight comprised in that particular period which has been the special object of his admiration from his youth, what right had he to undertake a history of England when already in the decline of life? If this was not the cause, what was? Mr. Macaulay has vouchsafed the public no explanation of the phenomenon. We gather from a certain passage in the second of the two recently-published volumes, that he is at length altering his plans, and has given up the idea of fulfilling the promise of his outset. At the end of his seventeenth chapter, after speaking in his usual roundabout and allusive way to the Emancipation Act,

he adds, "It will be for some other historian to relate the vicissitudes of that great conflict, and the late triumph of reason and humanity." From this we gather that Mr. Macaulay already contemplates stopping short of the Emancipation and Reform period; though really he is so oracularly ambiguous, that it is often difficult to know what he means. He has such a taste for the review-style of announcing historical facts, that it is often difficult to tell precisely with what degree of literalness he intends us to accept his sentences. Take, for instance, the sentence which follows that which we have just quoted:

> "Unhappily such a historian will have to relate that the triumph won by such exertions and by such sacrifices was immediately followed by disappointment; that it proved far less easy to eradicate evil passions than to repeal evil laws; and that long after every trace of national and religious animosity had been obliterated from the statute-book, national and religious animosities continued to rankle in the bosom of millions."

What a caricature of historical statement is this! What an imposition on our common sense to be told that "every trace of national and religious animosity has been long obliterated from the statute-book"! This is Macaulay all over. It is an extravagant exaggeration, and, speaking historically, it is devoid of truth. There are *many* such "traces of national and religious animosity" in the statute-book: most of these may be practically inoperative; but there they are, as a fact with the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill, as the crowning contradiction to our historian's assertion.

We have said that Mr. Macaulay is given to be oracularly ambiguous. This is not one of the faults most commonly imputed to him; but we think few persons can critically examine his writings, and not come to the same conclusion. And we believe, moreover, that this very oracular ambiguity is one of the causes of his great popularity. People imagine that because his narratives are enormously long, and yet not wearisome, and, moreover, because he frequently brings out little points of minute historical or anecdotical information not generally known, and of a telling character, his history is lengthy on account of the minuteness of its details and the careful elaboration of all its parts. This, however, is not the case. Mr. Macaulay's style of painting is infected with the error which is the reverse of that of the "Pre-Raphaelites." The "Pre-Raphaelites," as fashion calls them, paint not only what the eye sees, when it fixes itself on a scene as a whole, but what it sees by a separate inspection of all that is actually before it, taken part by part, and requiring innumerable

changes in its action as an optical instrument. Mr. Macaulay, on the other hand, overlooks all linear details, and is not to be depended on for real minuteness or precise accuracy in any thing. His aim is to produce an effective scene by breadth of handling, a rich tone of colour, a masculine vigour of touch, and a brilliant prominence of lights in those portions of his performance which he wishes the spectator particularly to observe. His volumes abound in "views," both of persons and events, rather than in the individual facts which it is the special province of the historian to learn, to arrange, and to present. His manner of doing what he does is undoubtedly able in a very high degree; but still the result is the rhetoric of history, rather than history itself.

And this is just what the world of miscellaneous readers likes. It is a mistake to suppose that people are usually extremely anxious to know the correct facts on any subject that they care about; they want to think they know them, much more than really to know them. The distinction is a real and a most important one. To know a thing is satisfactory to our nature, acting innocently and in conformity with the laws which our Creator impressed upon it. To know that we know things, or to think that we know them, is a reflex action of the mind itself, which is totally different, and which tends to flatter our self-love. Accordingly, the world loves a sham instructor better than a real one. It delights to sit at the feet of one who will supply it with a clear and interesting view, apparently embodying an immense amount of information, but so presented that any ordinary capacity can think it comprehends all that is said, and garnished with little spicy novelties which fill the mind with a pleasing titillation, and send it back to its ordinary work with the conviction that now it is perfectly well-informed on the subject of discussion. In thus gratifying the intellectual vanity of his readers, Mr. Macaulay is a master-hand. Nine people out of ten get up from his volumes with the firm conviction that they know every thing that is worth knowing about the times on which he has been discoursing in such fluent and fascinating phrase.

Let us state, however, a little more in detail our reasons for withholding our confidence from Mr. Macaulay as a historian. This we shall best do by first briefly pointing out the great difficulties which lie in the historian's path, and which are not always so distinctly recognised as they ought to be by either writer or reader of history. It is often supposed that the great work a historian has to accomplish, is to get together all the materials that can be laid hold of, by hook or by crook, bearing on any past events, and to combine all these

into a complete and readable narrative, with wise remarks on the events thus portrayed. An immense store of reading of the writings of the period treated on, is held to be *the* one requisite, par excellence, for writing a history. Ransack every library; beg access to every old muniment-room; hunt up all the fugitive songs, epigrams, and squibs of the day; above all, rout out somebody or other's private diary or private correspondence; and, behold, you are three-parts of an authority already. Most readers are perfectly willing to put their faith in the narrative drawn up by any man who has actually heaped up all these stores, and read them, and collated them, and is at the same time a fairly honest person himself.

Now, unless we are strangely mistaken, we have here no single sign that the person thus furnished is to be trusted *as a historian*. His real difficulties have yet to begin. The question is, how much of all this mighty heap of contemporary literature — even granting that it is all contemporary — is to be depended on as practically trustworthy? For ourselves, we believe that a very large portion of the so-called materials for history are utterly worthless. The statements they make *may be* true, in the nature of things; but the historian has no right to repeat them unless he has good reason for believing that they *are* true. It is absurd to suppose that, because the "materials for history" are as old as the events recorded, therefore they are to be depended on. Is not the literature of one's own time one gigantic mass of contradictions and incorrectnesses as to matters of fact? See how hard it is to get at the exact truth about the men and things of the day; not because the people who write and talk are false, but because nearly every body is loose and incorrect in repeating what he hears, and because most persons are more impressed by the confidence with which a thing is stated, than by the evidence on which it rests. The future historian of the present day will have to depend upon what is now written, either for the public or for private eyes. What will be the value of his materials? Will not three-fourths of it be mere gossip, report, impressions, exaggerations, party-statements, jests, and even diametrically contradictory accounts of the same things proceeding from actual eye or ear-witnesses? If any body doubts the extraordinary inaccuracy of mankind in general as reporters of facts, let him tell any little history or anecdote to a few of his friends, and let him then hear them, one by one, repeat what he has said to other persons. He will find that in nearly every single instance the story is told differently from the way in which he told it, and has become practically inexact and untrue as a narrative. Why, then, should

we place implicit confidence in the rumours, the scandals, the professed "every-body-says," of a past age, merely because these things are printed on old and dirty paper, or are to be found only in a venerable college-library, or the archives of some ducal mansion situated in a magnificent park of oak-trees?

The first *bonâ fide* work of the historian, therefore, is to reject every thing that does not rest on sufficient proof;—not, we repeat, on some proof, but on sufficient proof. For history is, by its very profession, the record of what actually has taken place, not of what may have taken place. A history is quite a different thing from the dogmatic gossip of the dinner-table, or the infallibly correct information of a newspaper correspondent. When we talk over the news of the day, or write it down in a diary, or send it off to a friend (little thinking that some day we shall be resuscitated as a historical "authority"), we do not pretend to have investigated the matter, or to vouch for the correctness of *our* authorities. But the historian does claim to do all this. He comes, not as the advocate, but as the judge; summing up, rejecting all insufficient proofs, and saying, "Believe this and that as true."

Hence the absolute necessity of a peculiar faculty for sifting the claims of old writings in one who would write history. Hence the mischief of an exaggerating disposition, which will magnify single instances into universal laws, or add just those little bits of colour to the delineations of the original sketcher which will alter the whole complexion of the picture, and produce a practical effect the very reverse of what was first contemplated.

It will be objected to us, that if we are to write history on this system of incredulity, no slight portion of the best accredited chronicles ought to be put in the fire, and on many of the most interesting parts of man's history we must be content to know little or nothing. We entirely agree with this deduction. We do not believe one-half of what we read in history. We doubt the value of the original sources, and we doubt the capacity of the writers for accuracy in repetition, not to mention the warping influences of party and personal prejudice.

Almost as we write, we meet with a fresh and very apt illustration of the excessive caution necessary in trusting to apparently unexceptionable authorities. In a recently-published number of the *Correspondant*, a French Catholic periodical which has lately passed into the hands of an eminent body of French Catholic literati, we find an article "On Publicity in England." It is written by Count de Montalembert, and its object is thus described: "In speaking of the institu-

tions and traditions of England—of those of them which we may not only envy, but might adopt with benefit to our democratic society—if we inquire minutely what is the principal instrument of that social mechanism, so solid, and at the same time so complicated, what is the most efficacious guarantee for the enjoyment of so many rights, both ancient and modern, I incline to think that the answer is, publicity. The publicity which prevails in England is at once immense, complete, and sincere. It was not so always, but it is so now. Such publicity cannot of course exist without the freedom of the press; but liberty of the press does not always suffice to establish it. This we know by experience. We have had in France the license of the press, but we have never had true publicity."

Here we have exactly one of those "materials for history" on which some future French Macaulay will rely. He will essay to paint the spirit of the middle of the nineteenth century as shown in the conduct of the press, and will naturally contrast its condition in France with its condition in England. And who so perfectly faultless an authority as M. de Montalembert on such a subject? If he is wrong as to the great facts of the matter, who can be trusted? He is a man of mature age, unusual abilities, half-English by parentage, well-read in English literature, a devout Catholic, and a man of unimpeachable honour. He is, moreover, formally enlightening his fellow-countrymen on a matter of fact, on which it is impossible to suppose that he can be greatly in error; and the statements he makes are by no means such as can be supposed palatable to the government under whom he writes.

Now mark the "facts" here embalmed for the future Macaulay: "You must not look for justice or moderation in the judgments of the English journalists. No, but you may be sure of this, that side by side with his leading-article you will always find a full and faithful narrative of the facts that he discusses—a correct reproduction of the speech or writing which he may attack; and thus the rights of truth are preserved."

What will the Catholic readers of the *Times* say to this last sentence, when they remember the "correct reproduction" of Cardinal Wiseman's lectures which that honourable newspaper makes the subject of its coarse attacks—the first lecture on the Concordat, for instance? M. de Montalembert's statement is totally incorrect. Yet the coming historian will ask if it was possible that on *Catholic* subjects, at any rate, he could be greatly mistaken?

Further on, he continues: "In England the public looks

upon itself as a standing jury. It insists upon hearing the *pro* and *con* of every question. Any individual who may be attacked, or even alluded to, in a newspaper, is at once a party to the great cause always in course of hearing. He may use, and even abuse, the rights of the defence. Every newspaper is constrained, out of respect for public opinion, to assume the attitude of those judges whose Anglo-Saxon equity will not allow an accused party to be insulted or entrapped. Injustice often prevails after all; the evil principle is too often triumphant in England, as elsewhere; but the victory of evil, always contested, is never complete—never definitive. Every complaint finds an echo, every right a champion, every combatant a fair field of battle."

We are literally amazed at seeing such an assertion. Does M. de Montalembert ever look at an English Catholic newspaper; or, if so, does he ever read any thing more than the leading-articles? How, then, is it that he has forgotten the repeated instances which their columns supply of letters refused insertion by the Protestant journals on Catholic subjects, when they refute false statements made by their own writers? Nor is it only in Catholic matters that the English press is guilty of the crime of which M. de Montalembert so pointedly acquits it. Of course, if he reads only the *Times*, and believes its own professions of immaculate virtue, his error is accounted for; but let him look at the other daily and weekly papers, and he will find that the panegyric is totally undeserved, and that it is extremely rare for any journal to insert the corrections of injured correspondents, unless, for some reason or other, they find a special interest in so doing.

Here, then, as we have said, is perhaps as trustworthy an authority for unborn chroniclers as can be named. Yet he will grievously mislead them in a very important matter of fact. What, then, ought to be the caution of the Macaulays of to-day, in accepting the testimony of writers of ages now long past, on any thing except what they have personally witnessed; and even then, how often will they mislead, from sheer want of capacity for accurate observation?

In that peculiar genius for discrimination, without which no man ought to write such a history as Mr. Macaulay's, he himself is singularly deficient. He does not even aim at discrimination. He reads an endless collection of books, pamphlets, broad-sheets, and manuscripts. He has a capital memory, and he can put things together with admirable skill. But the purpose with which he devours his varied repast is transparent. He wants to write a telling, powerful, picturesque narrative. He wants to get together every thing that

can be brought in to help the impression of his story. His aim is not to tell what is true, and *only* what is true. When he lights upon some old scrap, or some forgotten volume, he does not consider whether it is to be depended on, but he looks to see what is in it. If it will help to fill up his picture, it is a treasure; and down go its statements, even though it is an absolutely anonymous production, side by side with the best-proved facts; provided always, let us add, that it does not clash with Mr. Macaulay's personal feelings on Whigs, parsons, Papists, James the Second, and the glorious Revolution.

This omnivorous appetite for the rubbish of the past is, besides, not a little fostered by a writer's desire to present what is called a picture of the times. The historians of the last century wrote about kings, ministers, and battles. This they considered was the history of man. Now-a-days the world is wiser, and wants to know what living men and women did in private as well as in public. They want to know how their forefathers ate, drank, dressed, amused themselves, travelled, talked, and generally passed their daily existence. And this is undoubtedly a vast improvement on the old notion of history; but it brings with it a special temptation, even to more cautious men than Mr. Macaulay. All is grist that goes to this modern mill. Pictures of society are drawn from sketches of individual instances, often by the most incompetent draughtsmen. One set of facts, which can easily be got at, is presented as indicating the entire character of human existence, to the total ignoring of those which, after all, had the chief influence in determining what *it was to be a living man in those days*. We need hardly add, that as Mr. Macaulay, at the outset, made it his prominent profession that he should instruct us in all these things, so he is pre-eminently faulty in gathering up materials of all sorts and kinds, and in deducing from them general conclusions far beyond what they would warrant, even supposing them to be trustworthy as simple witnesses of single matters of fact.

Of course the ordinary critic, and still less the ordinary reader, cannot be expected to point out every separate case in which a writer of Mr. Macaulay's extensive reading goes astray. Nevertheless, it is far from difficult to test his pretensions. When we find that, wherever we do investigate a person's statements, we detect instances of carelessness, prejudice, exaggeration, and perversion of original documents, then we are more than justified in treating his whole work as more or less a fraud upon our understandings, and an imposition upon our credulity. He becomes instantly a suspicious personage; and whatever he tells us we hesitate to believe, even though we

can perceive in it no signs of untruth or bigotry. The critics of sundry newspapers and periodicals have already been busy with Mr. Macaulay's mistakes and perversions, and we shall therefore not trouble our readers with a fresh exposure of those particulars with which the public is already familiar; preferring to note other instances which have happened to strike ourselves, and which, as far as we know, have not been dwelt upon in detail.

As a specimen of the sort of "authorities" on which we are requested to believe, for instance, the history of the war in Ireland between the Williamite and Jacobite parties, take one which Mr. Macaulay incessantly quotes, called *The Life of James.* What can be the real weight of this book, or else what is the weight to be attributed to Mr. Macaulay's selections from it, when we find him at one time calling one of its narratives "an absurd romance;" and saying of another of them that "it deserves to be noticed merely for its pre-eminent absurdity"? After narrating the battle of Aghrim, Mr. Macaulay gives his authorities; but admits that they "differ very widely from each other," and that "the difference cannot be ascribed solely or chiefly to partiality;" adding, "no two narratives differ more widely than that which will be found in the *Life of James*, and that which will be found in the Memoirs of his son." Is this history, we ask again? And are we to believe that from such unsatisfactory originals Mr. Macaulay is, of all writers in the world, *the* man to detect the truth and nothing but the truth? *Credat Judæus: haud ego.* No one could succeed better than he in making up a plausible story out of the heterogeneous mass of contradictions and newsmongering before him; but as for trusting him to disentangle the thin silken thread of facts which lies knotted and twisted up amid the confusion of hempen and cotton cordage which overlays and holds it in, we should as soon believe that Alexander untied the Gordian knot with his fingers.

As an illustration of Mr. Macaulay's arts, and while we are upon the conflicts in Ireland, we may as well notice a characteristic instance, which the story of the capitulation of Limerick supplies, of his ingenuity in maligning those whom he thinks fit to hate. When Limerick surrendered to the Williamites, it was agreed that the Jacobite troops who preferred it should have permission to leave the country and enter the service of the King of France. Mr. Macaulay thus tells us what went on on the occasion:

"The help of the Roman Catholic clergy was called in (by the Jacobite leaders). On the day on which those who had made up their minds to go to France were required to announce their deter-

mination, the priests were indefatigable in exhorting. At the head of every regiment a sermon was preached on the duty of adhering to the cause of the Church, and on the sin and danger of consorting with unbelievers. Whoever, it was said, should enter the service of the usurpers would do so at the peril of his soul. The heretics affirmed that, after the peroration, a plentiful allowance of brandy was served out to the audience; and that when the brandy had been swallowed, a bishop pronounced a benediction. Thus duly primed by physical and moral stimulants, the garrison, consisting of about 14,000 infantry, was drawn up in the vast meadow which lay on the Clare bank of the Shannon."

Considering that, a few pages further on, Mr. Macaulay gives vent to his pious and charitable feelings in the canting piece of lamentation which we have already quoted, this "narrative" of the "Papists'" proceedings may be pronounced as pretty well for a votary of universal benevolence. But let us look at it in detail. The only authority for this story about the preaching and the brandy is Story's "Impartial History;" except that, exactly at the particular point of the narration which will serve to mislead the reader without the utterance of a direct falsehood, Mr. Macaulay pretends to confirm Story's account,—which has no pretence to being any thing better than common report,—by the testimony of one who, *he tells us*, was present, but whom he elsewhere contemptuously describes as a hedge-schoolmaster turned captain. This man wrote a sort of diary, in the vilest Latin, and in an almost undecipherable hand; and Mr. Macaulay has had the MS. lent to him. He confirms a small portion only of what Mr. Macaulay gives as history, in the following words: "Hic apud sacrum omnes advertizantur a capellanis ire potius in Galliam." Now, in the first place, who or what this person was we know not; he might have been no more to be trusted to make a general statement than any one of the ordinary run of common soldiers in any army. But granting that *he* was correct, we pray the reader to observe what his simple statement, that the chaplains advised the troops to go to France, has become in the hands of our modern investigator of historical truth. See, also, how dexterously the story about the brandy is introduced. First, we have the chaplains' advice "to prefer going to France," expanded into "on the duty of adhering," &c. &c., "peril of the soul," and so forth. Then comes stealthily in, "the heretics affirmed;"—a lie told in the guise of a candid admission that it was only "the heretics' affirmation." Lastly, the whole story takes the complete Macaulayan shape, and comes out a full-blown slander. "Thus, duly primed with physical and moral stimulants, the garrison" did so and so.

Good, simple readers of the *Rambler*, when you want to blast your innocent neighbour's reputation, take a lesson from the Right *Honourable* Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Our next illustration of Mr. Macaulay's veracity involves a charge of a still darker dye. In the year 1692, a half-witted Frenchman, named Grandval, was seized in the Netherlands, and hanged, drawn, and quartered, on an accusation of having intended to assassinate William the Third. This crime, Mr. Macaulay says, had the expressed approval of the exiled James, and Louis the Fourteenth was "an accessory after the fact." This outrageous accusation against the two monarchs is too monstrous for even such sound Protestants as the conductors of the *Times* newspaper, which has briefly expressed its disbelief in Mr. Macaulay's charge. We shall presently quote the accusation itself, as it stands, and show in detail what it is worth; but in order thoroughly to understand the craft which our author employs in order to throw an air of plausibility over his most daring untruths, we must first extract his story of the death of Louvois, the renowned minister of Louis the Fourteenth. The reader will bear in mind, that in his nineteenth chapter, Mr. Macaulay is about to charge the French king with approving one of the most atrocious crimes that can awake the horror and indignation of one man against another. In order to make his charges go down, it is necessary to blacken the character of the accused, and to suppress every thing that may make him appear incapable of the extraordinary wickedness which is to be imputed to him. We need hardly tell our own readers that we are no admirers of the French monarch,—we might almost say in any single point of view. Still, we feel the natural indignation of every honest man at seeing his history doctored and "cooked" as we here see it by the most popular of modern English historians.

In his eighteenth chapter, then, Mr. Macaulay thus describes the death of Louvois:

"In spite of his abilities and of his services, he had become odious to Lewis, and to her who governed Lewis. On the last occasion on which the king and the minister transacted business together, the ill-humour on both sides broke violently forth. The servant, in his vexation, dashed his portfolio on the ground. The master, forgetting, what he seldom forgot, that a king should be a gentleman, lifted his cane. Fortunately his wife was present. She, with her usual prudence, caught his arm. She then got Louvois out of the room, and exhorted him to come back the next day as if nothing had happened. The next day he came, but with death in his face. The king, though full of resentment, was touched with

pity, and advised Louvois to go home and take care of himself. That evening the great minister died.

Louvois had constantly opposed all plans for the invasion of England. His death was therefore regarded at St. Germain's as a fortunate event. It was, however, necessary to look sad, and to send a gentleman to Versailles with some words of condolence. The messenger found the gorgeous circle of courtiers assembled round their master on the terrace above the orangery. 'Sir,' said Lewis, in a tone so easy and cheerful that it filled all the bystanders with amazement, 'present my compliments and thanks to the King and Queen of England, and tell them that neither my affairs nor theirs will go on the worse for what has happened.' These words were doubtless meant to intimate that the influence of Louvois had not been exerted in favour of the House of Stuart."

Thus far Mr. Macaulay; and he adds a note to say that Saint Simon, to whom he refers for the story, "was on the terrace, and, young as he was, observed this singular scene with an eye which nothing escaped." Turn we, then, to Saint Simon's Memoirs, and we shall receive a new and pregnant lesson in the art of blackening men's characters. Mr. Macaulay, it will have been observed, here favours the English reader with two anecdotes of Louis; and both of these are known to the world on the authority of Saint Simon. As Mr. Macaulay tells us, he witnessed the scene last related; and he may be taken for as fair a witness as can be expected in a boy of fifteen, for he was only of that age. At any rate, he was told the history of Louvois' conduct after he left the king on the day of the quarrel by the friends who were with Louvois immediately after it.

Now it so happens that the story of the quarrel, as told by Saint Simon, differs in every important particular from that which Mr. Macaulay here repeats; and it is far more favourable to Louis, though Saint Simon was any thing but a partial friend to the king. It further shows him in a light which makes it highly improbable that he would have tolerated the horrible crime which Mr. Macaulay imputes to him. Accordingly, while telling the second story as Saint Simon tells it, he throws him overboard for the first, and repeats *Burnet's* version, which was nothing more than the gossip of the Williamite courtiers, and has not the shadow of a pretension to be put against Saint Simon's. Saint Simon's narrative was this: that Louvois was extremely eager to exercise some horrible cruelties on the city of Trêves; he wished, in fact, to burn it to the ground, as a supplement to the "terrible executions" which he had already perpetrated in the Palatinate. This monstrous proposal was vehemently opposed by Madame de

Maintenon, as an atrocious cruelty; and Louis, who, Saint Simon says, was then more scrupulous than in after-years, would not hear of the minister's proposal. One day Louvois went to the king, and again urged on him the expediency of burning the suspected city; but in vain. He then, thinking it was nothing but scruples that influenced him, had the extraordinary audacity to tell Louis that he had already despatched a courier to Trêves to give orders for setting fire to the place. On this the king was transported with indignation; and seized —not his cane, but the tongs in the fireplace, and rushed towards Louvois. Madame de Maintenon threw herself before him, and snatched the tongs from his hands, crying, "What are you going to do, sir?" Louvois rushed to the door; and the king called after him to send off another courier instantly, and told him that he should answer for it with his own head if a single house at Trêves was burnt.

Here we have the true story. *Of course*, Mr. Macaulay suppressed it; for it makes it simply incredible, that within a very few weeks, or almost days, Louis could have been guilty of the crime, of his participation in which Mr. Macaulay says "no human being could doubt."

But so determined is this writer in his vilifying, that he distorts that part of the narrative which he does take from Saint Simon, so far as it interferes with his picture of Louis's heartlessness; and even where there is nothing to gain by colouring the original, he must needs be busy with his paint-pot. The picturesque sentence about the death in the face of the minister is all invention. Saint Simon says nothing about Louvois' death being caused by the royal displeasure. He seems to have had some complaint upon him, for he went to drink the waters at Trianon on the morning of his death. In the course of the day he went to the king in the apartments of Madame de Maintenon (who was now the king's wife), and while there he felt himself rather unwell (*il s'était trouvé un peu mal*). The king then insisted on his going home, which he did on foot; at home his complaint suddenly increased, and he died while taking remedial measures.

The scene on the terrace is doctored with malice prepense. Mr. Macaulay's aim is to show up Louis for being as gay and merry as if nothing in the world had recently happened of a serious kind. Let the inexperienced note the skill with which he gently perverts his authority's words. Saint Simon says particularly, that he observed that Louis did not follow his universal custom (*qu'il faisait toujours*) of inspecting the fountains, and walking about in different parts of the gardens;

but that he did nothing but walk up and down the terrace of the orangery, *from which he could see the apartments in which Louvois had just died;* and that every time these came within view, as he walked in their direction, *he kept his eyes incessantly fixed upon them.*

This makes it evident that the *air et ton plus que dégagés*, which Mr. Macaulay coolly renders "a tone so easy and cheerful," &c., was simply put on for the occasion, in order to make James's messenger think that he was not troubled at what had happened. Moreover, Saint Simon does not say that it was the king's manner "which filled all the bystanders with amazement." He speaks of their surprise after the king's speech to the English courtier, but gives no hint that it was caused by his heartless gaiety. So low can Mr. Macaulay descend in the details of misrepresentation, and so perfect a master is he in the art of damaging the characters of those he thinks fit to malign.

Into the validity of the charge which he subsequently brings against Louis and James we have not now space to enter, and must reserve it, with some other specimens of this model history, for our next number. In the meantime, we may note in passing one or two briefer illustrations of its trustworthiness in details. One of Mr. Macaulay's most common artifices consists in making a specific statement of something that was said or done by some individual; he then appends to this some remark or general assertion, which in reality applies only to the special case before him; but he artfully puts it in such a way as to leave an impression that the statement is universally true, or that it has a far different meaning from that which his authorities warrant. Here is an instance. At p. 285, vol. iv., when telling the story which we shall examine in our next, he has these sentences in the text: "A flighty and half-witted man is the very instrument generally preferred by cunning politicians when very hazardous work is to be done. No shrewd calculator would, for any bribe, however enormous, have exposed himself to the fate of Catel, of Ravaillac, or of Gerarts." To this last phrase is added a foot-note: "Langhorne, the chief lay agent of the Jesuits in England, always, as he owned to Tillotson, selected tools on this principle." For this statement we are referred to Burnet. Now, it is not going too far to allege that every reader of Mr. Macaulay must take this note to mean that Langhorne told Tillotson that he selected his tools generally on the principle here described. Langhorne is adroitly put forward as a sort of representative of the Jesuits and their system,—as a man

whose great office was to "employ tools," and who chose them on this theory. In fact, Langhorne and the Jesuits are formally held up to scorn and reprobation.

Turn we now to Burnet, who is Mr. Macaulay's only authority for his accusation. In the first place, this absurd story, as reported by Burnet, has nothing whatever to do with William, or James, or the Jesuits, or the year 1682. It only pretends to relate what Tillotson said that Langhorne told him, when he saw him sending off "a half-witted man to manage elections in Kent," *in the time of Oliver Cromwell, before the Restoration!* Burnet says nothing about the Jesuits, or about Langhorne's being their chief lay-agent, calling him a "Popish counsellor-at-law;" and Langhorne said nothing about "employing tools" generally in this way, but only in "dangerous services." As for the story itself, it was just the sort of thing for a credulous, showy, and shallow man like Tillotson to repeat and to believe. Tillotson, on Burnet's own statement, believed that the fire of London was the work of "the Papists," —an extravagant idea, in which Burnet himself formally denies his own belief. What Langhorne really said to Tillotson, we cannot, of course, tell; but we must be excused for doubting that he was such an excessive simpleton as to tell Tillotson any thing that really revealed what he did. Such is Burnet's real story; re-cooked and garnished with the Jesuits, Mr. Macaulay makes it do service when he assails King James, as furnishing a probability that the would-be assassin of William was just the sort of man whom Papists, especially Jesuits, would have employed for the diabolical deed. If Mr. Macaulay had a grain of honesty about him, he would have asked himself whether it was probable that the Jesuits could be such superhuman monsters of craft as he accounts them, and *at the same time* such astonishing fools as to employ men who would prate about their ways to silly Protestant zealots like Tillotson.

The authorities on which the whole personal character of Lord Keeper Somers depends may be cited, in passing, both as an instance of the difficulties of history, and as an illustration of Mr. Macaulay's way of dealing with them.

"The eulogies on Somers," he says, "and the invectives against him, are innumerable. Perhaps the best way to come to a just judgment would be to collect all that has been said about him by Swift and Addison. They were the two keenest observers of their time, and they both knew him well; but it ought to be remarked, that till Swift turned Tory, he always extolled Somers, not only as the most accomplished, but as the most virtuous of men. After Swift ratted, he described

Somers as a man who 'possessed all excellent qualifications except virtue.'"

Mr. Macaulay, accordingly, in order "to come to a just judgment," adopts all that Addison* says, and rejects all that Swift says. His "character" of Somers is simply an elaborate eulogy, with the following mild description of his sensualism brought in at the end: "There is reason to believe that there was a small nucleus of truth round which this great mass of fiction gathered; and that the wisdom and self-command which Somers never wanted in the senate, on the judgment-seat, at the council-board, or in the society of wits, scholars, and philosophers, were not always proof against female attractions."

On this we can only ask, What if Marlborough's private life had been like that of Somers? What an outburst of offended purity would have escaped our moralist! Instead of this, Mr. Macaulay throws overboard the wide-spread stories and lampoons of the day, which would have been enough to convict a *Marlborough* of outrageous libertinism; and we have this shameless twaddle about not being "always proof against female attractions."†

We have had so much of our author's ingenuity in darkening, that we must note another specimen of his exaggerations in the rose-colouring way. It is one which would probably escape most readers' notice, and it might be called trifling; but it serves, as one of a numerous class, to show exactly the *kind* of untrustworthiness of which Mr. Macaulay is guilty, even when he is neither abusing the Duke of Marlborough, the Jesuits, or the Anglican clergy. In the middle of this same eulogy on Lord Keeper Somers, we find the simple fact, that this nobleman gave Vertue the engraver a commission to engrave Tillotson's portrait magnified into,—"Vertue, a strict Roman Catholic, was raised by the discriminating and liberal

* Addison's formal opinion of Somers is expressed in a flaming panegyric in the *Freeholder*, to which Mr. Macaulay does not refer, possibly because its vague generalities would awake a suspicion of its sincerity.

† We may notice, that in referring to the authority for Somers' character, which he really adopts, viz. Addison, he colours Somers' conduct towards Addison in his usual fashion. "By Somers, Addison was drawn forth from a cell in a college." This is his *way of putting* the fact, that Addison wrote a poem in praise of King William, with introductory verses addressed to Somers, to whom the poem was presented, and who, on receiving the poem (according to Tickell), desired his acquaintance. Addison was already practising as a courtier, and had got a hearty aristocratic "patron" in Montague, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When estimating Addison himself as an authority, we cannot help quoting, as peculiarly applicable, a sentence in Johnson's *Life*: "In this poem (*A Character of the English Poets*) is a very confident and discriminative character of Spenser, *whose work he had then never read.* So little, sometimes," continues Johnson, with an eye to unborn Macaulays, "is criticism the effect of judgment."

patronage of Somers from poverty and obscurity to the first rank among the engravers of the age." This veritable Macaulayism is pure fudge. When Somers gave him the commission referred to, Vertue was already much employed as an engraver through the patronage of Sir Godfrey Kneller, and his merits were so great, that he was rising inevitably to fame; but Somers was a Williamite Whig, and so he could not engage Vertue to engrave a print without taking rank with Mæcenas and Leo the Tenth,—a rank to which, in Vertue's regard, he had not the smallest title; for among all the eminent "patrons" who afterwards aided Vertue in his great historical-portrait engravings the name of Somers is not found. Mr. Macaulay puffs Somers; we shall end our present remarks by commending to his notice what Walpole says of Vertue's character and habits. "Vertue," he tells us, "was incommode: *he loved truth.*" And, again: "He was simple, modest, and scrupulous. He never uttered his opinion hastily, nor hastily assented to that of others." And once more: "One satisfaction the reader will have in the integrity of Mr. Vertue: it exceeded his industry, which is saying much. No man living, so bigoted to a vocation, was ever so incapable of falsehood. He did not deal in hypothesis, scarce in conjecture."

If we had to sum up the characteristics of our "historian," we think we should content ourselves with the above record of Vertue's merits, and inserting a negative before every one of them, append them to the portrait of Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Sunday Evenings at Home. Lectures on Religious Truths; from Advent to Easter. By the Rev. W. J. Alban Sheehy, M.A.A. First Series. (Dublin, Duffy.) We have often wanted to see a volume like this of Mr. Sheehy's, containing the sort of doctrinal, spiritual, and scriptural *information* which we are too apt to fancy comes to young and uneducated Catholics by a sort of inspiration. Mr. Sheehy has accomplished this first section of his task in a way that we think will be very acceptable to the class of readers for whom he writes. We should add, that his volume is excellently suited for lending-libraries. We shall hope before long to see a second instalment of the whole work.

Manual of the Third Order of St. Francis. (Burns and Lambert.) A useful and complete manual for the Franciscan Tertiaries, and in-

teresting besides to all who wish to see the working of Catholicism in those minor details which are less palpable to general observation. The advertisement implies that it is translated from continental writers; which we should have inferred from the peculiar manner in which certain amusements are spoken of at pp. 53, 54—a manner which is too vague for practical guidance in this country, and yet employs phrases tending to create morbid scrupulosity.

The Spiritual Doctrine of F. Louis Lallemant, S.J. Edited by F. W. Faber, D.D. (Burns and Lambert.) This is a work of great value, and belongs to a class of which we have few translated specimens in our language, and still fewer originals. Simple as are its form and diction, they are the vehicle for the deepest spirituality. Like all works eminent in this respect, its basis is a profound theology; without which foundation, it is almost a truism to say, books professing to treat of the spiritual life are apt to run into the turgid, sentimental, or commonplace, even where not guilty of exaggeration, deficiency, or error. St. Philip Neri's advice is well known: "Read the books whose authors' names begin with S." Now, though Father Lallemant is not a canonised saint, a glance at the short Life which is prefixed to the volume will show that he was a very saintly man; and his work, while composed with scientific precision, and therefore a sort of compendious treatise on the principles and order of the spiritual life, is remarkable for sweetness and unction. Indeed, the volume may profitably be used, as we have no doubt it will be used by many, as a book of meditation: *e.g.* we know of no work in English which contains so much in a concise and solid form on the subject of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, the mysteries of the Incarnation, the properties of the Sacred Humanity, the different states of life of the God-Man, and the wonders of the Holy Eucharist. The translation is carefully and correctly done, and renders the original into readable and idiomatic English.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The Catholic Church before and after Conversion. A Lecture; by F. Oakeley. (London, Burns and Lambert.) We hardly know whether to place our notice of this clever and instructive lecture under the heading of "Theology" or "Miscellaneous Literature." The subject indicates the former; the treatment the latter. At any rate, it is one of the best things of Mr. Oakeley's that we have read; and is as amusing as it is full of thought.

A Special Report of the Trial of the Rev. Vladimir Petcherine. Edited by James Doyle, Esq. (Dublin, Duffy.) Notwithstanding the high reputation of Mr. O'Hagan, to whom was intrusted the chief conduct of the defence of F. Petcherine, we confess that when we saw his speech puffed in the newspapers as "great speech," "splendid speech," &c., we expected a grand outburst of clap-trap and rubbish. Our expectations were most agreeably disappointed. It is an unusually excellent specimen of legal advocacy and rhetorical power, and bears all that impress of sincerity and genuineness which have contributed so largely to Mr. O'Hagan's reputation. It well deserved to be reprinted, as the chief attraction in Mr. Doyle's report of the trial.

A Lady's Second Journey round the World, from London to the Cape of Good Hope, Borneo, Java, Sumatra, Celebes, Ceram. &c. By Ida Pfeiffer. 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) Madame Pfeiffer is a wonderful woman. With no object but the collection of a few butterflies and fishes, the enjoyment of a change of scenery, and the collection of some rather superficial observations on the manners and customs of people of whose language she does not understand a word, she will make solitary journeys among cannibal Battakers, head-hunting Dyacks, and Alforas, through tropical forests and marshes, and over the most heart-breaking lung-bursting mountains. It is the pluck and strength of the woman, rather than her powers of observation and description, that render her books so popular. Her example shows that, in journeys for scientific purposes among savage tribes, a woman may travel with much more security than a man: and we beg to hint to some of our blooming sisters of the United States, that by following Madame Ida Pfeiffer they may establish their claims to equality of strength much better than by the adoption of short petticoats, long trousers, and transcendental theories on the rights of woman.

The Wanderer in Arabia, or Western Footsteps in Eastern Tracks. By G. T. Lowth. 2 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) This wanderer goes over the usual road—the Nile, the desert, and Jerusalem; the only novelty is, that his wife accompanies him, and that he dwells on the small deeds and sayings of the "Sitt" (as the Arabs taught him to call her) in a very gallant and uxorious manner. There is, we are sorry to say, nothing new in the Englishman's religious observations. At the Monastery of St. Catherine, on Mount Sina, he observes that the church was all lamps and pictures and decoration, while the mosque consisted of "bare white walls and a matted floor—nothing there but—Allah"! Allah being a kind of gloomy Calvinistic spirit, delighting in reprobation and whitewash, and carefully absenting himself from all places where there are "lamps, pictures, and decorations." At Jerusalem our pilgrim believes every thing in general and nothing in particular. All traditions that are precise are doubtful; there must be indefiniteness, smoke, mist, gloom, &c., before the British imagination can be kindled; truth must be clothed in the garments of falsehood before the Englishman will acknowledge it to be true. The subjects of the illustrations are chosen for their easiness, without any consideration for their interest. They are entirely worthless.

Rachel Gray, a Tale, founded on fact. By Julia Kavanagh. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) A story of humble life, without any love-making, but turning simply on paternal and filial affection and piety. It is simply and touchingly told, and is in every way commendable. It advocates and insinuates true religious sentiments without a shadow of controversy, and without admitting any thing that can offend the most sensitive of those who differ from the authoress.

A new History of England, Civil, Political, and Ecclesiastical. By G. S. Poulton. (London, W. Freeman.) This is really a new history; history so transfigured and falsified, that not a single actor would recognise his own act. It is a bulky octavo of near 800 pages, intended to hit Popery through the ribs of English history, and to be a regular *exposé* of how "the Church of Rome, with its increasing wealth—its absurd and childish ceremonies—its numerous orders of covetous priests—its mocking fasts, worldly festivals, and profane holidays—its ecclesiastical wars and theological differences—its corrupt doctrines, impious decrees,

trumpery relics, and incredible fables—its avaricious and depraved members—with its black deeds, cunning artifices, and daring atrocities,—very soon became not only unlike, but in every way opposed to, the Church of Christ." Mr. Poulton has succeeded in murdering the history; but his malice is greater than his wit, and the blow certainly has stopped there, and has not passed on to Popery. The book is a favourable specimen of the intensity and profligacy of English bigotry.

In a late review of Lord Brougham's *Analytical View of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia*, the *Athenæum*, after asking "whether the books of Copernicus and Galileo have been removed from the Index? and if so, when?" makes the following remarks on the case, which utterly relinquish the old Protestant ground, on which so many unsubstantial arguments against the infallibility of the Church have been erected:

"That the *sentence* upon Galileo has never been *reversed*, we have no doubt; nor that the declaration of falsehood and heresy in the earth's motion has been allowed to stand. And for these reasons: Galileo, whatever his philosophical merits might be, *was* acting heretically, according to the maxims of the Roman Church, in persisting publicly to interpret the Scriptures in a Copernican sense, or in any sense; and the declaration of the Inquisition needed no reversal, for it never was, and never could be, considered, upon the maxims of the same Church, as binding on the conscience of any one, except the person on his trial, after his abjuration. Fromond and Riccioli, the two strongest anti-Copernican Roman Catholic writers of the seventeenth century, both distinctly declare that the Inquisition has no authority in a matter of faith; and both distinctly pronounce that it is necessary the Pope himself should decide the point. That no Pope ever did interfere, that the Church permitted the apparent settlement of the question, and consented by inaction to the presumptuous declaration of its local judicature, is the real scandal; and it will be a scandal to the end of time."

In the preceding paragraph the reviewer owns that the Roman Index was only of local authority, not binding, for instance, in Spain, nor universally on all spiritual subjects of the Pope.

This, we conceive, gives up the whole Protestant ground of controversy. Hitherto they have cast in our teeth the pretended fact that our would-be infallible Pope has interfered with science, has condemned as untrue a doctrine since demonstrated to be true, and has been egregiously deceived, either in making a wrong definition of a doctrine which he had a right to define, or in mistaking the limits of his authority, and pretending to define a matter which he had no right to speak about. Now the quarrel takes a different turn—now "the real scandal is, that no Pope ever did interfere;" that the prohibition was only local and temporary, based not on the absolute truth of the doctrine, but on the effect it was likely to have on men's minds; imposed not by the Pope, or other infallible organ of the infallible Church, but by the "local judicature;" and never formally reversed, because, like all temporary expedients, it had died out, and become practically null and void, and therefore needed no solemn extinguishing.

When Dr. Cumming, on one side, maintains that the scandal is that the Pope did interfere, and the *Athenæum*, on the other, that he did not interfere, our best way is to withdraw from the arena, and to leave the combatants to inflict what punishment they choose on each other's eyes and noses.

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CATHOLICITY AND ENGLISH SOCIETY.

IN the beautiful apology for Christianity which Minucius Felix gave to the world in his dialogue entitled *Octavius*, during the reign of Septimius Severus or of Caracalla, Cæcilius, the person who defends the imperial religion, the religion which had made Rome the head of the civilised world, opens his apology for paganism in some such manner as this:

We can have no certain knowledge of what goes on in heaven, and it is a most intolerable piece of impudence on the part of blockheads and ignoramuses like the Christians to pretend to know things which the wisest men have not been able to discover. It ought to be enough for man to know himself a little better; as for the origin and government of the world, all that should be left vague and uncertain. Hence it is better to remain faithful to the recognised divinities which our fathers have set up, and which have raised the Romans, their constant worshippers, to their grandeur and power. Whatever criticism may have to say to the origin of the religion, the efforts of the Atheists who attempt to overturn it are sufficiently condemned by simple good sense; but it is far more revolting to see this ancient and respectable establishment despised and calumniated by a set of ragamuffins who dare not show themselves openly, who have no education, nor respect for law, nor honour,—by a parcel of conspirators, who recognise one another by secret signs, who worship the head of an ass, or even more revolting abominations, who pray to a crucifix or to a cross, who devour human flesh in their mysteries, and wallow in every excess of debauchery in their religious retirements. By a series of inconceivable follies like these they render themselves poor and miserable in this world; they cut themselves off from the march of intellect, the improvements of civilisation, and the advantages of com-

merce, in the imaginary hope of a greater happiness; and they will not understand that the degrading condition into which their ridiculous self-denial has thrust them in this world is a demonstration that their hope for the future is futile and unfounded, since their God cannot deliver them from their present calamities. The future is veiled in impenetrable obscurity. How are these Christian dogs to know what Socrates himself was ignorant of?

This bill of grievances and complaints, drawn up by a Roman against the Church in the third century, is substantially the same as that filed by the Englishman against the same Church in the nineteenth.

We do not, however, quote the old apologist for the purpose of instituting any irritating comparison between the Pagans of Rome and the Protestants of this country, nor with the intention of insinuating that we have to suffer the same evils which our ancestors in the faith had to endure at the hands of such persons as Cæcilius; we only wish to call attention to the fact, that our religion, whenever it is energetic, whenever it is not quiescent, always calls forth the hostility of the representatives of the power, the learning, the civilisation of the world; that, however much laws have been modified by the improved humanity of mankind, and softened by the spirit of the age, the frame of mind with which non-Catholic society regards us is substantially the same as that with which the society of the Roman Empire looked upon nascent Christianity; that, however improved may be our civil position in the presence of the laws, our social position in the presence of the prejudices, the feelings, the convictions of mankind has not changed since the third century. The invective of Cæcilius might, with a few alterations, be used as a leading article in a modern English journal against the Bull of Pope Pius IX. on the Immaculate Conception.

Our present purpose is to discuss some of the chief causes of this opposition, and to inquire what it is in ourselves and in our opponents that makes civilised Christians act towards Catholics in much the same way as the Pagans acted towards the Christians from the earliest ages of the Church.

In the elaborate history of Latin Christianity just completed by Dr. Milman, the poetical successor of the witty Sydney Smith in the deanery of St. Paul's, the author begins and ends his work with a contrast between Latin and Teutonic Christianity. By the latter he means the system which the Reformation introduced into Europe, of which Luther was the great apostle, and which has flourished almost exclusively in nations of Germanic origin; and he attributes to this religion

certain distinguishing marks which evidently account for its antagonism to the Latin religion, and which also remarkably coincide with the principles which are discoverable in the invective of Cæcilius. Milman, with that ancient apologist, claims for his religion three characteristics, which definitely and articulately distinguish it from Roman Christianity. These are, vagueness, subjectiveness, and rationality or agreement with common sense. Over against these, as the antagonist characteristics of Latin religion, he places definiteness, objectivity, and a want of sobriety, running on the one hand into mystery, and on the other into folly. Wherever this opposition is found, there, it appears, the weaker party must be content to undergo certain social disadvantages, such as those to which we allude, and of which we complain.

We agree with Dr. Milman in holding that a dislike of the dogmatic principle, as such, is one of the chief marks of Protestantism. A man whose conscience is not overburdened, and who has no overwhelming misgivings about the future, scarcely thinks that future worth inquiring about. Perfectly conscious that he knows nothing of it, he assumes that what he does not know is absolutely unknown; and he is inclined to look at any one who professes to be able to tell him about it as an impostor and a charlatan. He asserts with Cæcilius that we can have no certain cognisance of it, and he looks upon all attempts to define it as intolerable insolence. Whether you endeavour to force upon him the belief of dogmas as such,—the confession of judgment, heaven, and hell,—or whether you try to get him to make a personal application of these doctrines to his own case, and through the fear which they ought to inspire to get rid, at any sacrifice, of the burden which, whether it torments him or not, is certainly present to his conscience, he will be equally angry at your impudence. No man has a right to impose on his intelligence; no man has a right to come between his conscience and his God. He may accept dogmas, but only in a negative sense, as a protest against those who accept too many; he will never be bound by any positive interpretation of them; those which at any time or place are troublesome to him, he will then and there cast away. If he retains any, it is because those which he retains do not at the time present any difficulties to his interior sense. Each age can only pare away the external stratum of its prejudices, its superstitions, or its faith; the thing which the spirit of the age requires to be conceded is, not the absolute reduction of the object believed to the minimum of demonstrable truth, but the right to pare away in succession each coating of uncertain, indemonstrable, dubitable matter; and the admission that these

concentric layers beneath which truth lies *are* really the uncertain indemonstrable things which they are assumed to be. In other words, society at large is always demanding of the dogmatic Church that she should acknowledge her doctrines to be vague; that she should speak with faltering lips; that though still claiming to be a messenger of God, she should own that she is not quite certain what her message is. All that the world asks is, that we should own that we are not quite certain of being completely free from error; that we should acknowledge it to be possible that others may be right as well as ourselves. Our opponents do not pretend to any such exclusive possession of the truth, why then should we? They, the conquerors of the world, the road-makers of Europe, whose ships plough every sea, and collect the choicest products of every shore; authors of a literature which they believe to be unrivalled; inventors and discoverers of sciences which are hailed as new revelations of the truth,—they are not ashamed to own that they are uncertain about the other world; the only thing they would be ashamed to acknowledge is, that men whom they despise, nations clothed in rags and fed on potatoes, the lazy degraded populations of Spain and Italy, the narrow-minded ecclesiastic, whose physical science is drawn from St. Augustine, and whose knowledge of the world is confined to what he has gained within the four walls of the seminary wherein he has been immured almost from his infancy,—they would be ashamed that men like these could know more than they do upon things of the highest moment, of which they own themselves to be ignorant. How are these Christians to know what Socrates himself was ignorant of? How are a Pope and a few Cardinals, men of scarcely any mark in literary and scientific Europe, to know that which Owen and Faraday, Lyell and Arago, Kant and Bentham, Wellington and Palmerston know nothing about? No, they say, true modesty in dogmatism is shown by its vagueness and uncertain form. It is this which, in opposition to the hard definite Dantesque outline and determined colour of mediæval art, constitutes the sublimity of a Milton or a Beethoven; it is this very vastness and incomprehensibility which proclaims the reality of the conception of the Godhead. Define Him, and He is gone; no limits can contain the illimitable: wherever we define, we banish Divinity; the thunder and the earthquake, the diurnal movement of the heavens, are divine till they are reduced to known natural laws; as the domain of these laws advances, the Deity, as it were, recedes into more unapproachable majesty.

Such, we think, has ever been the course pursued by the

opponents of the Church; they have never agreed in a protest against any one of her dogmas; they have always agreed in their opposition to her right of definition. We have seen what was the case with regard to heathen objectors; in the same way St. Augustine tells us that the Manichæans brought up the old Gnostic charge against Catholics of being under a religious tyranny, of allowing no independent inquiry into doctrine, no progress in knowledge. So, to come to a remarkable instance, the "judicious" Hooker,—a man whose science is not to be measured by the degenerate Anglican standard of modern days, whose learning and acuteness won the admiration of theologians at Rome, and of the Pope himself,—when writing expressly to defend the remains of the positive Catholic system which the English Reformation had spared against the more advanced innovators who wished to destroy them,—in that very work, so positive, so dogmatic, so full of eloquent and rational defence of Church-authority, and of the prophetic and dogmatic power accorded to it, Hooker no sooner stumbles upon a Catholic doctrine which he has to combat, than he opposes it with the very weapons whose use against his own Church he argues against so triumphantly. With flagrant inconsistency he defends the Athanasian Creed, on the principle that it is good to define in matters of devotion, and to know what we adore; and he attacks the dogma of transubstantiation, because definition is inconsistent with devotion; because he prefers "simplicity of faith before that knowledge which, curiously sifting what it should adore, and disputing too boldly of that which the wit of man cannot search, chilleth for the most part all warmth of zeal, and bringeth soundness of belief many times into great hazard." "Let disputes and questions," he says, "enemies to piety, abatements of true devotion, ... take their rest." This spirit of obscurity and mystification has always remained in Anglicanism; even those who yearn for dogmatical certainty are quieted by Mr. Williams' tract, and are taught to accept the stuttering formularies of Anglicanism as a Providential dispensation, fitted for their state of servitude; another party are taught by the Bampton lecturer of the day to glory in their position, and to boast of the absence of precision in their formularies as scriptural, and as suitable for a state of probation; while the widely-spread party who profess broad-church principles are taught by Dean Milman that this vagueness and uncertainty is the distinguishing characteristic of Teutonic Christianity, necessary for the success of its antagonism to Roman dogmatism. And if this is the feeling of persons outside the Church with regard to general

dogmas, much more acute is their pain and their indignation when any personal application of them is made to themselves. That they, the rich, the learned, the respectable, should accept their religion at the hands of this or that lazy monk or sneaking priest moves their bile to contemplate; but to imagine themselves on their knees before this contemptible creature, pouring out into his ears all that they will scarcely acknowledge even to themselves,—to think of their asking this man for pardon, and admitting that the secret and the key of their eternal destination is confided to him; to fancy that they must no longer walk by the light of their own conscience, but by foreign guidance, and that they must own that this man has power to release from sins, without omniscience to act in the place of the Omniscient (we are using the words of Dean Milman, which, mistaken as they are, represent well the general feeling of persons external to the Church),—all this, however softened off, has become in the highest degree offensive and presumptuous, and to the less serious even ludicrous.

We come now to our next characteristic, that of the subjectivity of all tenets outside of the Church. Subjectivity is, after all, but another aspect of vagueness; the tenets are vague because each man is only accountable to himself, because every individual has a right to believe what he likes, and to alter his belief as often as he chooses. But the subjectivity which we have to encounter means more than this. Cæcilius was content to assert that it ought to be enough for each man to know himself a little better; that no religion could be expected to go beyond the limits which bounded each separate individuality. Religion was to be subjective, because it could have no objective standard; it was to be only internal, dependent on each man's feelings and heart, because it had nothing to do with any thing external. But the subjectivity of the religion in the midst of which we English Catholics dwell, and against which we have to fight, is not this merely negative subjectivity, but is a real positive erection of the subjective into the objective, a consecration of individuality and of personal influence. This has always been the characteristic of the religion of the Reformation; it began with putting Luther into the place of Christ, and continues now to be a Pusey-worship, or a Cumming-worship, or some other personal cultus equally disreputable and degrading. M. D'Aubigné, speaking of the life and character of Luther, says, "The whole Reformation was there." .... "The different phases of this work succeeded each other in the mind of him who was to be the instrument for it before it was publicly accomplished in the world. *The knowledge of the Reformation effected in the*

heart of Luther himself is in truth the key to the reformation of the Church."* And this not only resulted from the admiration of his followers, but it was the effect of Luther's own determination; he insisted on being the legislator of the new sect. "He was no less confident of his personal inspiration than of his ability to perform miracles. He disclaimed the Pope, he spurned the Church; but, varying in almost all else, he never doubted of his own infallibility. He thus piously regarded himself as the authoritative judge both of the meaning and of the authenticity of Scripture."† Not only did he maintain that which may be conceded, that the influence of a doctrine on the heart is a *confirmation* of its claim to be from God, but he practically laid down the converse proposition, that whatever comforted his heart was therefore true. This was the logic not only of Luther, but of Calvin, Beza, Knox, and the Anglican reformers; they derived an ease of mind, a comfort, an enthusiasm, from their doctrine of absolute predestination, therefore they imposed it as a truth on all their followers. Zuinglius never experienced any divine power in the Sacraments, therefore he denied its existence, and made his sect do the same. All the reformers and their followers had the personal experience and living conviction of never having performed one good work, therefore good works were impossible. This, then, as Möhler says, is the capital reproach against them, "that out of themselves, out of their own individual life, they have deduced a universal law. Christ is our pattern as well as our lawgiver; but such no creature is. The Lutheran Church is the incarnate spirit of Luther." He, an individual, had the inordinate pretension of constituting himself the arbitrary centre, to which all should assimilate themselves. He exhibited himself as the universal man, in whom every one was to be reflected, and thus formally usurped the incommunicable privilege of Christ Himself. In his monastery, when he had sunk almost to a state of despair, a brother monk, who hinted to him that faith was the remedy for his disease, suddenly revealed the cure of his malady. A chapter of the Corinthians, on which his eye first fell after this interview, convinced him that his new idea was an inspiration; from this moment, depending on nothing but his own single experience, he determined that faith, as he understood it, the belief of his own sins being pardoned, of his own person being accepted, of himself being justified and predestined, was the real formula which expressed the pure essence of Christianity, was *the* truth, which till that time had been buried beneath a load

* *History of the Reformation*, vol. i. p. 118.
† Sir William Hamilton, *Discussions*, p. 491.

of practices and observances of external worship, which it became his duty thenceforth to uproot and to destroy.

In like manner Calvin, though he speaks of the doctrine of predestination as "a dangerous sandbank," could not resist impressing his notion of it upon his sect, simply because he individually found such comfort in it. It is because of the practical interest he took in it, and the sweet fruits (*suavissimos fructus*) which he experienced from it, that he urged upon his followers to believe that not all are destined for happiness; that God created some simply to damn them, but that the pious Calvinist is one of the elect. Ignorance of this, says this teacher, obscures the glory of God, plucks up humility by the roots, renders a sense of internal gratitude to God impossible, and disturbs the quiet of conscience in the pious. This reformer, then, as well as Luther, has, as Möhler says, left a warning example to those who from any subjective practical motives think they are obliged to adopt any new or strange doctrine.

The framers of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican sect proceeded on the same principle; they impose the doctrine of justification by faith only, because it is "a most wholesome doctrine, and very full of comfort;" and that of predestination, because it is "full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort to godly persons."

The founders of the other English sects acted in a similar manner. In the disputes between Wesley and the Herrnhutters, Spangenberg appealed to his own experience against Wesley. The Wesleyans, on the other hand, appealed to their experience to prove that the regenerate no longer have motions of sensuality. Then Whitfield came forward with what he called "humility," to prove by his own experience the theory of absolute predestination. The egotistical exaltation of self to be the pattern of all meets us here in its most arrogant, most repulsive form.

How different is the case in Catholicity! There every thing is common to all. "Thy truth, O Lord," says St. Augustine, "is neither mine, nor of this man nor of that; but it is of all whom Thou callest publicly to its communion, terribly admonishing us to beware of making it our private property, lest we should be deprived of it."* But in non-Catholic sects this primary truth is so far obscured and forgotten, that even doctrines and principles are received simply on individual authority. In High-Church Anglicanism even the acceptance of the definitions of the doctrine of the Trinity often results only from an Athanasian party-feeling, an ardent admiration of that great

* Confess. ii. 24, quoted Compitum, vol. ii. p. 257.

struggle which Hooker eloquently describes, wherein (he says) "the whole world was against Athanasius, and Athanasius against it." So catching, so contagious is this individual worship outside the Church, that we find in that volume of sermons which Dr. Newman, before he was a Catholic, preached before the University of Oxford, and which certainly contains not only deep philosophy, but the germs and more than the germs of those principles which have since drawn not himself only but so many others to the Church,—in that volume we find a discourse entitled "Personal influence the means of propagating the truth," in which it is shown that such influence is the human means of which God makes use to realise His promise of the perpetuity of His revelation and of the indefectibility of the Church. In this sermon, the author allows not only the legitimate persuasive force which every saint, every preacher, every conscientious Christian must in his own sphere more or less exert, but he seems to admit the right of eminent men to make themselves the mirror of humanity, and to impress their own characteristics on the Church. "Before now," he says, "even one man has impressed an image on the Church which through God's mercy shall not be effaced while time lasts." And in concluding his discourse he exhorts persons to be content with low conditions, *because* even there they may have "the most extensive influence over the destinies of religion in the times following them." Now though all this may possibly be understood in a harmless sense, yet a man with his eyes open to the evil would never have expressed himself so unguardedly; would never, after asserting that St. Athanasius had permanently impressed his own image on the dogmatic theology of the Church, go on to exhort his hearers to the hope of exerting "extensive influence over religion;" as if forsooth it were a legitimate object of ambition to stamp the impress of our own mind and of our private manner of thought upon the mind and the formularies of the Bride of Christ.

Now certainly this principle, thus abundantly illustrated in the chief masters of Protestantism, has been correspondingly fruitful in their spiritual children. The subjective-objective system has now reached such a pitch, that each individual seeks to be the centre of his own world. The spiritual spinster, the converted counter-jumper, every paterfamilias in his household, every reverend spoutaway in his own tub or his own Ebenezer, every Honeyman in his own pulpit, has come to consider himself as the one centre from which all religion emanates, towards which it all gravitates. You may hear any one of these humble individuals ever protesting

against reliance on the powers of human reason, and referring every thing to grace, yet so certain of his own infallibility that three times a-day he will produce, as an unquestionable general principle and universal rule, merely on the authority of his own experience, the strangest half-proved exceptions against millions of demonstrated contrary instances. Of all human forms and characters, says Lavater, none is less improvable, none more intolerable and oppressive, than this race of sophists. They are intolerable against all nature, against all that is called general demonstrated truth; they attempt to demolish the most solid and magnificent fabric with a grain of sand picked from off its stones—or we might say, with a projectile still more incongruous and inadequate, the saliva which they secrete from their own fauces. With the obstinacy of the monomaniac, they will attempt to spit down the adamantine buttresses of the Church.

It is this subjectivity exalted into objectivity that is the real parent of the spirit of persecution. In Catholic countries, whenever persecuting tribunals have been established, they have invariably been engines of an individual political authority. Their significance has been entirely political, religion being only the pretext for their use. But the Protestant theory, by erecting each man into the centre of a system, multiplies the persons interested in persecuting, and (until bitter experience has taught the terrible anarchy of a state in which each man has all the rights of private judgment in his own favour, and all the rights of a caliph as against his neighbour) generates the most frightful social inquisition which the world has ever seen. It is all very well for Dean Milman to tell us that "toleration is utterly irreconcilable with the theory of Latin Christianity, but has been forced into the heart of Christendom." But the fact is, that the Catholic Church was only intolerant when she had whole populations of believers to protect, and when she advised the civil rulers of those populations to resist by the sword all attempts to introduce false doctrine among them. The Church always recognised the indefeasible right of every individual to save or to damn his own soul; the only person whom she thought she might cut off was the agitator who persisted in persuading his neighbours to damn themselves; and she cut him off, not by recommending him to the popular fury, but by confiding him to the tender mercies of the civil arm. We do not pretend that this theory of persecution was always kept within bounds; we do not assert that it has not brought forth bitter fruits; but we desire to point out as a pregnant fact, that in the iron age of Henry VIII., when political Catholics like Cranmer were

burning Protestants here, and in other countries Protestants were massacring Catholics, and thinking they were doing God service thereby, the voice of one who was to be our most illustrious martyr was in this land proclaiming the real sentiments of Catholicity, though veiled under his own semi-serious, semi-playful costume. Sir Thomas More was then telling men that in his Utopia, in his ideal republic, "every man was allowed to be of what religion he pleased; it was deemed to be foolish and indecent to threaten and terrify another for the purpose of making him believe what did not appear to him to be true." But Protestantism is one great organised system of social persecution; every man is his neighbour's legislator, spy, accuser, and judge. In its earliest outbreak every man's sword and tongue was against his neighbour, and society, as the Reformers themselves acknowledge, became a very hell; persecution had to cease, from the very impossibility of continuing it. Dire necessity forced toleration into the heart of Christendom; and though Protestantism might have been the occasion of this consummation, we surely owe nothing to the system on that account. Though it has been forced to sheathe the civil sword, which it bore so long drawn against us chiefly, but against its own fellow-religionists also, it has never removed the ban of our social excommunication; it has always kept up its private intolerance to a point which approaches persecution.

We reserve for another occasion the instances of this which have fallen under our own notice; here we shall only contrast the conduct of a country, which is generally considered the most bigoted, with that of enlightened and liberal England, in a matter wherein, if any where, the strictest religious exclusiveness is at least justifiable, if not praiseworthy,—we mean in the province of education. It was in the Italian universities alone that creed and country were no bar to honours: Dempster, the literary pride of Scotland, had to seek in a Pisan chair a theatre for his abilities which he could not find at home. "While Calvinist Leyden was expatriating her second Boerhaave, the Catholic Van Swieten, Catholic Pisa was drawing from Leyden the Calvinist Gronovius. In schismatic England, a single sect excludes all others from the privileges of university instruction; in Catholic Italy, even the university-chairs have not been closed against the heretic."* Though we cannot say that we altogether approve of so great a stretch of liberality, at any rate these instances well illustrate the social tolerance of Catholic society, as contrasted with the egotistical narrow-mindedness of Protestant bodies, which are forced into

* Hamilton, *Discussions*, p. 359.

an attitude of mutual suspicion, intolerance, and tyranny, by this simple fact, that the existence and exercise of private judgment in every individual is in Protestantism a personal insult to every body else: every Catholic convert is made to feel that he has perpetrated an unpardonable personal offence against his quondam Protestant friends by the mere act of renouncing their religion.

For ourselves, we do not wish to paint the character of "Teutonic religion," which results from its exaggerated subjectivity, in more harsh language than its advocate Dean Milman has allowed himself to use in the conclusion of his history. After stating the dangerous tendencies of Latin Christianity, which he derives from its objectivity, and which, he says, are towards servility, blind obedience, or blind guidance, the tacit abrogation, if not repudiation, of the moral influence by the undue elevation of the dogmatic and ritual part—towards a revival of Paganism with Christian symbols; and towards a shocking antinomianism, which even calls a murderer religious, if he does homage to a sacred image while he is stabbing his victim,—after enumerating these evil tendencies, which he thinks are naturally inherent in the Latin conception of Christianity, he contrasts with them those of the Teutonic Christianity, whose patronage he undertakes, in the following passage:

"Teutonic Christianity, more self-depending, self-guided, self-wrought out, is not without its peculiar dangers. It may become self-sufficient, unwarrantably arrogant, impatient not merely of control, but of all subordination, and incapable of all just self-estimation. It tends to isolate the man, either within himself, or as a member of a narrow sect, with all the evils of sectarianism, blind zeal, obstinate self-reliance, or rather self-adoration, contempt of others, moroseness, exclusiveness, fanaticism, undue appreciation of small things. It has its own antinomianism,—a dissociation of the moral and religious perfection of man. It appeals to conscious direct influences of grace with as much confidence, and as little discrimination or judgment," as the Latin to the grace he receives through the Sacraments.

Here we think we may leave this part of our subject. No cross-examination of witnesses could bring out more unfavourable evidence of the inner character of Protestantism than this voluntary confession of its latest, and one of its most able advocates.

The third characteristic claimed for their religious system by those outside the Church is rationality, and accordance with common sense. Teutonic religion, says Dean Milman,

is more vague, more subjective, and more rational than Latin. Cæcilius, in his invective, objects this same want of reason to the Christians of his day. Though probably no less a sceptic than Pyrrho himself, he yet first of all condemns the "Atheists," who ridicule the traditional origin of the divinities of Pagan Rome, as men wanting the very first elements of common sense; and then goes on to express his far more unmeasured disgust at the calumnies which the low-born, poverty-stricken Christians dared to express against the same respectable establishment. In his scheme, therefore, the first characteristic of common sense is an unquestioning acquiescence in established customs and beliefs. He then proceeds to attack the Christians for making a sacrifice of present happiness to the hope of future reward, on the faith of certain mystical tenets about judgment, heaven, and hell, of which it is quite impossible they should know more than their wiser and richer neighbours—who in fact know nothing whatever on the subject. The second character, therefore, of common sense, or rationality, is the repudiation of mysteries. These are still the two elements which determine a non-Catholic's judgment of the Church. She is foolish and irrational, he would say, first, in setting herself against the course of things, the march of intellect, the spirit of the age, the ways of the world, the received opinions and customs of society: secondly, in a fanatical depreciation of this world in comparison of the next; a moody melancholy of the soul, induced by a superstitious brooding over the memory of past sin; a foolish abandonment of natural enjoyment for the unnatural penitential discipline of the cloister; and a despicable surrender of the intellect to the unquestioning belief of impossible dogmas, merely through fear of contradicting a venerated authority. Not that these dogmas are controverted with any depth of argument: society is no great metaphysician; it is not troubled by logic or dialectic; it does not measure rationality by reasonable development of principles, it does not consider arguments; it merely looks at our conclusions in themselves; and according as they strike its prejudices or its habits, so are they at once characterised by it. It does not pretend to go into questions of substance and phenomena, but at once condemns transubstantiation because it is against or beyond sense. It will not enter into discussions about the power of the will, the value of sacrifice, the efficacy of penance; but at once condemns celibacy as impossible and unnatural. It treats all the rest of our doctrines and principles in the same way: it will not take the trouble to enter into our views, to understand our arguments, to receive our explanations, but judges at once by the standard

of its own institutions, manners, customs, and common sense. Society may be reasonable; it certainly is not reasoning. It has the power, the potentiality; not the habit or the act. When, therefore, it calls us irrational, it probably means to accuse us of misusing reason; of employing it for useless transcendental objects, instead of applying it to the improvement of agriculture, the advancement of mathematics, or the progress of physical discovery. No man ever mended shoes the better for the most sublime meditations on infinity. The highest use of pure reason is to construct a "kritik" of itself, to trace the bounds of its own province, and to take good care not to wander beyond. Its true wisdom is to relinquish religion to the domain of the imagination, the feelings, the moral sentiments; and to confine the reason to the world of phenomena, to that world which alone we can see, of which alone we have ocular demonstration. The one object of religion is to keep the mind calm, and the passions and feelings in subjection, so that a man may be a quiet citizen, and may employ his talents for the good of the public. It is a remedy for gloom, blue-devils, and despair. It is consolation and quiet of mind. This is the thing to be gained at any cost—

"Si possis rectè, si non, quocumque modo, rem."

The efficacy of a religion to this end is the test of its reasonableness: this is why the subjectivity of Lutheranism and Calvinism is rational. Don't ask if the *servum arbitrium* of the one, or the absolute predestination of the other, is strictly true; that has nothing to do with the question: the thing is, are they good remedies for certain mental diseases? if so, they are rational. When half the men of energy in the world lost themselves in scourging their own backs, or in immuring themselves in convents, in order to cure the despondency which the consciousness of past sin excited in their minds, Luther arose and proclaimed that "contrition which you get by examination, consideration, and detestation of your sins, by meditating over your past years in the bitterness of your soul, pondering over the grievousness, the number, the foulness of your sins, and over the loss of eternal happiness and the danger of eternal damnation which you have incurred,—this contrition only makes a man a hypocrite, nay, rather, a sinner. There is a very true proverb, that is much better than any definition which any theologian has yet given: 'Not to do it again is the height of penance; the best repentance is a new life.'"* This teaching of Luther, which is partially true, and only

* Quoted in the Bull of Leo X. against Luther, July 1520.

bad because it usurps the place of the whole truth, is practically kept up in the English Church by the monotonous repetition of the commencement of its service: "When the wicked man turneth away from the wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive." Not a word about sorrow, not a word about penance; only "Don't do it again; lead a new life, and make yourselves easy." The clergyman who interrupts this spiritual opiate with an occasional tonic, or with so drastic a text as "Rend your heart, and not your garments," is at once put down for an agitating importunate Puseyite—and rightly; for the essence of respectable religion is to keep the conscience quiet, to enforce mildly the generalities of morality, and to have a universal nostrum, like the Calvinistic predestination or the Lutheran assurance, for every misgiving, every terror, every throe of despair. Such is the ideal religion of reason and common sense.

Now how can a fat, sleepy, good-natured, comfortable, self-indulgent, dozing, high-and-dry, low-and-slow, broad-and-shallow religion like this bear with any patience being run into by a system such as that of the Church, which in every point is the very opposite to it? which begins by anathematising Luther's proposition, goes on to condemn his nostrum, places real penitential contrition,—an internal rack to which the external mortifications of sackcloth and ashes are as nothing,—on the very threshold of all spiritual life; which imposes on our reason mysteries, intelligible, as far as words go, to the merest idiot, but requiring and exercising all the metaphysical acumen of the deepest philosopher who ever thought, and remaining even then in substance incomprehensible, however they may be illustrated by analogous mysteries which are undoubted facts; which cuts away all pretence of making the merely subjective objective; which discourages our recommending any course simply because we find it beneficial to ourselves, and absolutely forbids our attempting to impose it on others on any such personal grounds; which, instead of this mere quackery (a Willis-Moseleyism, which, having cured itself of one nervous disorder, professes to be ready with an infallible remedy for every other conceivable complaint of the nervous system), has a fixed, rigid, objective theology, not only for dogma, but also for morals, and moreover for that higher spiritual life of the perfect, whose whole existence is a mystery; which always suspects the love of the vague and the undefined to be a mere cloak for a spirit of infidelity, and which insists on continually sifting out heretics from among her children by the closest definitions and the most rigid

formularies,—how can it be but that such a religion, if it moves at all, unless it is utterly withdrawn from sight, utterly quiescent and forgetful of its duty, should cut right athwart the bows of society, should cross it in every conceivable way, should be an eyesore in its sight, a discord in its ears, a stench in its nostrils, a scalding potato in its mouth?

But as society feels in this way towards us, perhaps it is scarcely advisable for such a small minority as we are to exaggerate our differences, and to exasperate our neighbours more than we need. It would be well perhaps to see whether some truth, some ground, does not lie at the bottom of all the muddy quagmire which we have been surveying; whether there is not some real element of vagueness in religion, something subjective which we appear to sacrifice unduly, some offering which we might make to the temporal prudence and worldly common sense of our countrymen. This subject is a large one, and we have scarcely space to enter upon it here. Suffice it to say, that evidently many things have been looked upon as certain in the Church which have afterwards turned out to be false; that there has been at various times quite a rage for mixing up physical science with revealed truth, because it was thought that the truth of Scripture depended on the verity of certain theories. The preacher and the writer of meditations may easily carry definition and description further than the Church warrants; we could well imagine all the details of the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* of Dante being invested in popular estimation with the seal of revealed truth. An enthusiastic, half-instructed Christian community is very apt to forget the principle, *in dubiis libertas.*

Then, again, it behoves us to take special care to give no occasion for the reproach that is so often cast upon us, that the very ease and obvious nature of the Sacraments as remedies for sin may often become an occasion of a man's persevering in crime; that we are apt to lose sight of the subjective character of Christianity in its object; that we forget that moral obliquity is the thing which Christianity was intended to cure in its very root. Whenever we are jealous for the defence of a bad Catholic, or ready to disparage a good Protestant, we give a real occasion for Dean Milman's idea of the tendencies of our religion, we truly place a scandal before the feet of the inquirer. For, after all, unless the objective element of Christianity has the proper subjective effect within us, it is to us worse than useless.

Again, as to the reasonableness of our religion. It will be asked, if the world has changed its notion of what is science, and what is reason; if it has come down from metaphysics

through mathematics and scholarship to the mere description, investigation, and statistics of material phenomena, why not try in some degree to keep pace with it? why let the physics of our seminaries be a disgrace to the erudition of the Church? Admitting all that may be said about the utter incompatibility of any deep study of physical science with a profound study of theology, at any rate why persist in letting what little physical science is taught be simply exploded theory, or pretended facts long since disproved? We are in a disagreeable position of antagonism, and why make it worse? Why this needless opposition to feelings and opinions that are in some respects substantially good and true, however absurdly they may be twisted and misapplied?

Even though now the truth is suffering the most dreadful of all the evils that can befall her, the inability to gain an audience, and the difficulty of making herself intelligible to the few who will listen to her, this is no reason for despair. The periodical league of all sects against the Church cannot last for ever; occasions of quarrel will arise among themselves, or they may soon be frightened to see where the legitimate conclusions of their own principles may land them. Already, if we may take Dr. Milman as an exponent of the feelings of a class, even Broad-Churchmen are beginning to have misgivings whether their favourite "Teutonic Christianity" may not have already gone almost, or absolutely, beyond the pale of Christianity; whether in its unrebuked wanderings it has not altogether lost its right to that holy name. Already they are beginning to own that they have not decided what distinctness of conception, what precision of language, may be indispensable to true faith; what part of the ancient dogmatic system may be allowed to fall silently into disuse as superfluous, and what part must still be contended for. All these, and kindred misgivings, find a place in many hearts; and if we can translate the old language of the fathers, of the schoolmen, of the great Jesuit theologians, into the idiom of the day,—if out of their arguments we can fashion an answer to these questions and these misgivings,—no doubt by little and little we shall gain the hearing that we want. Truth strikes less as truth than as novelty; and the old becomes new in being made to satisfy new needs, to answer new inquiries. What we should seek to put off is, that hard, wooden, "dug-up," rusty character, that lives only in the past, that meditates on our extinct peerages, our ruined abbeys, our faded glories,—that still draws its illustrations from a life, a system, a world that has passed away, and argues from the etiquette of the court of Louis XIV. to the ceremonial of the house of

God. We would seek to put off this, and to adapt ourselves with more versatility to the new ideas, the new system, the new life in which we find ourselves; to be in fact, in a true and good sense, more men of the world.

ST. OSWALD'S;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CLOISTER.

CHAPTER XII.

ILLNESS AND CONVALESCENCE.

The following morning found Mrs. Ogleby really ill. Excitement, and the chill she had undergone while standing up under the tree for shelter during the storm, had brought on an attack of fever, which confined her to her room for a few days. While prostrated with illness, she almost began to appreciate the higher motives which she could not but see were the springs of the life of the man to whom she was yielding up her affections. Languor of body dulled the ordinary unprincipled activity of her mind; and if any thing had induced her during that brief space to speak sincerely of herself, she would have honestly uttered sentiments quite edifying for their sobriety and good sense.

But as the fever of the body departed, the fever of the mind returned. The inactivity which was forced upon her quickly grew painful, and at times nearly intolerable. As she sat in the solitude of her chamber, disinclined for reading, and unequal to any steady kind of occupation, she began to fret angrily at the confinement, and longed to be about again, with the view of pursuing the object of all her present hopes. The idea of winning the respect and regard of Croft, by becoming in reality what she was convinced he would alone esteem, never crossed her imagination in its extremest wanderings. She felt, indeed, that she could make sacrifices for him, for his prosperity, for his happiness, perhaps of the heaviest kind. A mind like her's was not one that could admit the passion of love in any feeble form. It was gradually absorbing her whole nature: not altering her character in its essence, but directing its faculties to the attainment of the end desired with the

energy which was one of her chief characteristics. Shut up as she was in her thoughts, and holding communion with no human being, there was nothing to check the sway of any passion that once fairly lodged itself in her bosom; and before she had finally ceased to be an invalid she had almost come to that state in which she would have deliberately given body and soul to gain the constant affection of Mr. Croft.

Mary Somerset, who showed her a good deal of kindness during her illness, was puzzled to make out the meaning of her unusual silence and thoughtfulness. The fixed compression of her lips, and the slight contraction of her brow, repeatedly attracted Mary's attention; and if there had been any other tokens of a gentler kind, she would have believed that Mrs. Ogleby was beginning to think that the enjoyment of this life is not the end for which man enters upon it. But there was too much hardness and effort in her manner and words to allow of any such supposition; and Mary contented herself with wondering, as she had often done, what could be Mrs. Ogleby's real character and history.

As Mrs. Ogleby grew convalescent, her restlessness visibly increased; and the weather being fine and balmy, she exhausted herself with pacing to and fro in the Burleigh gardens. The first day that she ventured to extend her walk, she was excited quite painfully with the expectation that some chance or other must soon again bring her into contact with Mr. Croft, when she suddenly saw the very man himself advancing towards her on his way to the house. He addressed her with his usual quiet self-possession, and inquired after her health and supposed sprain with so much apparent interest, that her heart, little accustomed to such movements, actually fluttered with agitation. She turned red and then pale; and Croft, fancying her still weak with illness, immediately offered her his arm, and begged to be allowed to conduct her back to the manor. At this, though it was nothing more than might have been expected from any gentleman, her imagination took fire, and she began to persuade herself that he was not perfectly indifferent to her. Full of her schemes, she resolved to profit by the opportunity, and began to apologise profusely for the liberty she had taken in seeking refuge from the storm in his house. Croft, of course, said all the proper things in reply, and she continued:

"Poor Mrs. Longford, too—really, I was quite sorry for her, feeling as she must have done on the occasion. She did all she could to make me let her stay out alone in the storm; but I assured her that it was quite impossible that any body could misinterpret her conduct. Even the most precise and

prudish—" (she knew that Croft particularly disliked both preciseness and prudery)—" would excuse her at such a moment."

Croft looked surprised, and said, " But why should Mrs. Longford hesitate to take refuge in my house in a thunderstorm ?"

" Oh, dear, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Ogleby, in her most elaborate tones of distress, " my illness has lowered and shaken me so, that I hardly know what I say. I am sure, Mr. Croft, you will forgive me. I had not the slightest notion of betraying Mrs. Longford's secrets; though that is a wrong word to use, for of course there is no secret in the matter at all."

" Secrets!" echoed he; " what possible secrets can Mrs. Longford have in which I am concerned? You speak riddles, my dear madam."

" Well," said she, " perhaps I am totally mistaken. Still, you know that in such matters what every body says is usually true."

" Excuse me, Mrs. Ogleby," said Croft, " if I say that I am completely in the dark as to what you can possibly mean."

" Oh, dear!" cried the lady, " I really am so unhinged that I don't know what I'm saying. Pray forgive me; no doubt it is all a mistake."

" Pardon me," said Croft, whose curiosity was now thoroughly aroused, and who really felt a little displeased,—" pardon me, if I reply that, having said so much, you are bound to say a little more. Have you heard any serious reason given for Mrs. Longford's unwillingness to enter my house?"

Mrs. Ogleby now began to feel a little uncomfortable; for she was hardly prepared for this straightforward catechising. Nothing puzzles an intriguer so much as a plain question. She saw, however, that it would not do to hesitate; and though she kept her eyes fixed on the ground, she *felt* that Croft's eyes were fixed on her, and something as near to a blush as she was capable of overspread her face, still pale with weakness. She determined nevertheless to say only just enough to pique his curiosity, and to tell no more lies than seemed necessary to carry out her scheme.

" After all," she said, " on reflection, I dare say I have exaggerated things a good deal, and put an interpretation on them beyond what they warranted. All I have actually heard —but, of course, my dear sir, this is in the strictest confidence —is that our good friend Mrs. Longford is—is—really you must excuse me; I don't know how to put it correctly."

He would give her no help, but remained silent, gazing at

her with a look which at once awed and fascinated her. He felt her actually trembling as she at last continued:

"They say that Mrs. Longford is not—not quite indifferent to yourself."

He looked cold and stern; but it was in a perfectly gentlemanly tone that he replied,

"I do not quite catch your meaning. Am I to understand that people say that I am in love with Mrs. Longford, or that Mrs. Longford is in love with me?"

"The latter," said Mrs. Ogleby, in a low modest voice.

"Indeed!" said he. "The world is very obliging. Believe me, Mrs. Ogleby," he continued, "you are entirely mistaken; and I am surprised that a person of your good sense" (her heart here fluttered with pleasure) "should pay any attention to such ridiculous stories. You will oblige me by entirely disbelieving and always contradicting—of course, not quoting me as an authority—this extremely silly rumour whenever you hear it repeated. And now I must wish you good morning, as I have business with Sir Reginald."

They parted as they approached the house; and Mrs. Ogleby bent her steps to the gardens, with the intention of resting awhile in the conservatory already mentioned, which opened into one of the drawing-rooms. There she seated herself under the shade of the tall shrubs, intending to enjoy the pleasant sensations resulting from the belief that she had made an important move in her plans, and that it had been quite successful. Scarcely, however, had she entered, when the sound of voices from the drawing-room reached her through the open door. It was not Mrs. Ogleby's wont to close her ears rigorously on such occasions, and on the present her curiosity was quickened by the circumstance that she heard her own name very distinctly uttered. The speakers, she knew in an instant, were Miss Somerset and her friend Father Ambrose, both of them, she was instinctively conscious, not remarkably prepossessed in her favour.

"Then you really believe," the Father was saying, "that the whole story is a deliberate fabrication. I don't pretend to understand these kind of things very well, but it seems to me almost incredible; for I can't conceive what motive Mrs. Ogleby can have had in inventing such a falsehood."

"We shall see," replied Miss Somerset. "And poor Mrs. Longford is excessively annoyed, you say."

"Much more than annoyed. She sent me a note, begging me to come to her, as an old friend of her husband's; and when I went, I found her perfectly miserable. The good lady is not exactly brilliant or wise, we all know; but she is thoroughly

a lady in her feelings, and is proportionately hurt at this woman's mischief-making. At first I could scarcely keep my countenance at the bare notion; but her unfeigned distress soon made me serious enough. What to do I could not think; so I asked her if I might talk the matter over with you, as this Mrs. Ogleby has been domiciled in your house for some time, and you might have gained a clue to her schemes; for that she is after something is too clear. You say your father is as much devoted to her as ever?"

"I fancy so," said Mary; "but you know that he looks down upon her, and is far enough from treating her as an equal, however much he may be deceived by her flatteries."

"Shall I speak to him about this business?" asked Father Ambrose.

"Not for the world," said Mary; "you don't understand these things half so well as we women; you had better take my advice, and tell Mrs. Longford not to worry herself any more about it; and if any thing fresh happens, let me know."

"Shall we tell your mother?" asked he.

"No, certainly not," said Mary. "She thinks Mrs. Longford such a goose, that she would laugh at it, and nothing more; and while my father is so possessed with our visitor's merits, it's of no use saying any thing to mamma."

"Well," said the Father, rising to go, "I wish Mrs. Ogleby would take herself off. I've a perfect horror of an intriguing woman."

"So do I," rejoined Mary; "but she has no intention of going yet, I am convinced."

Had the good Father chanced to have walked round the house when he left it, and met Mrs. Ogleby on her way from the conservatory, her countenance would have caused some suspicion that she had overheard this discussion of her proceedings.

"And so this noodle of a baronet looks down upon me, does he?" she thought to herself. "A magnificent fool, indeed; the superior of Lavinia Ogleby, in truth! And you, my kind Miss Mary Somerset,—*you* have your eye upon me, and no doubt will thwart my schemes. And that meddling priest, too;—he must needs interfere, at the tears and entreaties of my amiable Longford. Not exactly brilliant or wise, but a lady, you consider. That is, *I* am brilliant, and, I suppose, wise; but *not* a lady. My kind friends, I will be even with you all before the year is past."

And she retired to her own rooms, for the moment almost forgetting Croft and her hopes with respect to him. The next day, however, found her only more eager than ever to win

him, with this change in her mind, that she would rejoice, rather than otherwise, to make the Somersets suffer, as the means of conciliating and benefiting him.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BROTHER-NOVICES.

TIME was passing rapidly with the two young novices at St. Oswald's, and working his silent influence in enabling them to understand their true vocations. About the time that the conversations related in the last chapter took place, they both of them began to get a little out of health. They lost in some measure their ordinary strength and activity, were conscious of an occasional headache, of a want of sleep and appetite; and as far as two hearty young men could be so affected, were nervously irritable at small trifles, and fidgety when things went wrong. The result on their convictions as to their fitness for the religious life was marked, and very different in the one case from what it was in the other.

The younger of the two, Brother Cyril, began to fidget excessively about the diet and mode of life at the monastery. It was not that he was discontented or effeminate, or that he ceased to hold in esteem the rules and mortifications of the religious state. His fidgeting took the character of a perpetual and morbid inquiry as to whether he was comfortable and happy, and suited to the conventual life, with a sort of self-tormenting anger if he found himself, as he now often did, not very exact in observing all the minutiæ of the novitiate regulations. At first his observance of every little detail had been as accurate as if he had been a machine, and his great satisfaction consisted in finding how readily and steadily he could go through every thing, however disagreeable and even painful. Now that there was a lessening of the natural impulse which had carried him so vigorously onwards, he was continually finding himself shirking this or that little observance. He found the daily and hourly restraints not a pain, or a difficulty, so much as a *bore;* they had lost their interest for him, whether as supports to be rejoiced in, or as mortifications to be courageously endured. He gave way to the mood of his mind whatever it chanced to be, and began to say to himself that habitual self-possession, and a deep calm of soul in the most agitating circumstances, was a thing for which he himself was not cut out by nature. To his great surprise,

he also found that the penances he had to undergo, and which now became rather frequent through his carelessness, were becoming very much more disagreeable every day. At first, strange as it might seem, he had almost enjoyed them. The sense of power which he felt in the cheerful undergoing of whatever was enjoined him, was exchanged for a feeling of annoyance at being bothered, worried, and forced to the doing of things, small it is true, but yet tiresome. On one occasion, being desired by the novice-master to prostrate himself in "chapter" for some small offence against the rule, he was on the very point of exclaiming that he could not do it, and that if there was no other alternative he must leave the house at once. A sense of shame, however, forced him to control himself for the time, and he went through the enjoined penance. The weekly "chapter," indeed, soon became distasteful to him. He completely lost sight of the advantages that follow from it.

"What a bore it is," he used to say to himself when the time came round, "to have to go with all the rest of the novices and confess all these stupid little formalities! I declare it does me no good in the world. And then these penances, too! If they were something noble and grand, one could do them with satisfaction; but such trifles as these, what good are they? Ah, well! perhaps they are good for the rest. *I* find them a precious nuisance."

The singular thing was, that it never once occurred to the young novice that the fact that they were so annoying to him was a sufficient proof that they were not such trifles as he fancied; and that if a man has a vocation to the religious life, he must seek his mortifications in small things, and not in perpetual heroics.

With his elder brother the case was the reverse. With him, weary as he was with illness, and unpleasant as he had from the first found many things he had been called to undergo, the one aspect of every obstacle was that of a thing *to be overcome*. The younger brother could not help incessantly watching his own feelings, his spirits, his health, his satisfaction in the life of a novice; and not a day passed without his making all sorts of speculations as to how others got on, and whether every body was like himself. Brother Clement, on the contrary, thought less of himself and his moods of feeling every week. He had entered the novitiate with the one only wish to ascertain whether God was really calling him; and this gave him a habit of ever looking out from himself, and of endeavouring to follow the leadings of the Holy Ghost, however manifested in his regard. The result was, that his esti-

mate of his own character and of the suitability of the monastic state to his spiritual advancement grew daily more calm, unbiased, and satisfactory to his judgment. At every difficulty he consulted the novice-master, or talked over the matter with one or two of his companions who had been longer in the novitiate than himself, and in whose judgment he felt confidence; and whatever was told him he took implicitly on trust, until he had tested it by experience. Hence the action of his mind was never morbid or self-conscious. So to say, he gave the details of the monastic life a fair chance with himself. Things turned up in the end, one after another, pretty much as he expected; and he felt sure that if he went on in the same way, his vocation would be certain. One only thing still terrified him: the thought of the irrevocable nature of the obligation he proposed to undergo was at times nothing less than awful. He stood like one staggered and trembling. Yet, he hardly knew why, he *could not* turn away from the thought.

"If—if!" he thought—"oh that dreadful if! *if* I should be wrong! Oh, my God! what horror! But then, if I should be right? Why should nature shrink? Is it not the voice of Him who made me that would be calling me? And can He call me, without giving the power to do that which He asks of me? It is impossible."

Now, too, that he was suffering from a lowered condition of bodily health, he felt himself in a safer position for estimating the real nature of the shrinking he had all along experienced at the contemplation of the mortifications and obligations of the religious state. Languid and weary, and compelled to exert a continual force upon himself in order to rouse himself up to the mark for ordinary daily duties, he was gratified to perceive that he had no access of real disinclination for this mode of life. On the contrary, he found himself almost clinging to it, as the only thing that could ever satisfy and support him. So far from recalling the pleasures and alleviations which secular life used to give him, and wishing to be again free to enjoy himself at his own fancy, he turned from the very idea with positive dislike. He wanted nothing that the world had to give; and his sense of weakness and depression only made him long to rest more entirely and more peacefully upon the support of the invisible hand of Him to whom he wished to give himself and *all* that he possessed, both of body and soul.

An event which happened about this time at St. Oswald's tended indirectly but powerfully to quicken these feelings in Brother Clement's mind. It chanced that one afternoon he

was the only one of the novices who was left in the house. All the rest were gone out on some little expedition of recreation, and were not to return till the evening. By some chance, too, none of the fathers were at home except Father Basil; sick-calls, matters of business, and what not, had summoned all away. For some time past Brother Gregory, the lay brother who had charge of the garden, had been failing in health; but the habitual equanimity of his manner, and his indisposition to complain, had led every one to suppose that he could be in no immediate danger. In fact, however, consumption had been advancing with rapid strides upon him, and he was in that condition in which a sudden and sharp puff of air would blow out the lamp of life in a moment. The day before he had been working in the garden beyond his strength; and when he was heated and exhausted, a heavy shower of rain had come on, which ought to have driven him immediately into the house. Anxious to get through the business that he was about, he had worked on through the rain till he could fairly do no more. The effect was a night of sleeplessness and fever; but on the following morning he seemed so little worse than usual, that it was with difficulty he was persuaded to rest from his usual occupations. In the afternoon, however, as Brother Clement was sitting in his cell reading, one of the other lay brothers suddenly rushed in, declaring that Brother Gregory was dying, and asking where Father Basil could be found. The young novice, who had been desired to hold himself in readiness, ran at once to the sick man's cell, and immediately saw enough to convince him that his last hour was at hand. A tremendous spitting of blood had come on, his pulse was nearly gone, and he could scarcely articulate a syllable. He placed his ear close to his lips, and could just catch sufficient of his meaning to gather that he was asking for Father Basil. But the Father was nowhere to be seen. Every room was searched, but in vain; and he was not in the garden. Yet he had said in the morning that he should be at home all day; and it was, in fact, the rarest thing in the world for him to be away.

"Are you sure he is not in the church?" said Brother Clement to the lay brother who had been searching for him.

"Quite certain," said he; "I have looked three different times into the choir."

"I'll look again myself," said the novice: "I suspect I know where he is."

He recollected that the Blessed Sacrament was not where it usually reposed, having been removed to another altar for some temporary reason; and he had observed enough of Father

Basil's habits to know, that whenever he could steal unobserved to the Sacred Presence, there he was generally to be discovered. His expectations were correct. The Father was on his knees before the tabernacle, gazing at it with a fixedness of look that absolutely enthralled the young novice. Not a muscle of his countenance changed; the very eyelids remained motionless; his hands were clasped, and it seemed as if he were literally striving to pierce with his glance through the door that hid the divine Body and Blood from his sight. For a minute or two Brother Clement stood looking at him, almost frightened at the extraordinary intensity of his look. He felt as if he hardly dared to approach and speak to him; but the image of the dying man he had just left crossed his memory, and he went up to the kneeling Father and whispered to him that Brother Gregory was very ill. For a few moments Father Basil did not seem to understand what he said, but only turned to him with a kind of smile of singular sweetness, as if his mind was so filled with the joy of its own thoughts, that it could not at first take in the reality of any thing else. When he understood what he was wanted for, he rose rapidly to his feet, closed his eyes and knit his lips together, as if nerving himself for some severe trial, and hastened to the sick man's bedside. A faint flush coloured Brother Gregory's pale cheeks as the Father came up and took his hand. In a feeble voice he murmured, "My time is come. I have often prayed that you might close my eyes. It was the only earthly comfort I wanted, and Jesus and Mary have given it to me."

Father Basil pressed his emaciated hand, but could say nothing in reply.

"There is no time to lose," said the dying man, "I can scarcely speak now; it will soon be too late. Let me receive my Lord once more, before I go to see Him face to face."

The novice immediately left the room, that the Father and his penitent might be alone together. In a short time the Father came out, to make preparations for the last Sacraments. He seemed calm and self-possessed; but the occasional movements of his lips, and the scarcely restrained tears, betrayed the struggle that was going on within. The Sacraments were given; the sick man grew feebler every moment; and before an hour had passed he died, while Father Basil was in the act of praying for the departing soul.

When all was over, and some of the absent religious had returned, Father Basil hurried to his cell, unable any longer to bear up. He fell on his knees before his crucifix, and wept with all that violence of passion which only men who are in the habit of controlling themselves can experience. All at-

tempts to restrain his emotions were vain. Nature would have her way, and for a brief space his frame shook again with his deep distress. It was, however, but a storm passing over the surface of his mind. He rose from his knees, kissed the feet of the crucifix, saying, "It is well, my most beloved Jesus. It was my only tie to earth; and now that Thou hast cut it asunder, shall I complain because Thou hast heard my prayers in Thine own way? I am ready, my God, I am ready to live alone in the world as long as Thou wilt. Thou didst die for me in the solitude of Thy soul; there was none to comfort Thee; and shall I complain,—I who am not alone; for have I not Thee, my God and Saviour, for ever and ever?"

And he proceeded with his usual self-possession to say certain prayers for the soul of the departed brother, which he had particularly promised to say for him during the last few days.

That night Brother Clement lay sleepless till long after the sun had risen. It was the first death he had seen—for he had not been present when his own father died—and the nervous excitement it produced took some time to pass away. But what most fastened itself upon his memory was the countenance of Father Basil, as he had seen him before the Blessed Sacrament when he went to call him. It impressed him with a sense of the reality of invisible and eternal things to an extent to which he had been hitherto a stranger, and quickened most powerfully his desire to ascertain and follow the will of God as to his own vocation. Whether or not Father Basil was really guilty of the crime which was imputed to him, he could not tell; but he was confident that if he was not an innocent man consoled by divine grace under the most terrible of accusations, he was certainly a penitent to whom much was forgiven because he loved much. In either case, the indescribable happiness of being absolutely devoted to the will of God appeared to him in such colours as almost to obliterate from his mind all traces of that dread which he had hitherto felt for the obligations imposed by the monastic vow. For hours he lay thus thinking, till at last the brilliancy of the morning sun induced him to throw open the window of his cell, and breathe the sweetness of the early breeze. A gentle air was stirring the leaves, the whole landscape was bathed in a flood of the misty light of a summer's morning; the stillness was only broken by the warbling of the birds and the distant murmur of a millstream; and the whole scene was one of those which seem almost an expression of the eternal, infinite goodness of the Almighty Maker of all things. Brother Clement stood and drank in the soothing influence, and lay down again expecting every moment to hear the bell calling all to rise.

While he was expecting it, he fell asleep. When at last he awoke, the sounds in the house made him aware that he ought long to have been up; and hurrying down to choir, he found to his dismay that he was at least an hour behind the time. Strangely enough, as it seemed to him, he was far less disturbed than was usual with him when he had unwittingly broken any rule of the novitiate; and when the time came for performing the penance that was enjoined him, he went through it so coolly and as a matter of course, that he half-suspected himself of being careless and self-indulgent. Had he been more experienced in such matters, he would have known that the coolness was but apparent, and that never before had he been so really humble, and willing to do whatever was required of him.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY.

The conversation between Mary Somerset and Father Ambrose which had been overheard by Mrs. Ogleby, had the effect of determining that worthy lady to lose no time in taking another step in her schemes. She was well aware that the Somerset family had no knowledge of her history beyond that which they had acquired from her own lips. That history she had coloured most brilliantly in the various little sketches with which she had from time to time favoured them. Respectably born and brought up, and really a widow, as she represented herself, her aim had been to paint herself as a person of all-but noble birth, with aristocratic connections, and possessed of rights to a considerable fortune, from the use of which she was debarred by legal technicalities alone. For some reason or other, she felt that she had not succeeded in making the full impression which she desired on the minds of Sir Reginald and Lady Somerset. Whether it was that she had overdone her story, or whether Sir Reginald, with all his pompous dullness, was instinctively conscious that there was something really unladylike in his guest's ways and conversation, certain it was that he had not as yet accepted her as at all approaching to an equality with the magnificent race of Somerset. To her ordinary passion for notoriety and ambition for getting on in life, was therefore added a kind of bitter feeling of irritation at finding herself partly foiled by a man for whose capacity she entertained so profound a contempt. She took

up a kind of vindictive determination to conquer his respect and regard, and make the proud man acknowledge her claims. On a smaller scale, and with persons of less pretence, she had already practised what may be called the correspondence-trick; but having burnt her fingers in the attempt, she had gained experience and learned caution; and before committing herself again in the same way, she took care to study the Peerage and Baronetage with persevering attention.

"A foreign letter for you, Mrs. Ogleby," said the baronet to her one day, as he presented her with a yellow-looking epistle, directed to her in a small cramped hand, and with some very undecipherable postmarks stamped upon it.

Mrs. Ogleby took it with every appearance of eagerness, read it hurriedly through, and laid it on the table before her with a heavy sigh. Sir Reginald was not aware that the letter had been slipped into the post-office of a neighbouring town by Mrs. Ogleby herself, when she had been driving out the day before with Lady Somerset. Nor was he aware of the good lady's skill at counterfeiting various styles of handwriting, or of the felicity with which she imitated different kinds of post-marks, both English and continental. It was, therefore, with sincere sympathy that he exclaimed—

"No bad news, my dear madam, I trust?"

"I am sorry to say it is," said she; "and I fear it will compel me to leave your hospitable roof, Sir Reginald, before I had intended. Apart from the painful occasion which will call me away, I should have been loth to leave a house where I have passed some of the happiest days of my life."

"I trust it is nothing very serious," said Lady Somerset, who had no more notion that she was being duped than the baronet.

"My aunt," replied Mrs. Ogleby, "the only very near relation I have in the world, is seriously ill, and wants me to come over to her at Madrid, or somewhere near there; for I have never been in Spain, and don't know exactly where the place is. You can see, from what she says, how anxious she is to have me;" and she handed the letter to Lady Somerset.

It was a most affectionate letter, addressed to her dearest niece; though written in a somewhat stiff and pompous style, and signed by no less a personage than Louisa, Marchioness Spinoza. Mrs. Ogleby could hardly restrain her smile as she saw the decided look of surprise with which Lady Somerset concluded the epistle, and returned it to her.

"She writes in rather a stiff and Spanish way," said she; "but that she has caught from the marquis; for though he is my uncle, at least by marriage, I must say that he carries

his Spanish notions of etiquette a little too far for our unsophisticated English tastes."

"But must you really go, my dear madam?" interposed the baronet, whose curiosity was not a little aroused at the words "marquis," "Spanish," and "etiquette;" and who really began to conceive unwonted ideas of respect for the little intriguer before him.

"I fear I ought to go," said Mrs. Ogleby; "the old man is not the very kindest of husbands, and indeed we never could make out why my aunt Louisa married him; for though his blood is one of the purest in Spain,—the true blue blood of the oldest grandees,—and he is immensely rich besides, he has not the best of tempers, and my poor father never liked the match very much. But I dare say the marquis was a very agreeable man when he was young, and they do say it was a love-match after all. However, I don't think I need go unless I hear again, and I will write at once to say so."

In the course of the morning Mrs. Ogleby presented the baronet with a letter sealed, and addressed to the "Marchioness Spinoza, Madrid," and requested him to learn whether the postage ought to be paid or not. The baronet was proposing to ride through the post-town, and was most happy to make the necessary inquiries. Had he possessed the faculty of reading a closed letter, he would have marvelled to see that the envelope contained a sheet of paper perfectly blank, and nothing more. Such as it was he took it, and innocently posted it after learning what was to be done about the postage; and henceforth Mrs. Ogleby was really "somebody" at Burleigh Manor.

The next post brought a communication for Mrs. Ogleby which caused her emotions of a less pleasurable cast. It was from a gentleman resident in Cornwall, a solicitor by profession, upon whom she had in former days succeeded in practising the same imposition, on a less ambitious plan, which she was now engaged in carrying out with the Somersets. She had represented herself to him as a person suffering for conscience sake; as cast off by her friends, who were bigoted Protestants, on account of her having embraced the Catholic religion. At first she had imposed upon the gentleman in question and upon his family; but sundry little questionable matters in the pecuniary way having put him upon his guard against her, he had learnt sufficient of her true character to make it necessary for her to decamp at the shortest notice. She had also left sundry debts behind her, which she never had intended to discharge, and of which she trusted she should never hear again. What, then, was her disgust at receiving a

letter from Mr. Sharp, which was her former friend's name, announcing to her that certain parties, tradesmen to whom she was indebted, were about to institute legal proceedings against her; and that they had requested him to give her another chance of paying them quietly before going to law with her! Mr. Sharp added, that the tradesmen in question were extremely irritated against her; that they had discovered where she was now staying, and were holding out threats of exposing her to Sir Reginald Somerset if she gave them any trouble by resisting their claims. Of a debt of 20*l.* which she owed to himself he said nothing. He had lent it to her soon after he became acquainted with her, and had never pressed for payment. But the delicacy which had prompted him to abstain from mentioning it was a feeling of which she had no idea; and she jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Sharp was in league with the tradesmen who were clamorous for payment, and that he would no more spare her than they would. Her only resource was to write a letter brimful of falsehoods, promising immediate payment, and to trust to the chapter of accidents for the future. She was also in great hope that, on some pretence or other, she should be able to borrow some money from Sir Reginald, with which she might discharge some small portion of her debts in Cornwall.

A reply soon arrived from Mr. Sharp, informing her very laconically that her creditors were determined to sue her for the debts due to them; that since he last wrote some fresh circumstances had come to their knowledge which had increased their exasperation, and that she must not be surprised if their forbearance was soon worn out, one of their number, in particular, whose name he did not give, being disposed to write at once to Sir Reginald Somerset for the purpose of exposing her. This brought her almost to her wits' end; she had nothing to send her creditors as an instalment of her debts; and she watched the coming of the letter-bag daily with anxiety absolutely intense.

It chanced one morning soon afterwards that the post came in much later than usual; and the breakfast-party was dispersed, with the exception of the baronet and herself, when the letter-bag was brought in. The servant who brought it also told Sir Reginald that the gamekeeper wanted to speak with him immediately on urgent business. The baronet accordingly handed the letter-bag to Mrs. Ogleby, with his key, and begged her to open it while he left the room. With trembling hands she turned the letters over. There was none for herself; but among several for the rest of the family was one addressed to Sir Reginald in the handwriting of Mr. Sharp. It was impossible

to mistake it; the writing was peculiar, the postmark was his place of residence, and the seal was that with which his letters to herself were always sealed. Her heart beat violently. Here was the dreaded exposure of her old tricks. What could Sharp possibly be writing to Sir Reginald for, unless it was for this purpose? She had but a few moments for thought and decision. She thrust the letter into her pocket, laid all the rest upon the table, hurried to her own room, and locked the door.

It was the first time she had actually stolen and broken open another person's letter, and she hesitated before she tore the envelope. The more she lingered, the more she hesitated. But *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* She must see the worst, that she might guard against the future. Still she paused. Her mouth grew parched with the agitation of her mind, and she could scarcely stand without support. She poured out a glass of water, put into it a startling quantity of eau-de-cologne, and drank it off. Thus nerved, she opened the letter. It was read through almost at a glance. She dashed it upon the ground; stamped with her foot, and if she had been a man would have uttered a curse upon herself for her stupidity. The letter was from Sharp; but it had no reference to herself, being a formal business-letter to Sir Reginald upon some Cornish mining-affairs, of which she had no knowledge whatever. What was its real purport she did not trouble herself to consider, for her excitement was too great to allow her to think of any thing in which she had no personal concern. Accordingly it never even occurred to her to reflect what might be the injury to Sir Reginald if the letter should never reach him. Her sole practical doubt was whether he would find out that the letter had really been in the bag. She speedily decided that it could never be proved that it had been abstracted by herself; and so, to make all sure at once, she instantly lighted a taper, and reduced the letter and its covering to ashes. She would soon have nearly forgotten the whole affair, but that the very next morning her vexation with herself was renewed on the reception of a letter from Sharp, informing her, though in the briefest and coldest terms, that he had represented her case to her creditors, and that they were willing to give her two months' respite before commencing actual legal proceedings.

The disgust which this communication made her feel with herself for having committed the blunder of opening Sir Reginald's letter, was soon merged in the renewed eagerness which she felt for hastening forward her plans, so as to have won Mr. Croft before the specified two months had expired. Fortune seemed to be smiling cordially upon her, and a confidence

in her destiny made her less keen-sighted than usual in estimating the motives and feelings of other persons. In fact, also, Mrs. Ogleby was getting completely out of her depth when she had to deal with persons like Mr. Croft and the religious at St. Oswald's. Their real characters were incomprehensible to a mind like hers, steeped in the most unmitigated and selfish worldliness; and having no clue to the true motives of their lives, the vehemence of her passion for Croft only drove her on to commit fatal mistakes, under the idea that she was conciliating regard and esteem. She had made up her mind that her one chief means for engaging his affections must be to lead him to think her a woman of devoted piety and seriousness. From various sources she had gathered the knowledge that he was a man of unusual and unostentatious generosity, and she concluded, and so far rightly, that he felt the deepest interest in the advance of religion. Her next deduction was natural enough in a person like her; but it was totally erroneous. Nothing, she fancied, would please Mr. Croft so much as a burning zeal against persons with any imputations on their character. This, she supposed, he must infallibly account a sign of her profound sincerity and love for all that is holy and right. What, then, so likely to make him esteem her to be a spiritually-minded person, as an impetuous zeal for the honour and purity of the cloister, and a horror of any imputations against men devoted to the service of God? She had heard the stories against Father Basil, and from the first had made up her mind that they were all true,—in fact, that the real truth was worse still; and her depraved imagination conjured up all sorts of suppositions injurious both to the Father in question and to those who allowed him to remain in the same community with themselves.

In her doubts, then, as to the quickest and easiest way to get up a reputation for piety, this one presented itself as ready to her hand. She had already begun to lay her train in her conversations with Father Jerome. In him she found just the kind of clever, but weak and somewhat vain man, to suit her purposes and become her tool. She had quickly discovered that he bore no goodwill to Father Basil, and that he was absurdly sensitive to what the gossiping world said about himself and the affairs of the monastery generally. Without proposing to herself any very definite result beyond that of displaying her own zeal, she resolved to work upon Father Jerome's foolishness, and to take care that it was generally known that her sensitive piety was scandalised at the presence of an evil-doer like Father Basil in a religious house. She had never actually spoken about him to Mr. Croft; but

the latter happening to dine at Burleigh Manor soon after this time, she took an opportunity of introducing the subject while no one else was near enough to join in the conversation.

"What sad things these reports are," said she, "about this Father Basil! It is quite shocking to think what harm they do to religion."

Croft did not seem much to relish the subject; and made a sort of a bow of assent, but said nothing.

"Don't you think it would be a good thing," continued she, "if the other fathers were to be made aware of the harm it does them to have him among them?"

He looked decidedly annoyed; but merely replied,

"Probably they are aware of the state of the case as much as people in general are."

"Do you know," said she, "speaking of course in the strictest confidence, that I have been thinking whether it is not my duty, as a visitor here, to lend my humble aid to the diminution of this sad scandal? Sir Reginald and Lady Somerset being residents, of course could not do any thing that would be disagreeable; but as I am merely here for a time, it did occur to me whether I might not say something to some of the fathers about it. Would you give me your advice, Mr. Croft, as a friend, you know, on whose judgment I could rely?"

She was little prepared for the piercing look he fixed upon her, as he replied in a slow and subdued voice—

"Madam," said he, "I am the last person whom you should consult in such a matter. I must beg you never to mention the subject to me again."

And he turned away, and left her completely puzzled.

"A guinea for your thoughts!" exclaimed the lively voice of Mrs. Longford, who was also dining at Burleigh, and who had just come up to Mrs. Ogleby, and noticed the absent expression of her face.

"Ha! my dear Mrs. Longford," said the latter lady, brightening up, "how long it is since we have had any friendly chat! Do you know, I was thinking about you and a certain gentleman who was conversing with me just now. Well, well! never mind: I'll say no more about it. But can you tell me why Mr. Croft does not like to hear any thing said about the stories of that shocking Father Basil?"

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Longford, "don't you know? Why, let me see, what is it? Why, I've quite forgotten the exact story. But it was something about the man that was killed. What was it, now? Did not Mr. Croft lose a great deal of money by his death? Or was he his relation?

or was he very much disappointed at something or other, I don't know what? But people do say that Mr. Croft cannot endure the sight of this sad Father Basil. But this I know myself, that one day in church I was close to Mr. Croft; and there was a procession of the Blessed Sacrament; and this Father Basil was carrying the Blessed Sacrament; and when they came near where we were, I felt Mr. Croft tremble as if he would have dropped; and I looked at him, and his face was like death, and he bit his lips till I was quite frightened; but he didn't see me looking at him. And I heard him say something about 'horrible hypocrisy,' or something like that; and oh, dear me! I never was so frightened in my life. And thinks I to myself, oh! this wicked Father Basil, what a dreadful thing it is! How can any body be so wicked and hypocritical? Don't you think so, Mrs. Ogleby?"

"Shocking indeed, my dear Mrs. Longford," said Mrs. Ogleby, delighted to learn what she conceived must form so excellent a foundation for her to work upon in attracting the regards of Croft. She never questioned the correctness of Mrs. Longford's story for a moment, or remembered that that very amiable but very puzzle-headed lady was not blest with an accurate memory, and that it was very possible she might have got hold of the wrong end of the story altogether. They gossiped together very amicably for the rest of the evening; and Mrs. Ogleby retired to rest with the delightful conviction that she had not entirely "lost the day."

Her plans with respect to Father Jerome were not long in bearing fruit. She contrived so to work upon his sense of self-importance, and his old prejudices against Father Basil, that the whole monastery began to be sensible of a sort of discomfort and irritability on the subject. Father Jerome took to teasing all his brother religious so incessantly about the reports that were abroad concerning them, and seemed so mysterious in his communications, that a kind of undefinable dread of something about to happen crept insensibly into the minds of most of the fathers.

"What *are* we to do about this sad affair?" said Father Ambrose one day to the Prior. "I hoped the whole thing had blown over; and now here is my old friend Sir Reginald severely taking me to task about the necessity of bearing a good name, not letting our good be ill spoken of, and I don't know how much rubbish besides, begging his pardon. What on earth can have put such unwonted zeal for us into his pate, I can't conceive. There is something so ludicrous in the notion of him, of all men in the world, setting up for a preacher, that I really could scarcely keep my countenance

when he was talking. Surely that woman they have got at Burleigh just now must be at the bottom of it. But what *can* be her object? What has Father Basil done to her? Or what will she get by making the place too hot to hold him? Of all mischievous things, there is nothing worse than the tongue of an unprincipled woman. I do hope I am not slandering her, or accusing her needlessly; but it does seem to me that I am bound to speak out, and tell you that if *she* is at the bottom of this idle talk, there is some mischief brewing, and we had better take care."

"I quite agree with you," said the novice-master, "*if* she is what you say, I know too well the mischief that an unprincipled woman can do to a priest or a religious, even when he is ordinarily prudent. And even extraordinary prudence is not always a sufficient safeguard. The only question is, have you any grounds for your bad opinion of this lady?"

"Lady!" cried Father Ambrose, "this woman, if you please. Call her a 'female,' or any thing else, rather than a lady. Well, well, you laugh at my vehemence; but trust me, the woman means mischief, and we must take care."

"There is one consideration that ought not to be forgotten," said the Prior. "Poor Father Basil will not be long in this world, or I am strangely mistaken. The doctor tells me he has undoubtedly a disease of the heart, and some day he will die suddenly. The wonder is, with all he must have gone through, that he has lived so long. Father Jerome is perfectly *entêté* about him; I could not get him to hear reason at all when he was talking to me yesterday; and at last I was compelled to desire him positively never to speak to Father Basil except on the ordinary affairs of the house. Will you believe it, he was really on the point of attacking him openly as a scandal to the community?"

"Nonsense!" said Father Ambrose.

"He was, indeed, I assure you. However, he submitted the moment I desired him; and unless his ardour of temperament gets the better of him, I have no doubt he will control himself."

"I trust he will, indeed," said Father Ambrose. "And now, if you do not want me any longer, I must be off; for I have an appointment to visit a sick man. By the way, that reminds me of another of our friend Croft's good works. I found out yesterday, quite by chance, that he had been passing the whole night with this same sick person, who is a forlorn sort of a being, and watching him and nursing him with the greatest tenderness possible. I wish all our Catholics were like him. I have seldom seen a man who seemed to care so little for any thing this world can give."

On his way to the sick man's house, the first person Father Ambrose met was the subject of his praises. Croft turned and walked with him, and they fell into conversation respecting the condition of the poor in general. Croft, as was his wont, spoke of them with great good sense and kind feeling, and showed so much intimate knowledge of their habits and troubles, that even Father Ambrose was surprised.

"You pass a good deal of your leisure time among them?" said the father.

"I do," said Croft; "it is a relief to me."

"A *relief* to you?" repeated the other, struck by the tone in which the words were uttered. "Surely you are not the sort of man to want a relief from the ordinary routine of life? I sometimes quite envy you your habitual composure and steady activity."

"Ah, well!" said Croft, in a low voice, "no man knows the weight of his neighbour's cross."

It was so seldom that Croft spoke in this kind of manner, that Father Ambrose could not help being surprised by what he said; and looking in his companion's face, he was struck by the appearance of illness and suffering which it displayed.

"I am afraid your health is not what it used to be," he continued. "You work too hard, both at business and charity. Why don't you take a holiday? You never go from home, at least on pleasure."

"I could not do it," said Croft. "It would do me no good. My health is failing, and I know I cannot live long; but change would do nothing for me."

Father Ambrose was about to reply, when, turning his head, he saw one of the religious walking quickly towards them, whom he knew to be carrying the Blessed Sacrament to another of his penitents who was ill; and he whispered to Croft that such was the case, and ceased speaking. Scarcely had he spoken, when Croft was seized with a sudden paroxysm of illness. The blood rushed first to his face, and then left it deadly pale. He clung to Father Ambrose's arm with a convulsive grasp, and just as the Father who was approaching came up, had dragged him to the side of the road, where he lay, or rather fell, down upon the bank. He seemed prostrated with nervous agitation; and though evidently in great distress both of body and mind, gave them no clue to guide them what to do for him. Father Ambrose knelt on the ground before him, while the other religious ran for some water; and as Croft appeared to be on the point of fainting, he passed his arm round his waist with a view of supporting him. An unbearable spasm of pain seemed instantly to shoot through his

whole frame, and a cry of anguish escaped his lips. Presently he recovered himself, though evidently with an extraordinary effort; and when the other Father soon after appeared bearing a glass of water, he sprang to his feet, hastily bade Father Ambrose good morning, saying that he thought his best way was to get home as fast as possible, and left the two Fathers as much alarmed as they were astonished.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

PATERFAMILIAS ON "POPERY."

Paterfamilias's Diary of Everybody's Tour. London, Hatchard.

Men of the pen have before now thought it worth while to institute researches into the literature of the slums. In France a government commission has done this work, and has published a couple of volumes of information on the subject, from which our reviews managed last year to glean a tolerable quantity of amusing matter. In the same way we think that Catholics might find a good deal to tickle them in excerpts from the low religious publications of our country, or from what we may call the literature of the Protestant slums.

When we use the word 'slum' in a religious sense, we by no means wish to call up before the imagination of the reader the narrow streets, the black and fetid gutters, the frowsy rags hanging from the windows, the ghastly men, the tawdry and impudent women, the emaciated children, that one finds in the localities of London which rejoice in that savoury title. On the contrary, in their religious antitypes one finds all these things carefully put away from the sight: they have fine houses, dandy carriages, well-dressed people; there is no external mark of the character of the locality, except perhaps the booksellers' shops, which, like the gorgeous gin-palaces that characterise the low rookery, are in the main pretty faithful signs of the religious slum. By the use of the word we only wish to convey our impression, that the brawling, drunken, sneaking, dirty, debauched, fusty neighbourhoods to which we apply the name in question, are the real "outward and visible signs of the inward and spiritual grace,"—or rather, graceless assumption and canting hypocrisy,—which thrives in the low places of Protestantism, in the religious slums of England; that what St. Giles's, Wapping, and Petticoat Lane are to the

civilisation of London, such are Clapham, Islington, and the like, to its religion: both alike low; both, in their several orders, equally unrespectable. There is a kind of cross-analogy between them; as the one caricatures the poverty of spirit which is essential to religion, by applying it to merely temporal ends, so the other vulgarises the pushing, struggling, mercantile spirit, which in its proper order is respectable enough, by making it supreme in religion. Religious content is a beautiful grace; but material content, which sits down in the dirt and twirls its thumbs, is the bar to all progress, the entrance to the slough of mendicancy and pauperism. Religious humility, which chooses the lowest seat, is the virtue of a saint; but it does not justify the frequenters of the gin-temples for seeking a place under the table, and degrading themselves to brutes. Again, in the material order it is well to have ambition, to think oneself worthy of the highest things, to advance over other men's heads, to be self-dependent, to have a very distinct idea of one's own powers, and to be quite independent of other people; but to introduce the principles of the successful tradesman into religion is as great degradation of the spiritual life as the life of the slums is the degeneracy of a corrupted civilisation.

When we talk of the literature of the religious slum, our readers, therefore, must not expect to find therein the bad grammar, the coarseness and vulgarity, or the rudeness, which characterise the street-ballad or the popular journal. The lowness of the religious fragments will lie chiefly in the imperturbable conceit, the outrageous ignorance, the cool assumption, the pushing pride, of the favourite writers of this branch of the spiritual world. We have no doubt that better examples of this religious snobbishness might be found than even the book of which we are now going to quote some specimens; but as we happen to have met with this, we accept it as sufficient for our purpose. We offer no apology to our readers for reprinting such abuse, at which we think they will only be amused; on the principle that when those whom we rightly despise despise us, it becomes humour, and we laugh.

We do not know who "Paterfamilias" is; we gather from his book that he is a purseproud tradesman, with a largish family, successful in his business—(he appears to have received a medal from the Prussian government):—we take him to be a bookseller; for he has so much ignorance that we cannot suppose him to have received a general education, which would have enabled him to refer to Puffendorf and other erudite authorities, and so much pretended knowledge of their names (not of their matter), that we cannot but imagine that he has

been long in the habit of contemplating the inscriptions on the backs of their volumes. Moreover, he appears to be an inhabitant of Clapham (to which place he refers for an example of an unadorned church), as in spirit he certainly belongs to the party which is generally connected in popular estimation with that sacred suburb.

With this preface, we will take the liberty of asking our reader to accompany Paterfamilias a short way on his tour. Well for such reader that it is only an ideal, not a real concomitancy; that it is only in imagination that we invite him to gaze a few minutes on the sleek, plump, pink-faced John Bull, in his glossy black dress and tight choker, with his extreme aversion and disdain for every thing around him distinctly painted on his shiny red-veined cheeks, gazing about him with pursed lips, and jotting down in his note-book his observations and comments on the folly, the ignorance, and the wickedness that he sees around him.

Paterfamilias opens out in Belgium, where he finds Ostend a very pleasant place (!); has not much to say for Bruges; rather likes Ghent and Liege; and so on. He enters into as many churches as he can, and always sees something to find fault with. The chief thing that gives him anguish is to find that churches are being restored on the Continent:

"Throughout Belgium an evil spirit of renovation is rampant: the beauteous spire of the Brussels maison-de-ville now looks as new as it must have done six centuries ago" (it was commenced in 1401, and finished in 1455); "and St. Gudule is but a Dobb's cardboard model of some recent cathedral—the rime of eld being all diligently scraped away in detestable taste, and to the misery of antiquaries. As well rub the green patina from a coin, as the grey lichen from a quatrefeuille."

From the frequency of this illustration, we conclude that the author is a coin-collector. We find it in the next extract, which relates to the church of St. Jaques at Liege:

"Only one grand fault have I to find; to wit, that being in reality 800 years old (!), it now looks not five years old, nor one;—every inch having been recently scraped and scoured and painted quite clean, and all mended up bran-new! How much more imposing all that magic fretwork would have looked with the hoariness of eight centuries upon it, and even a fracture or two to witness the teeth of time" (the date of the part of the church in question is about 1500); "but Belgian taste has no idea of leaving any patina on a coin, nor any time-stain on a cathedral."

But the most amusing expression of disgust is at the restoration of Cologne cathedral:

"The Dom I found disappointing. Fact is" (Paterfamilias exer-

cises a very tradesman-like economy in articles and auxiliary verbs) —"fact is, that as long as it was a gigantic ruin at the tower end, and a glorious choir at the east end, with a shed between, you had every element for the imagination to rejoice in; but now that the old is being scraped up, and ruins mended, and all things made new and perfect, the charm is broken, cold reality succeeds to the romantic ideal. The kings of Prussia and Bavaria had far better have left Cologne cathedral alone; but hereabouts people seem to have voted the world young, not old, and to be supposing that we are to have a thousand years more of it."

No doubt Paterfamilias, as a member of the Prophetical Society, knows exactly how much less than a thousand years the world has to last, and therefore feels very keenly how absurd it is to build new churches to last longer than our own time: but the predominant notion in these extracts is, that the Belgian and Rhenish Catholics ought to have left their monumental cathedrals in a half-ruinous condition, simply to amuse the pert antiquarianism of a few self-sufficient English ignoramuses, lovers of the bathos, especially of that obscurity, mistiness, and cloud, which is the foundation of the English ideal of the profound. This British self-importance is also amusingly displayed in a sentence about crucifixes; a single specimen of which, Paterfamilias thinks, may be refined in thought to "a spiritually idolised representation" (whatever that may be), whereas the numbers which meet the eye of the wandering Englishman are mere idols. He should have sent word to the ecclesiastical authorities that Paterfamilias was coming, with a request that only one crucifix should be allowed to be seen on his route.

But our traveller finds fault with so many things, that it would be scarcely worth while to put oneself out of the way to please him in one. He would not be satisfied till we had abolished our religion and ourselves to boot. He is particularly spiteful about our services, which appear to him as

"The multitudinous fidgeting of priests in golden capes, bowing and kneeling and crossing and incensing, and busying themselves in every sort of way except spiritual worship, and instruction of their far too patient flock."

Again:

"Service is perpetually going on in these churches, at one altar after another—that is to say, priests in splendid capes with gilt and flowered crosses are everlastingly celebrating the Eucharist—to use their own phrase, 'making God' by dint of the magical words of consecration: and so the poor credulous people, who leave all their religion to be got through by the priest, are always being sent empty away."

How we are more empty after Mass than Paterfamilias after his "dearly beloved," we cannot divine. However, let us go on: here is a description of a military Mass in the Jesuits' church in Munich; we quote it to show how our versatile author is always harping on the same words:

"The Mass as usual; a ceremonious fidgeting of priests and acolytes—shielded, so far as the congregation is concerned, by a brass band of military music to amuse the laity: and so, amid the bray of trumpets and roll of drums, the priest creates and eats and drinks—God! to the exaltation of his office, and the degradation of reason and Christian laymanship; and—*ite missa est!*—as unceremonious a way of dismissing a religiously disposed people as Sir J. Graham used in discarding a patriot admiral."

He seems to be much afflicted at the way in which the priests treat the laity; thus, at an "anonymous" chapel in Liege (*i. e.* a chapel of which Murray makes no mention, and which 'Pierre' his guide knew not, and therefore absolutely unknown), he saw

"A Jesuit priest (they swarm in Belgium) mumbling and gesticulating before his flower-bedizened saint, with the most contemptuous back-turning against the congregation."

These Jesuits are sad bugbears. He hears their dervish-like chant in Malines cathedral; he knows them at Brussels by their blue cravats (which are, with all due deference to his vast erudition in such matters, a part of the habit of secular priests of the archdiocese of Mechlin, and therefore a sign that a man is *not* a Jesuit, and consequently that he need not be an "unmitigated villain," nor even a "Thuggee"); he finds them in all the churches of Cologne, hearing confessions with handkerchiefs over their faces; and has a word of disdain for "those degraded suppliants, chiefly women, who were pouring into the Jesuits' ears all that should never be heard or uttered."

He thus sums up his notion of Belgian religion:

"If wood and stone can worship God *per se*, if He is adored *by* temples, and not *in* temples,—then is Belgium a right holy and religious nation; but if, as a spirit, He is to be worshipped intelligently and truly, then are all these glorious fanes little better than altars of idolatry and ignorance. Such manifest image-worship, such mere formalism, such abject credulity in people, and such pompous arrogance in priest, never were more rampant in heathendom."

Further on he thinks it necessary to apologise for the mildewed and cheap abominations which the Protestant is content to offer to his God:

"Catholics worship God with their best and rarest. We Pro-

testants take the truer view of religion in spirit and truth, and are apter to hide our feelings on the matter than to display them"—(Most true; only the poor ruined churches and ornaments, which their axes and hammers have demolished, might justly cry out from the earth,

> "Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love;
> But why did you kick us down stairs?").

"But Papists may seem somewhat to be commended too in adding the cedar and gold, &c. However, such is human infirmity, that in most instances all such decoration helps only to degrade—because to amuse—the once spiritual worshipper, and has a tendency to defeat the holy purposes of religion: so that, on the whole, England may well be content with her plain churches and unpretentious Common Prayer."

How can that be "unpretentious" which you pretend to be "incomparable"? Any how, Paterfamilias himself is pretentious enough, and his assumptions advance in direct ratio with his ignorance. Here is a specimen of his argumentative powers:

"The preacher at St. Gudule was a true Sacramentarian and Transubstantiationist"—(we should hope he was)—"just like certain other *soi-disant* Church-of-England false priests I wot of"—(does he mean that the Catholic priest at St. Gudule's called himself a "Church-of-England false priest," or that any body else he knows of takes this title to himself?)—"Could the Saviour have deceived His Church? Does He not say, 'This is my Body?' And is not this bread flesh in all verity, though it seems to sense other than as to faith? They totally ignore the fact, that after these so-called miraculous words of consecration Christ speaks of the elements still as bread and the fruit of the vine (!). And what another inconclusive jump they take when they go on to worship flesh and blood! If it could by possibility be true that the elements were miraculously changed, still they would only be the Man Jesus, and not the God —Christ."

He somewhere rebukes one of the vagrant parsons under whom he sat in some German town, because "to oppose the Papist he actually sided with the infidel;" and here he does the same thing: to oppose the Catholic he denies the unity of our Lord's person, he separates the manhood and Godhead, and denies that His humanity is adorable.

But his impudence is greatest of all when he states what he pleases to call *facts: i. e.* in general, guesses of his own, which he chooses to substitute for received opinions of Catholics. For instance, of course he refuses to believe the history of the miraculous Hosts preserved in St. Gudule; but he goes further, and sets us right with regard to the true version of the story. They are, it appears,

"Wafers stabbed by unlucky Jews, who were burnt alive for having cut their fingers, and blooded the paste in the transaction."

Again, he not only discredits the story of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand companions, but tells us (secondhand from Murray) that "every body knows how 'Ursula et Undecimilla Virgines' became after a miraculous fashion 'Ursula et Undecimillia Virgines.'"

Another *fact:*

"The fact is, the Virgin is universally looked upon as the antagonist female god,—the Venus to keep Jupiter in good humour."

Again:

"We handled St. Ursula's skull for half a dollar."

This is a "lie with a circumstance;" as is also the statement, that among the relics of Munich the chief is "a hand of the Virgin Mary."

We omit, as not much to our purpose, numberless complaints of the laziness, want of respectability, coldness, and discordance of the Protestant parsons abroad, who, according to our very judgmatical layman, are very indifferent, hole-and-corner kind of people. We will only quote two more of his opinions, in matters unconnected with religion, in order that our German friends may perceive and acknowledge what a Solomon, what an angel, they have been entertaining unawares.

The first regards German cookery, which our Apicius describes as—

"A medley of sweets and sours:—roast fowls and stewed prunes, ducks and preserved apricots, sausages and pancakes, bouilli-beef and cherries,—each served with each as a vegetable" (does he mean that the ducks were served as a vegetable with the apricots, and the sausages with the pancakes?); "then vegetables served together,—peas, minced cabbages, and potatoes, &c. I should never wonder to see onions stewed in sugar, candied oysters, and strawberries *à l'huile.*"

Now, Apicius, we would argue with you on this wise: either there is a principle and criterion in cookery, or there is not. If not, then each instance stands alone, no one combination is a reason for another, each is a mere individual invention of the palate; and then you have no business to carry out an apparent analogy, or to expect that because ducks and apricots are good, therefore oysters and sugar are good also. Or if there is such a principle, how can you, who probably eat apple-sauce with pork and goose, who mix sugar with your mint-sauce for lamb, and with mustard and vinegar for

brawn, refuse to carry out your criterion to all possible conclusions? Are you a true *via-media* man in cookery as well as in religion? There also, in that all-important art, do you stop short between your premises and your conclusion, and adopt a medium between the abandonment of a false principle and the admission of all its results? In cookery also do you think, as you evidently do in religion, that the great fault of the human understanding is, not the not going well, but the not stopping well? Here also do you cry out, with the logician in the *Dunciad*—

> "Oh, why, ye gods, do two and two make four?"

Are you not aware that it is just this want of principle, this want of art and rationality in its cookery, which, together with its religion, has for ages rendered our beloved country the butt of foreign wits, who can never imagine why we do not carry out admitted principles to all their results; why we are fond of decayed cheese, but abominate rancid butter; why we patronise high game, and repudiate stinking fish; who used to ask us,

> "By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
> When this is prized for sweetness, that for stink?"

and who, when dining with us, were obliged to have all their wits about them, lest they should be entrapped into some barbarous hodge-podge that would have spoilt their palate for ever, and (like Lord John Russell playing chess with Russian diplomatists) required more tact and boldness at the board than in the field; when the cultivated men who were brave enough to stretch their legs under our mahogany,

> "Judicious drank, and greatly daring dined."

But talking of judicious drinking, what will the people of England, and especially those of Germany, say to our Apicius' verdict on the wine of father Rhine?

> "It is but poor sour stuff at the best: I have tried most sorts, and prefer decent cider to the majority: it is quite a mistake, however fashionable, to suppose that good wine can be the product of so cold a latitude."

Good Apicius, we are afraid you have done for yourself; you must vacate the chair immediately.

But we must stop—*Dies brevis, et opus multum, et Paterfamilias urget*,—The days are short, and we have plenty to do, and Paterfamilias is a bore; though, in justice to him, we cannot conceal from our readers some of the improvements which he has introduced into the grammar and orthography of the benighted Papists whom he has illuminated with his

presence. Know, then, O men of Ghent, that your city of nuns is *la* Béguinage: know, O Rhinelanders, that your great cathedral of Cologne is the Dom-kirk; that the little town over the Rhine is Diutz; that Nonnenwirth should be spelt Nonnenworth; and that Stadtt is the proper German for town. Be instructed, O ignoramuses of Munich, that your Theatine's Church is properly the Church of St. Theatiner (whose history Paterfamilias will doubtless soon present to you); and your rich Pinacothek has been corrupted from the pure Hellenic Pinatothek. Either bow your heads to the instruction, or own that our British Paterfamilias is as fell a scourge of grammar as he is a bell-mouthed blunderbuss of polemics.

All these flowers have we gathered in the first hundred pages of *Everybody's Tour*—what a nosegay should we have amassed if we had accompanied the author through Switzerland, Lombardy, and France! Our pages would have been as blooming as an old dunghill, and Paterfamilias's posy would have smelt even fresher than that highly savoury comparison.

As it is, however, we beg to present our bouquet, as a fragrant specimen of the improved feeling which our alliance and familiarity with Catholic nations was to produce in our breasts, and as a choice instance of the polite spirit which was to preside over our literature. We beg to introduce Paterfamilias as a man whose religious prejudices have been softened by contact with our Catholic allies.

Dear Paterfamilias, probably you cannot conceive the profound love and reverence for the English name with which you and your like (to whom we might, if we were disposed to be rude, apply the Shakespearian text—

> "an angry ape,
> Most ignorant of what he's most assured,")

inspire the foreigner, whose corns you persist in stamping upon, whose faith you insult, and at whose cookery you turn up your noses. If we were Belgians and Germans, we should infinitely prefer the more good-natured, though not so clean, Russian count to you. Indeed, we wonder why the Czar does not employ British fathers of families to travel over the whole of Europe, and every where to speak against him and his religion. O England! you have only to be known as the fruitful mother of such spawn as this, to be the *deliciæ humani generis*, the love of men's hearts, the cynosure of their eyes!

We say again, that our readers must not conclude that this book comes from Seven Dials or from Petticoat Lane. It is a specimen of slum-literature; but not from the slum which

is offensive to the corporeal nose. You might search in vain through Piccadilly for a more respectable, quiet, drab-coloured, prim, smug, old-established, well-to-do-looking shop than that of the publisher of this volume. So far is a seedy exterior from being an outward sign of this seedy kind of religion, that we could easily understand the publisher himself being the author of the work. Perhaps he is the original Paterfamilias: that it is some bookseller we are quite persuaded; and in such a case, we see not why the author should not be his own publisher. At any rate, as the book is anonymous, the poor little squealing foundling must be fathered on the man at whose door it was found.

We therefore congratulate Mr. Hatchard on his lively and scholarlike contribution towards the *entente cordiale* between us and Catholic Europe; we promise him to give his and kindred efforts as wide a circulation as we can among our continental friends; and we felicitate him upon the conscious pride with which he may, from his stall in the great stable on Clapham Common, survey the assembled company, and comfort himself with the assurance that not one of them, however willing, has had the ability or the wit to fire off so waspish, and at the same time so stingless a little missile against Popery as has escaped from his own not very artistic gun.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

The History of England from the Accession of James II. By Thomas Babington Macaulay. Vols. III. and IV. Longmans.

(Second notice.)

In returning to Mr. Macaulay and his historical romance, we cannot help recording our conviction that he has entirely mistaken his vocation. He is an intruder on the judicial bench of history as truly as he was upon the bench in India, when, in drawing up a parliamentary bill, he *created a place* for himself with a salary of above nine thousand a year. Nature meant him for an Old-Bailey lawyer. In all the arts popularly attributed to that not very respectable practitioner he is a master. We know no writer who excels him in ingenuity in distorting facts, in blackening the characters of those whom he assails, in whitewashing a disreputable client, in appealing to the passion of his readers when he pretends to be appealing to their reason, and in dovetailing a multitude of well-selected

points into a connected story, so very plausible as to make the multitude believe he must be right, while only the wiser few suspect it to be too plausible to be true. In addition to this, no man knows better how to make a fallacy in argument look like a valid syllogism; or to throw such gleams of artificial light upon the statements of his original authorities as completely to alter their meaning while seeming *almost* to quote their words. All this is just what makes the first-rate Old-Bailey lawyer. It is just the thing for an advocate who is speaking to a jury of men who have not sufficient acuteness to detect his deceptions, and who practises in a court where somewhat lax interpretations of legal honour are understood to be recognised.

Mr. Macaulay's jury is the reading public of the country, and the reading public is only too ready to be captivated by his brilliant rhetoric. In history, as in so many other matters, the maxim holds true, *populus vult decipi;* and Mr. Macaulay, pocketing the large payment which he receives from his publishers, smilingly finishes the sentiment of the Latin writer, *et decipiatur.* Let critics say what they please, the sale of about thirty thousand copies of two huge volumes is a sufficient proof of the real value of this history.

We now return to our historian's charge upon King James, that he was a party to Grandval's conspiracy for assassinating William. Grandval he describes as "undoubtedly brave, and full of zeal for his country and his religion; flighty and half-witted, but not on that account the less dangerous."

"He had not the faintest suspicion that he had been betrayed both by the accomplice who accompanied him and by the accomplice whom he was going to meet. Dumont and Leefdale were not enthusiasts. They cared nothing for the restoration of James, the grandeur of Lewis, or the ascendancy of the Church of Rome. It was plain to every man of common sense that, whether the design succeeded or failed, the reward of the assassins would probably be to be disowned, with affected abhorrence, by the courts of Versailles and St. Germains, and to be torn with red-hot pincers, smeared with melted lead, and dismembered by four horses. To vulgar natures the prospect of such a martyrdom was not alluring. Both these men, therefore, had, almost at the same time, though, as far as appears, without any concert, conveyed to William, through different channels, warnings that his life was in danger. Dumont had acknowledged every thing to the Duke of Zell, one of the confederate princes. Leefdale had transmitted full intelligence through his relations who resided in Holland. Meanwhile Morel, a Swiss Protestant of great learning who was then in France, wrote to inform Burnet that the weak and hot-headed Grandval had been heard to talk boastfully of the event which would soon astonish the world,

and had confidently predicted that the Prince of Orange would not live to the end of the next month.

These cautions were not neglected. From the moment at which Grandval entered the Netherlands, his steps were among snares. His movements were watched; his words were noted: he was arrested, examined, confronted with his accomplices, and sent to the camp of the allies. About a week after the battle of Steinkirk he was brought before a court-martial. Ginkell, who had been rewarded for his great services in Ireland with the title of Earl of Athlone, presided; and Talmash was among the judges. Mackay and Lanier had been named members of the board; but they were no more, and their places were filled by younger officers.

The duty of the court-martial was very simple: for the prisoner attempted no defence. His conscience had, it should seem, been suddenly awakened. He admitted, with expressions of remorse, the truth of all the charges; made a minute, and apparently an ingenuous confession, and owned that he had deserved death. He was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered, and underwent his punishment with great fortitude and with a show of piety. He left behind him a few lines, in which he declared that he was about to lose his life for having too faithfully obeyed the injunctions of Barbesieux.

His confession was immediately published in several languages, and was read with very various and very strong emotions. That it was genuine could not be doubted: for it was warranted by the signatures of some of the most distinguished military men living. That it was prompted by the hope of pardon could hardly be supposed: for William had taken pains to discourage that hope. Still less could it be supposed that the prisoner had uttered untruths in order avoid the torture. For, though it was the universal practice in the Netherlands to put convicted assassins to the rack in order to wring out from them the names of their employers and associates, William had given orders that, on this occasion, the rack should not be used or even named. It should be added, that the court did not interrogate the prisoner closely, but suffered him to tell his story in his own way. It is therefore reasonable to believe that his narrative is substantially true; and no part of it has a stronger air of truth than his account of the audience with which James had honoured him at Saint Germains."

Now we appeal to any candid mind whether the accusation here made against James is not one of the most monstrous pieces of unsupported calumny of which a writer was ever guilty. The accusation, observe, rests on no shadow of proof except the assertion of Grandval himself. Mr. Macaulay admits that he was a half-witted man, yet he implicitly believes him in the face of every probability against the truth of his statement. Moreover, this statement, such as it is, was made by him when alone in the hands of a Williamite court-martial

in Holland; and there is not the faintest proof that it was not practically put into his mouth by them. *They* published it, and no human being had the means of ascertaining whether the whole story was not fiction from beginning to end. Would Mr. Macaulay, or any man in his senses, believe *such* a report of *such* a story, taken under *such* circumstances, in the case of any man against whom he was not passionately prejudiced? Moreover, Grandval said, or was reported to have said, that his interview at St. Germains was not with James alone, but with Mary of Modena also. What shall we think of a tale that makes that admirable woman guilty of assassination? It was characteristic of Burnet, one of Mr. Macaulay's chief authorities, to say, that "both King James and his queen were, as Grandval said, engaged in the design;" but we had thought that to implicate that queen, of all women in the world, in so base a charge, was too much even for the Protestantism of the nineteenth century.

Observe, too, the force of Mr. Macaulay's logic. "It should be added," says he, "that the court did not interrogate the prisoner closely, but suffered him to tell his story in his own way. It is *therefore* reasonable to believe that his narrative"—he being a half-witted man—"is substantially true" (!). Real courts of justice are of the opposite opinion. They hold that the close examination of a witness is absolutely necessary to detect the truth or falsehood of his testimony. But, as usual, this very statement of Mr. Macaulay's is doctored by him. Burnet, in his simpler way of writing, betrays the absurdity of putting any faith in the pretended confession. "The king," he says, "gave orders that none belonging to him should go near Grandval, that there might be no colour for saying that the hopes of life had drawn his confession from him; nor was he strictly interrogated concerning circumstances, but was left to tell his story as he pleased himself." Here we have Burnet's statement that William forbade his creatures to go near Grandval, *in order to prevent people saying* that the hopes of life drew the confession from him; a pretty clear avowal that the story would not bear cross-examination cooked into a reason for believing the story *true*. All William cared about, by Burnet's admission, was what people would say. Yet this is the ground on which King James and Mary of Modena are to be branded as assassins! We need hardly add, that Mr. Macaulay's way of telling the whole story is as loose and rhetorical as the veriest gossip of the dinner-table. Burnet's "Morel of Berne, *a famous medalist*," comes out Macaulayised into "a Swiss Protestant *of great learning*." Even Morel's letter to Burnet is incorrectly

described. Morel wrote that he went in the same coach with Grandval to see James, and also returned with him, and that he talked to him about some mighty design in hand, and said William would not live a month.

Mr. Macaulay winds up the romance with a characteristic piece of logic, and an equally characteristic attack on the Jesuits. "If it were asked how two princes (Louis and James), who made a high profession of religion, could have fallen into such wickedness, the answer was, that they had learned their religion from the Jesuits." This is Protestant logic to the core. It is asked how men making "a high profession of religion" could commit a heinous crime. The *logical* reply would be, that their professions were insincere. The Exeter-Hall and Macaulay reply is, that the Jesuits teach the lawfulness of assassination. The logical reply, however, it would be difficult to prove by facts. The sham reply appeals to the passions of vulgar Protestantism, which never troubles itself to reason about the Jesuits, or about any thing else. We put the question to Mr. Macaulay: Does he hold that the theology of the Jesuits inculcates the lawfulness of assassination; or does he not? If he does, let him prove it. If he does not, he is a malicious slanderer.

As to his "proof" that Louis was an accomplice in Grandval's scheme, it is nothing short of puerile. It does not even pretend to be more than this, that he took no notice of the publication of Grandval's story by the Williamite party. Cogent evidence, indeed, of his guilt! Here is a poor, half-idiotic fellow, captured by William's people in Holland, and brought before that model of calm and candid justice, a court-martial. The Williamite soldiers publish to the world what they say was his free confession; and because the French court treats the monstrous absurdity with contemptuous silence, our modern historian concludes, that "no human being could doubt" the participation of the French king. Let us take a parallel case in England. Mr. Macaulay, of course, remembers the coarse slanders against the late Queen Adelaide's private character, to which a certain portion of the "respectable" English press in London gave vent, after her husband's death, in consequence of her intimacy with Lord Howe. Every body heard of them, even of the blasphemous grossness in which they were jestingly couched. Is Queen Adelaide to be set down as guilty because she treated the calumny with contemptuous silence?

Let us now turn from the throne to the tub for another variety of illustration of Mr. Macaulay's way of "doing" history. The subject in hand is not a very important one; but

perhaps on that very account it may serve the better to show the incessant action of that spirit of extravagance, exaggeration, and melodramatic scene-painting, in which our author so keenly delights.

With such a medley of supporters as William had to deal with, it was natural that he and his advisers should be not a little puzzled at times to know how to please all parties. What with Whigs and Tories, High-Church and Low-Church, Bishops and Dissenters, placemen and men out of place, even the crafty brain of the new king was sorely taxed to devise schemes for uniting the anti-Jacobites into a compact body of practical Williamites. One of these devices was intended to abolish the political influence of non-Establishmentarian Presbyterianism by an act of parliament for letting their ministers into the Anglican body on certain easy terms. This, of course, would not do. But the dislike of sundry Nonconformists to the plan supplies Mr. Macaulay with an occasion for the following pretty little piece of picture-painting:

"The ablest and most eloquent preachers among them had, since the declaration of indulgence had appeared, been very agreeably settled in the capital and in other large towns, and were now about to enjoy, under the sure guarantee of an act of parliament, that toleration which, under the declaration of indulgence, had been illicit and precarious. The situation of these men was such as the great majority of the divines of the Established Church might well envy. Few indeed of the parochial clergy were so abundantly supplied with comforts as the favourite orator of a great assembly of nonconformists in the city. The voluntary contributions of his wealthy hearers, aldermen and deputies, West-India merchants and Turkey merchants, wardens of the Company of Fishmongers and wardens of the Company of Goldsmiths, enabled him to become a landowner or a mortgagee. The best broadcloth from Blackwell Hall, and the best poultry from Leadenhall Market, were frequently left at his door. His influence over his flock was immense. Scarcely any member of a congregation of separatists entered into a partnership, married a daughter, put a son out as apprentice, or gave his vote at an election, without consulting his spiritual guide. On all political and literary questions the minister was the oracle of his own circle. It was popularly remarked, during many years, that an eminent dissenting minister had only to make his son an attorney or a physician; that the attorney was sure to have clients, and the physician patients. While a waiting-woman was generally considered as a help meet for a chaplain in holy orders of the Established Church, the widows and daughters of opulent citizens were supposed to belong in a peculiar manner to nonconformist pastors. One of the great Presbyterian rabbies, therefore, might well doubt whether, in a worldly view, he should be benefited by a comprehension. He

might indeed hold a rectory or a vicarage, when he could get one. But in the meantime he would be destitute; his meeting-house would be closed; his congregation would be dispersed among the parish churches; if a benefice were bestowed on him, it would probably be a very slender compensation for the income which he had lost. Nor could he hope to have, as a minister of the Anglican Church, the authority and dignity which he had hitherto enjoyed. He would always, by a large portion of the members of that Church, be regarded as a deserter. He might, therefore, on the whole, very naturally wish to be left where he was."

Here is an elaborate piece of stuff, about as incorrect, as a picture of the real comparative condition of the ministers of the Establishment and of those outside it, as pen could devise. Because here and there a popular dissenting preacher married the daughter of a fat citizen, we are to believe that the situation of such men was such as the "great majority of the divines of the Established Church might well envy." Really one would almost fancy that the gigantic revenues of the Establishment were conferred on it after this period. But what matter is it that the Establishment then possessed all it possesses now? Mr. Macaulay spites the established clergy, and loves to depict them as held in contempt and snubbed by the power and wealth of the nation. So he introduces a grand flourish about aldermen and deputies, West-India merchants and Turkey merchants, wardens of this company and wardens of that—(he takes care to pick out two of the richest of the companies of the present day),—landowning and mortgage-holding, Blackwell Hall and broadcloth, Leadenhall Market and poultry, and all the rest of it; till the imagination of the reader is filled with a vision of a nonconformist paradise which throws into the shade all the realities of episcopal and rectorial splendour. As for the sentences about the preacher's political influence over the men of his flock, it is pure fudge. A ranting preacher used to have at times a wild sort of influence over the common soldiers of Cromwell's day; but the money-getting citizens of London never for a single day were content to put their necks under the feet of any pulpit-thunderer that ever adapted Lutheranism and Calvinism to the capacities of Cheapside.

The note which Mr. Macaulay appends to this declamatory paragraph is a pretty specimen of the way in which he can twist the odds and ends of literature into the materials for his showy sentences.

. "In the journal of the retired citizen (*Spectator*, 317), Addison has indulged in some exquisite pleasantry on this subject. The Mr. Nisby whose opinions about the peace, the grand vizier, and

laced coffee, are quoted with so much respect, and who is so well regaled with marrow-bones, ox-cheek, and a bottle of Brooks and Hellier, was John Nesbit, a highly popular preacher, who about the time of the Revolution, became pastor of a dissenting congregation in Hare Court, Aldersgate Street. In Wilson's *History and Antiquities of Dissenting Churches and Meeting-Houses in London, Westminster, and Southwark*, will be found several instances of nonconformist preachers who, about this time, made handsome fortunes, generally, it should seem, by marriage."

Really this is counting upon the laziness or the gullibility of the reader with a vengeance. Will it be believed that in the imaginary diary of the retired citizen, given by Addison in the *Spectator*, there is not one syllable about the "Mr. Nisby" being a dissenting preacher, or a minister of any kind or denomination whatsoever? To say that "Addison has some exquisite pleasantry on this subject"—*i.e.* "on the influence exercised by the chief dissenting ministers,"—is pure and unmitigated fudge. The paper in the *Spectator* referred to has nothing on earth to do with dissenting ministers in any shape or situation whatsoever. It is entirely on the extremely commonplace character of the daily existence of people in general. The diary of the retired citizen is certainly excellently amusing and witty, but it has no more to do with dissenting preachers than Newton's *Principia* has to do with the art of cookery. The "Mr. Nisby" is nothing more or less than a club-oracle, whose sayings on the newsmongering gossip of the day are recorded by the brainless Londoner in his daily note-book, side by side with the record of his own eating and drinking, his sleeping, and his little peddling occupations.

The reader will also have observed that the last sentence of the note we have quoted upsets all Mr. Macaulay's fine deductions about political influence and so forth. It was *marriage*, it should seem, by which sundry nonconformist orators enriched themselves. This was nothing remarkable. It goes on now. We had a most ludicrous instance of such an affair a few weeks ago, in the matrimonial proceedings of one Mr. Spurgeon, a young man who has turned the heads of thousands of silly auditors in Exeter-Hall "services." The Macaulay of a future generation will magnify this youth's hymeneal escapade into a proof of the great city influence of the dissenting preachers of this day; but what a ludicrous blunder will he make!

We have noticed Mr. Macaulay's chronic spite against the Anglican clergy. Of course we have no particular desire to defend them. They are no friends of ours. They are, most

of them, our worst and most unscrupulous of enemies. Still, we cannot endure the petty feelings of dislike which makes Mr. Macaulay break out against them whenever he can, whether fairly or unfairly. His is not the noble and honourable disapprobation of a man who regards them as the professional but sincere upholders of a false religious system; it is the nasty irritation of a cross-grained Whig, who is thwarted in his Whiggism by a body essentially Tory and Conservative. What else could prompt such an absurdity as the following slap at the vast parsonic face?

"Unhappily the name of Burnet was odious to the great majority of the Anglican priesthood. Though, as respected doctrine, he by no means belonged to the extreme section of the Latitudinarian party, he was popularly regarded as the personification of the Latitudinarian spirit. This distinction he owed to the prominent place which he held in literature and politics, to the readiness of his tongue and of his pen, and above all to the frankness and boldness of his nature; frankness which could keep no secret, and boldness which flinched from no danger. He had formed but a low estimate of the character of his clerical brethren considered as a body; and, with his usual indiscretion, he frequently suffered his opinion to escape him. They hated him in return with a hatred which has descended to their successors, and which, after the lapse of a century and a half, does not appear to languish."

Positively Mr. Macaulay knows very little more about the Anglican clergy than he does about the Jesuits. If there is any one clerical author whose writings have been more than others' incessantly reprinted, at the Universities and elsewhere, and are to be found in all tolerable clerical libraries, it is Burnet. His book on the Thirty-nine Articles has had no rival in the place it has held as a text-book in the examinations of Anglican bishops; and his *Pastoral Care* was long *the* model held up for the study and imitation of the unfledged young curates who are yearly multiplied over the land. The case is, that perhaps once Mr. Macaulay saw some Puseyite review or tract in which Burnet was shown up, as he richly deserved. From this he jumps to the conclusion, that the most popular of the older expository writers of the Establishment has been the pre-eminent object of its hatred during the last century and a half.

After the treatment which the affairs of king and preachers receive at the hands of our most popular of living critics, the reader will be prepared to meet with something truly original when Mr. Macaulay happens to touch on the Greek and Latin languages, and on literary and theological criticism. The following we look upon as quite first-rate in its way.

Among the devices mooted after William's accession for quieting the internal troubles of the Church of England, were divers plans for altering the Book of Common Prayer. One chief stumbling-block was, of course, the Athanasian Creed, which the "liberals" of the day wanted to get rid of, or in some way render palatable to the tastes of the ignorant, noisy, or scrupulous. On this Mr. Macaulay remarks:

"The Athanasian Creed caused much perplexity. Most of the commissioners were equally unwilling to give up the doctrinal clauses and to retain the damnatory clauses. Burnet, Fowler, and Tillotson were desirous to strike this famous symbol out of the liturgy altogether. Burnet brought forward one argument, which to himself probably did not appear to have much weight, but which was admirably calculated to perplex his opponents, Beveridge and Scott. The Council of Ephesus had always been reverenced by Anglican divines as a synod which had truly represented the whole body of the faithful, and which had been divinely guided in the way of truth. The voice of that Council was the voice of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church, not yet corrupted by superstition, or rent asunder by schism. During more than twelve centuries the world had not seen an ecclesiastical assembly which had an equal claim to the respect of believers. The Council of Ephesus had, in the plainest terms, and under the most terrible penalties, forbidden Christians to frame or to impose on their brethren any creed other than the creed settled by the Nicene Fathers. It should seem therefore that, if the Council of Ephesus was really under the direction of the Holy Spirit, whoever uses the Athanasian Creed must, in the very act of uttering anathema against his neighbours, bring down an anathema on his own head. In spite of the authority of the Ephesian Fathers, the majority of the commissioners determined to leave the Athanasian Creed in the Prayer-Book; but they proposed to add a rubric drawn up by Stillingfleet, which declared that the damnatory clauses were to be understood to apply only to such as obstinately denied the substance of the Christian faith. Orthodox believers were therefore permitted to hope that the heretic who had honestly and humbly sought for truth would not be everlastingly punished for having failed to find it."

To this is affixed the following note:

"It is difficult to conceive stronger or clearer language than that used by the Council. *Τούτων τοίνυν ἀναγνωσθέντων, ὥρισεν ἡ ἁγία σύνοδος, ἑτέραν πίστιν μηδενὶ ἐξεῖναι προσφέρειν, ἤγουν συγγράφειν, ἢ συντιθέναι, παρὰ τὴν ὁρισθεῖσαν παρὰ τῶν ἁγίων πατέρων τῶν ἐν τῇ Νικαέων συνελθόντων σὺν ἁγίῳ πνεύματι· τοὺς δὲ τολμῶντας ἢ συντιθέναι πίστιν ἑτέραν, ἤγουν προκομίζειν, ἢ προσφέρειν τοῖς ἐθέλουσιν ἐπιστρέφειν εἰς ἐπίγνωσιν τῆς ἀληθείας, ἢ ἐξ Ἑλληνισμοῦ, ἢ ἐξ Ἰουδαϊσμοῦ, ἢ ἐξ αἱρέσεως οἱασδηποτοῦν, τούτους, εἰ μὲν εἶεν ἐπίσκοποι ἢ κλήρικοι, ἀλλοτρίους εἶναι τοὺς ἐπισκόπους τῆς ἐπισκοπῆς, καὶ τοὺς κληρίκους*

τοῦ κλήρου, εἰ δὲ λαϊκοὶ εἶεν, ἀναθεματίζεσθαι. — *Concil. Ephes.* Actio vi."

Now mark the scholarship of the late member for our Scottish "Modern Athens." The anathema of the Ephesian Fathers against those who should introduce a *different* faith—ἑτέρα πίστις—from that of Nice, is transformed into a denunciation of all who should employ any *additional* creed to the Nicene! This is, on the whole, the most candid specimen of Greek criticism which we ever met with from a man of any pretensions to read the Greek language. If Mr. Macaulay had gone down to the High School of Edinburgh, and propounded to the boys there assembled his dictum, that "it is difficult to conceive stronger or clearer language than that used by the Council," we apprehend that a unanimous vote in favour of his instant flagellation would have been the result. The merest tyro would have told him that the obvious and the usual meaning of ἕτερος in such a place is "diverse from," "contradictory to;" and that if any man by the remotest possibility could imagine that the Ephesian Fathers were making fools of themselves by using the word in the sense which Mr. Macaulay gives it, the expression which immediately follows—παρὰ τὴν ὁρισθεῖσαν—fixes its signification beyond a doubt. The fact is, Mr. Macaulay knows nothing whatever about such subjects. He knows nothing about Christianity or the Christian Church. He is as ignorant as a baby of the most prominent facts of ecclesiastical history, or he would not have committed the absurdity of making one of the Great Councils anathematise the practice of adding *clearer* definitions of doctrine to those already existing, when they were really condemning the introduction of *contradictory* definitions. The whole thing is really so silly and so laughably absurd, that not even Mr. Macaulay could have fallen into it, had it not been for the passionate hatred with which he abhors any thing approaching to the dogmatic principle.

When from Greek he passes on to Latin, he is equally nonsensical, and shows equal ignorance and incapability of criticism. A slap at the *Te Deum* is a worthy pendant to a fling at the Athanasian Creed.

"Tenison," he informs us, "was intrusted with the business of examining the Liturgy, and of collecting all those expressions to which objections had been made, either by theological or by literary critics. It was determined to remove some obvious blemishes. And it would have been wise in the Commissioners to stop here. Unfortunately they determined to rewrite a great part of the Prayer-Book. It was a bold undertaking; for in general the style of that volume is such as cannot be improved. The English Liturgy in-

deed gains by being compared even with those fine ancient Liturgies from which it is to a great extent taken. The essential qualities of devotional eloquence, conciseness, majestic simplicity, pathetic earnestness of supplication, sobered by a profound reverence, are common between the translations and the originals. But in the subordinate graces of diction the originals must be allowed to be far inferior to the translations. And the reason is obvious. The technical phraseology of Christianity did not become a part of the Latin language till that language had passed the age of maturity and was sinking into barbarism. But the technical phraseology of Christianity was found in the Anglo-Saxon and in the Norman French, long before the union of those two dialects had produced a third dialect superior to either. The Latin of the Roman Catholic services, therefore, is Latin in the last stage of decay. The English of our services is English in all the vigour and suppleness of early youth. To the great Latin writers, to Terence and Lucretius, to Cicero and Cæsar, to Tacitus and Quintilian, the noblest compositions of Ambrose and Gregory would have seemed to be, not merely bad writing, but senseless gibberish. The diction of our Book of Common Prayer, on the other hand, has directly or indirectly contributed to form the diction of almost every great English writer, and has extorted the admiration of the most accomplished infidels and of the most accomplished nonconformists, of such men as David Hume and Robert Hall."

To the sentence in the above about "senseless gibberish," he adds as a note:

"It is curious to consider how those great masters of the Latin tongue who used to sup with Mæcenas and Pollio would have been perplexed by 'Tibi Cherubim et Seraphim incessabili voce proclamant, Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth;' or by 'Ideo cum angelis et archangelis, cum thronis et dominationibus.'"

It is really difficult to contain one's indignation at the profane tone of this sentence in connection with the words to which it is attached. What possible call was there for introducing the intolerably offensive phrase of "senseless gibberish," as describing the impression produced on an ignorant heathen by the announcement of the true nature of the eternal God? Mr. Macaulay was simply discussing the comparative merits of classical and Christian Latin. Any man with an ordinary amount of religious decency would have refrained from introducing the subject of the doctrines of Christianity in such a tone as this; and instead of pointedly bringing in the possible absurdity which they might have worn in the eyes of a pagan, *merely to strengthen his contrast between the two schools of the language*, would have called attention to the fact that it was the pagan's ignorance of Christian doctrine,

and not the badness of Patristic Latin, which blinded him to the beauties of the language of Christianity.

Mr. Macaulay undoubtedly is welcome to his opinion about the inferiority of the Latin Liturgy and the Latin *Te Deum* to the Anglican versions, and also to the Latin of Terence, Lucretius, and the other classical writers. But we venture to say that his opinion as to the comparative merits of the Latin and the English is shared by no single competent critic, whether Catholic or Protestant. The beauties of the Anglican version of the old Catholic prayers are undoubtedly great; but to put it on a par with the originals, and still more to put it above the originals, is simply absurd. The *Te Deum* itself furnishes one of the most striking of illustrations, not merely of the occasional blunders of the English translators, but of the impossibility of equalling the originals by any translation whatsoever. If Mr. Macaulay ought to be whipped for his Greek, the English translators of the *Te Deum* undoubtedly deserve scarification for turning "candidatus martyrum exercitus" into "the *noble* army of martyrs." As for the general force and epigrammatic power of the entire hymn as it stands in the Latin, no English translation can possibly do it justice.

Moreover, when Mr. Macaulay asserts that the Latin of the Catholic services is Latin in the last stage of decay, and the English of the Protestant Prayer-Book is English in all the vigour and suppleness of early youth, he is entirely overlooking the real state of the case. So far from the cases being dissimilar, they are identical. *Both* languages were in a youthful stage. Christian Latin was a new language, adapted by men of extraordinary power, as masters of word-making, from the departing language of heathenism. Nor was the English of the days of Elizabeth and James a really new language; it just then took its natural form, after centuries of growth and change. And the result is the same in both cases. Viewed as perfect language, that is, as an expressive, vigorous, clear, correct, grand, and melodious instrument for the enunciation of human thought, the Latin of the Catholic services is not only equal to the best examples of classical Latin, it is very decidedly their superior. The glorious words from the *Te Deum* and the Eucharistic Liturgies, which Mr. Macaulay selects as the object of his coarse sneer, are unrivalled, as mere language, by any thing that "Terence and Lucretius, Cicero and Cæsar, Tacitus and Quintilian," ever wrote or uttered. They are lost upon the dull ears of this Scotch rhetorician, because his mind is grovelling among the rubbish of earth, and that a Whiggish earth. The soul that can take Dutch William for a demi-god is not in a

condition to drink in the harmonies of hymns that might be sung by angels.

The most sensible and religious members of the Anglican body are, to turn to a kindred subject, perfectly aware that the art of writing prayers—speaking technically—is not one of the possessions of Protestantism. They are unanimous in disparaging the productions of that kind which from time to time have issued forth from their own communion. All that is necessary to lower their compositions to the lowest deep is, that they should be the work of a bishop; except that in "the lowest deep a lower deep" is prepared for the effusion of archi-episcopal pens, when they seek to give shape to the devotional aspirations of an entire people. These prelatic productions as a class can only take rank with king's and queen's speeches to their parliaments. A Lambeth prayer bears about the same relation to an old Catholic collect or hymn as do the platitudes which ministers put into royal mouths to the verse of Homer or the prose of Demosthenes. Mr. Macaulay himself quotes a specimen of the sort of thing which Protestantism can produce in the way of devotions, with which we cannot help amusing our readers:

"The style of the Liturgy did not satisfy the Doctors of the Jerusalem Chamber. They voted the collects too short and too dry: and Patrick was intrusted with the duty of expanding and ornamenting them. In one respect, at least, the choice seems to have been unexceptionable; for, if we judge by the way in which Patrick paraphrased the most sublime Hebrew poetry, we shall probably be of opinion that, whether he was or was not qualified to make the collects better, no man that ever lived was more competent to make them longer."

And he gives two "specimens of Patrick's workmanship:"

"'He maketh me,' says David, 'to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.' Patrick's version is as follows: 'For as a good shepherd leads his sheep in the violent heat to shady places, where they may lie down and feed (not in parched, but) in fresh and green pastures, and in the evening leads them (not to muddy and troubled waters, but) to pure and quiet streams; so hath he already made a fair and plentiful provision for me, which I enjoy in peace without any disturbance.'

In the Song of Solomon is an exquisitely beautiful verse: 'I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my beloved, that ye tell him that I am sick of love.' Patrick's version runs thus: 'So I turned myself to those of my neighbours and familiar acquaintance who were awakened by my cries to come and see what the matter was; and conjured them, as they would answer it to God, that, if they met with my beloved, they would let him know—What

shall I say?—What shall I desire you to tell him but that I do not enjoy myself now that I want his company, nor can be well till I recover his love again.'"

But we have had enough of Mr. Macaulay as a chronicler of facts; and must devote what space remains to us to his style and one or two specimens of it. As we have all along implied, his manner is essentially rhetorical. He is rarely satisfied to leave an event to produce its own natural impression on the reader, whom he seeks to dazzle and engross by the phraseology in which he presents facts, or pretended facts, to his observation. When not overdone, the rhetorical and pictorial school of writing is undoubtedly agreeable and effective; and accordingly single portions of Macaulay are pleasanter than a series of his chapters. The impression left by these two thick volumes is, as a whole, heavy. There is a monotony of manner about them, which at last grows wearisome. They are also planned on too large a scale for the history of a long, a stirring, and a well-known period. A great deal is introduced in the way of discussion and remarks, which is quite out of place; and Mr. Macaulay reproduces — Macaulayised, of course — a great deal too much of what was said in debates and the like, which is really little better than worthless as history, and quite worthless when it is recollected how much of this is little better than conjecture.

The characteristic merits of his style consist in a sort of vigorous animation, a masculine force of phrase, an easy employment of the resources of brilliant diction, and a happy knack of bringing into clear light those little points which give an appearance of truthfulness and living reality to his story which is far from warranted by an examination of the whole facts of the case.

We may cite his picture of Highland manners as a fair specimen of his merits and defects.

"Five or six years after the Revolution, an indefatigable angler published an account of Scotland. He boasted that, in the course of his rambles from lake to lake, and from brook to brook, he had left scarcely a nook of the kingdom unexplored. But, when we examine his narrative, we find that he had never ventured beyond the extreme skirts of the Celtic region. He tells us that even from the people who lived close to the passes he could learn little or nothing about the Gaelic population. Few Englishmen, he says, had ever seen Inverary. All beyond Inverary was chaos. In the reign of George the First, a work was published which professed to give a most exact account of Scotland; and in this work, consisting of more than three hundred pages, two contemptuous paragraphs were thought sufficient for the Highlands and the Highlanders.

We may well doubt whether, in 1689, one in twenty of the well-read gentlemen who assembled at Will's coffee-house knew that, within the four seas, and at the distance of less than five hundred miles from London, were many miniature courts, in each of which a petty prince, attended by guards, by armour-bearers, by musicians, by a hereditary orator, by a hereditary poet-laureate, kept a rude state, dispensed a rude justice, waged wars, and concluded treaties. While the old Gaelic institutions were in full vigour, no account of them was given by any observer, qualified to judge of them fairly. Had such an observer studied the character of the Highlanders, he would doubtless have found in it closely intermingled the good and the bad qualities of an uncivilised nation. He would have found that the people had no love for their country or for their king; that they had no attachment to any commonwealth larger than the clan, or to any magistrate superior to the chief. He would have found that life was governed by a code of morality and honour widely different from that which is established in peaceful and prosperous societies. He would have learned that a stab in the back, or a shot from behind a fragment of rock, were approved modes of taking satisfaction for insults. He would have heard men relate boastfully how they or their fathers had wreaked on hereditary enemies in a neighbouring valley such vengeance as would have made old soldiers of the Thirty Years' War shudder. He would have found that robbery was held to be a calling, not merely innocent, but honourable. He would have seen, wherever he turned, that dislike of steady industry, and that disposition to throw on the weaker sex the heaviest part of manual labour, which are characteristic of savages. He would have been struck by the spectacle of athletic men basking in the sun, angling for salmon, or taking aim at grouse; while their aged mothers, their pregnant wives, their tender daughters, were reaping the scanty harvest of oats. Nor did the women repine at their hard lot. In their view it was quite fit that a man, especially if he assumed the aristocratic title of Duinhe Wassel and adorned his bonnet with the eagle's feather, should take his ease, except when he was fighting, hunting, or marauding. To mention the name of such a man in connection with commerce or with any mechanical art was an insult. Agriculture was indeed less despised. Yet a high-born warrior was much more becomingly employed in plundering the land of others than in tilling his own. The religion of the greater part of the Highlands was a rude mixture of popery and paganism. The symbol of redemption was associated with heathen sacrifices and incantations. Baptised men poured libations of ale to one Dæmon, and set out drink-offerings of milk for another. Seers wrapped themselves up in bulls' hides, and awaited, in that vesture, the inspiration which was to reveal the future. Even among those minstrels and genealogists, whose hereditary vocation was to preserve the memory of past events, an inquirer would have found very few who could read. In truth, he might easily have journeyed from sea to sea without

discovering a page of Gaelic printed or written. The price which he would have had to pay for his knowledge of the country would have been heavy. He would have had to endure hardships as great as if he had sojourned among the Esquimaux or the Samoyeds. Here and there, indeed, at the castle of some great lord who had a seat in the Parliament and Privy Council, and who was accustomed to pass a large part of his life in the cities of the south, might have been found wigs and embroidered coats, plate and fine linen, lace and jewels, French dishes and French wines. But, in general, the traveller would have been forced to content himself with very different quarters. In many dwellings the furniture, the food, the clothing, nay the very hair and skin of his hosts, would have put his philosophy to the proof. His lodging would sometimes have been in a hut, of which every nook would have swarmed with vermin. He would have inhaled an atmosphere thick with peat smoke, and foul with a hundred noisome exhalations. At supper, grain fit only for horses would have been set before him, accompanied by a cake of blood drawn from living cows. Some of the company with which he would have feasted would have been covered with cutaneous eruptions, and others would have been smeared with tar like sheep. His couch would have been the bare earth, dry or wet as the weather might be; and from that couch he would have risen half-poisoned with stench, half-blind with the reek of turf, and half-mad with the itch."

Another clever, and, as a whole, a much fairer picture, is that which we find of the district in London that used to go by the name of Alsatia. The readers of Sir Walter Scott will recognise the scenery of some of the best parts of *The Fortunes of Nigel.*

"The ancient immunities enjoyed by some districts of the capital, of which the largest and the most infamous was Whitefriars, had produced abuses which could no longer be endured. The Templars on one side of Alsatia, and the citizens on the other, had long been calling on the government and the legislature to put down so monstrous a nuisance. Yet still, bounded on the west by the great school of English jurisprudence, and on the east by the great mart of English trade, stood this labyrinth of squalid, tottering houses, close packed, every one, from cellar to cockloft, with outcasts whose life was one long war with society. The best part of the population consisted of debtors who were in fear of bailiffs. The rest were attorneys struck off the roll, witnesses who carried straw in their shoes as a sign to inform the public where a false oath might be procured for half-a-crown, sharpers, receivers of stolen goods, clippers of coin, forgers of bank-notes, and tawdry women blooming with paint and brandy, who, in their anger, made free use of their nails and their scissors, yet whose anger was less to be dreaded than their kindness. With these wretches the narrow alleys of the sanctuary swarmed. The rattling of dice, the call for more

punch and more wine, and the noise of blasphemy and ribald song, never ceased during the whole night. The benchers of the Inner Temple could bear the scandal and the annoyance no longer. They ordered the gate leading into Whitefriars to be bricked up. The Alsatians mustered in great force, attacked the workmen, killed one of them, pulled down the wall, knocked down the sheriff who came to keep the peace, and carried off his gold chain, which, no doubt, was soon in the melting-pot. The riot was not suppressed till a company of the foot-guards arrived. This outrage excited general indignation. The city, indignant at the outrage offered to the sheriff, cried loudly for justice. Yet, so difficult was it to execute any process in the dens of Whitefriars, that near two years elapsed before a single ringleader was apprehended.

The Savoy was another place of the same kind, smaller indeed, and less renowned, but inhabited by a not less lawless population. An unfortunate tailor, who ventured to go thither for the purpose of demanding payment of a debt, was set upon by the whole mob of cheats, ruffians, and courtesans. He offered to give a full discharge to his debtor and a treat to the rabble, but in vain. He had violated their franchises; and this crime was not to be pardoned. He was knocked down, stripped, tarred, feathered. A rope was tied round his waist. He was dragged naked up and down the streets amidst yells of 'A bailiff! a bailiff!' Finally he was compelled to kneel down and to curse his father and mother. Having performed this ceremony, he was permitted,—and the permission was blamed by many of the Savoyards,—to limp home without a rag upon him. The Bog of Allen, the passes of the Grampians, were not more unsafe than this small knot of lanes, surrounded by the mansions of the greatest nobles of a flourishing and enlightened kingdom.

At length, in 1697, a bill for abolishing the franchises of these places passed both Houses, and received the royal assent. The Alsatians and Savoyards were furious. Anonymous letters, containing menaces of assassination, were received by members of parliament who had made themselves conspicuous by the zeal with which they had supported the bill; but such threats only strengthened the general conviction that it was high time to destroy these nests of knaves and ruffians. A fortnight's grace was allowed; and it was made known that, when that time had expired, the vermin who had been the curse of London would be unearthed and hunted without mercy. There was a tumultuous flight to Ireland, to France, to the Colonies, to vaults and garrets in less notorious parts of the capital; and when, on the prescribed day, the sheriff's officers ventured to cross the boundary, they found those streets where, a few weeks before, the cry of 'a writ!' would have drawn together a thousand raging bullies and vixens, as quiet as the cloister of a cathedral."

We shall conclude with a few paragraphs which have a

"moral" for their writer's especial behoof, commending to Mr. Macaulay his history of the proceedings of the old clippers and coiners of gold and silver, as symbolical of the plan on which he himself deals with the materials for history out of which he has so cleverly compounded the very showy and very false volumes whose worth we have attempted to estimate at its true value.

"Till the reign of Charles the Second our coin had been struck by a process as old as the thirteenth century. Edward the First had invited hither skilful artists from Florence, which, in his time, was to London what London, in the time of William the Third, was to Moscow. During many generations, the instruments which were then introduced into our mint continued to be employed with little alteration. The metal was divided with shears, and afterwards shaped and stamped by the hammer. In these operations much was left to the hand and eye of the workman. It necessarily happened that some pieces contained a little more and some a little less than the just quantity of silver: few pieces were exactly round; and the rims were not marked. It was therefore in the course of years discovered that to clip the coin was one of the easiest and most profitable kinds of fraud. In the reign of Elizabeth it had been thought necessary to enact that the clipper should be, as the coiner had long been, liable to the penalties of high treason. The practice of paring down money, however, was far too lucrative to be so checked; and, about the time of the Restoration, people began to observe that a large proportion of the crowns, halfcrowns, and shillings which were passing from hand to hand had undergone some slight mutilation.

That was a time fruitful of experiments and inventions in all the departments of science. A great improvement in the mode of shaping and striking the coin was suggested. A mill, which to a great extent superseded the human hand, was set up in the Tower of London. This mill was worked by horses, and would doubtless be considered by modern engineers as a rude and feeble machine. The pieces which it produced, however, were among the best in Europe. It was not easy to counterfeit them; and, as their shape was exactly circular, and their edges were inscribed with a legend, clipping was not to be apprehended. The hammered coins and the milled coins were current together. They were received without distinction in public, and consequently in private payments. The financiers of that age seem to have expected that the new money, which was excellent, would soon displace the old money, which was much impaired. Yet any man of plain understanding might have known that, when the State treats perfect coin and light coin as of equal value, the perfect coin will not drive the light coin out of circulation, but will itself be driven out. A clipped crown, on English ground, went as far in the payment of a tax or a debt as a milled crown. But the milled crown, as soon as it had been flung into the

crucible or carried across the Channel, became much more valuable than the clipped crown. It might therefore have been predicted, as confidently as any thing can be predicted which depends on the human will, that the inferior pieces would remain in the only market in which they could fetch the same price as the superior pieces, and that the superior pieces would take some form or fly to some place in which some advantage could be derived from their superiority.

The politicians of that age, however, generally overlooked these very obvious considerations. They marvelled exceedingly that every body should be so perverse as to use light money in preference to good money. In other words, they marvelled that nobody chose to pay twelve ounces of silver when ten would serve the turn. The horse in the Tower still paced his rounds. Fresh waggon-loads of choice money still came forth from the mill; and still they vanished as fast as they appeared. Great masses were melted down; great masses exported; great masses hoarded; but scarcely one new piece was to be found in the till of a shop, or in the leathern bag which the farmer carried home from the cattle-fair. In the receipts and payments of the exchequer the milled money did not exceed ten shillings in a hundred pounds. A writer of that age mentions the case of a merchant who, in a sum of thirty-five pounds, received only a single halfcrown in milled silver.

The evil proceeded with constantly accelerating velocity. At length in the autumn of 1695 it could hardly be said that the country possessed, for practical purposes, any measure of the value of commodities. It was a mere chance whether what was called a shilling was really tenpence, sixpence, or a groat. The results of some experiments which were tried at that time deserve to be mentioned. The officers of the exchequer weighed fifty-seven thousand two hundred pounds of hammered money which had recently been paid in. The weight ought to have been above two hundred and twenty thousand ounces. It proved to be under one hundred and fourteen thousand ounces. Three eminent London goldsmiths were invited to send a hundred pounds each in current silver to be tried by the balance. Three hundred pounds ought to have weighed about twelve hundred ounces. The actual weight proved to be six hundred and twenty-four ounces. The same test was applied in various parts of the kingdom. It was found that a hundred pounds, which should have weighed about four hundred ounces, did actually weigh at Bristol two hundred and forty ounces, at Cambridge two hundred and three, at Exeter one hundred and eighty, and at Oxford only one hundred and sixteen. There were, indeed, some northern districts into which the clipped money had only begun to find its way. An honest Quaker, who lived in one of these districts, recorded, in some notes which are still extant, the amazement with which, when he travelled southward, shopkeepers and innkeepers stared at the broad and heavy halfcrowns with which he paid his way. They asked whence he came, and where such money was to be found. The guinea which he purchased for twenty-two shillings

at Lancaster bore a different value at every stage of his journey. When he reached London it was worth thirty shillings, and would indeed have been worth more had not the government fixed that rate as the highest at which gold should be received in the payment of taxes."

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Jesus Christ the Model of the Priest. Translated by the Rev. J. L. Patterson. (Richardson.) A beautiful little book, and apparently well translated. It certainly reads well.

Drioux's Sacred History. Edited by the Right Rev. Dr. Goss. (Richardson.) Drioux's *Sacred History* is compiled on the plan of re-writing the whole Bible text, with a view of making it more intelligible and agreeable to children. We suspect that the more they get of the original scriptural phraseology, the more they like it. Those who differ from us will find this volume a useful manual; and it has the recommendation of the Bishop of Liverpool.

Hay's Inquiry on Salvation out of the true Church. (Richardson.) Bishop Hay holds that "invincible ignorance" in baptised Protestants is practically an impossibility. We hold a different opinion, and accordingly regret to see his inquiry republished. It assumes a knowledge of the ways of Almighty God which appears to us bordering on the presumptuous.

History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V. By H. H. Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. 6 vols. (London, Murray.) This work is now complete, and though it is written with the feelings of a gentleman, with considerable appearance of fairness, and with an extensive reference to authorities, it is evidently a party work; like most Protestant religious writings, this also

"Hæc in nostros fabricata est machina muros;"

and though the Latin hierarchy is treated with respect, as having been the rivals, the opponents, the foes, the subjugators of the great temporal despots, the object is to show how they also became, by their powerful hold on the conscience, and by their common interests in keeping mankind in slavery, the allies, the ministers, and the rulers of the same civil powers.

Dr. Milman closes his volumes with an appreciation of the prospects of Catholicity: it has ceased to be, he says, and never again can be, the exclusive, the paramount, far less the universal religion of enlightened men. "On more religious minds it will doubtless maintain its hold as a religion of authority—a religion of outward form—an objective religion, and so possessing inexhaustible powers of awakening religious emotion. As a religion of authority, as an objective religion, as an emotional religion, it may draw within its pale proselytes of congenial minds from a more vague, more subjective, more rational faith." Hence, we suppose, the Catholic Church must grow with the growth of religious feeling.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The Fur-Hunters of the Far West: a Narrative of Adventures in the Oregon and Rocky Mountains. By Alexander Ross. 2 vols. (London, Smith, Elder and Co.) Mr. Ross, after forty-four years among the Indians, cannot be expected to have many graces of style; and a great deal of what he has to tell is deficient in interest. Tedious journals, recounting how "two men were robbed, four murdered, one drowned; how a boat was lost, and pipes were smoked," do not make very amusing reading. But if Oregon ever becomes a classical land, Mr. Ross will certainly be one of its first historians,—one of the masters in whose chronicles its origin is to be traced. In it we have the commercial history of the successive fur-companies; an account of the relations between the Indians and the white men; and several interesting particulars concerning the life and manners of the Indians.

We extract an account of a visit to an Indian camp for the purpose of purchasing horses.

"The moment we dismounted, we were surrounded, and the savages, giving two or three war-whoops and yells, drove the animals we had ridden out of our sight; this of itself was a hostile movement. We had to judge from appearances and be guided by circumstances. My first care was to try and direct their attention to something new, and to get rid of the temptation there was to dispose of my goods; so without a moment's delay I commenced a trade in horses; but every horse I bought during that and the following day, as well as those we had brought with us, were instantly driven out of sight, in the midst of yelling and jeering; nevertheless, I continued to trade while an article remained, putting the best face on things I could, and taking no notice of their conduct, as no insult or violence had as yet been offered to ourselves personally. Two days and nights had now elapsed since our arrival without food or sleep; the Indians refused us the former, our own anxiety deprived us of the latter. . . . . .

"The day after, I ordered one of the men to try and cook something for us. But the kettle was no sooner on the fire, than five or six spears bore off in savage triumph the contents; they even emptied out the water, and threw the kettle on one side; and this was no sooner done, than thirty or forty ill-favoured wretches fired a volley in the embers before us, which caused a cloud of smoke and ashes to ascend darkening the air around us; a strong hint not to put the kettle any more on the fire, and we took it."

The cook was just replacing his knife, when "a chief snatched it out of his hand. The man in an angry tone demanded his knife, saying to me, 'I'll have my knife from the villain, life or death.' 'No,' said I. The chief, seeing the man angry, threw down his robe, and grasping the knife in his fist, with the point downwards, raised his arm, making a motion in advance as if he intended using it. The crisis had now arrived. At this moment there was a dead silence. The Indians were flocking in from all quarters; a dense crowd surrounded us. Not a moment was to be lost; delay would be fatal, and nothing now seemed to remain for us but to sell our lives as dearly as possible. With this impression, grasping a pistol, I advanced a step towards the villain, with a full determination of shooting him before any of us should fall; but in the act of lifting my foot and moving my arm, a second idea flashed across my mind, admonishing me to soothe, and not provoke

the Indians,—that Providence might yet make a way for us to escape. This thought saved the Indian's life, and ours too. Instead of drawing the pistol, I took a knife from my belt, and presented it to him, saying, 'Here, my friend, is a chief's knife, I give it to you; that is not a chief's knife, give it back to the man.' Fortunately, he took mine in his hand; but, still sullen and savage, he said nothing. The moment was a critical one; the chief stood thoughtful and silent; at last he handed the man his knife, and turning mine round and round for some time in his hands, turned to his people, holding up the knife in his hand, and exclaimed, 'Look, my friends, at the chief's knife.'"

We have somewhat abridged the latter part of this quotation; but our readers will see that the author's adventures are deserving of the name. He seems a very truthful unimaginative writer, quite incapable of colouring a description. His portrait in the second volume would be enough to ruin a less solid book. We can only pardon "the deep damnation of his taking-off" on the ground of his long absence from civilised life.

Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon. By S. W. Baker, Esq., author of "The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon." (London, Longmans.) The author was so delighted with the sporting-experiences of which he published an account in his former volume, that he returned to Ceylon as a settler, and now describes his life and occupations in that capacity for the last eight years. His book is both valuable and amusing. He complains bitterly of the colonial government, is very sanguine as to the quantity of gold and jewels to be found in the mountainous districts, describes the produce of the country, and becomes very animated when he has to relate any sporting-adventures. We extract the following, not as a specimen of the interest of the book, but because the opinion it contains is so contrary to the usual notion.

"You cannot convince an English settler that he will be abroad for an indefinite number of years . . . . with his mind ever fixed upon his return, he does nothing for posterity in the colony. He rarely even plants a fruit-tree, hoping that his stay will not allow him to gather from it.

"How different is the appearance of French colonies, and how different are the feelings of the settler! The word 'adieu' once spoken, he sighs an eternal farewell to the shores of France, and settles cheerfully in a colony as his adopted country. He lays out his grounds with taste, and plants groves of exquisite fruit-trees, whose produce will, he hopes, be tasted by his children and grandchildren. Accordingly, in a French colony there is a tropical beauty in the cultivated trees and flowers which is seldom seen in our possessions. The fruits are brought to perfection, as there is the same care taken in pruning and grafting as in our gardens in England.

"A Frenchman is necessarily a better settler; every thing is arranged for permanency, from the building of a house to the cultivation of an estate. He does not distress his land for immediate profit, but from the very commencement he adopts a system of the highest cultivation."

There seems something quite ominous in the way in which the Saxon evidently feels himself to be a mere passing stranger in the East, especially as it is so different from the manner in which he has permanently established himself in the West and South.

A History of Rome to the Establishment of the Empire. By H. G. Liddell, D.D., Dean of Christ Church, Oxford. 2 vols. (London, Murray.)

This work was originally intended to give to the upper forms of schools an idea of the altered and, so to say, Niebuhrian aspect which Roman history has assumed. We think that the book, careful as it is, is too long, too peddling and minute, too wanting in striking generalisations to serve its purpose. After all, the charms of language and dramatic incident will attract more than mere conscientious care. Shakspeare will continue to give us our first ideas of English history; and we are afraid that the brilliant painting of Macaulay will quite unfit the nation's eyes even to see and recognise the existence of the more careful, more truthful drawing of Lingard. Dr. Liddell treats the traditions of the early civil history of Rome, so far as they are corroborated by customs, laws, and institutions, as authentic, and thinks that in the history of the first ages of the Republic there is a consistency of progress and a clearness of intelligence which make its authenticity the more probable assumption. In this he is opposed to Sir Cornewall Lewis, who treats the early Roman history, in its civil as well as military transactions, as entirely incredible, and unworthy of attention, till the age of Pyrrhus, when we can first securely refer to contemporaneous writers. The value of oral tradition in preserving the memory of historical events is still unsettled in the judgment of professed historians.

Travels in Albania, and other Provinces of Turkey, in 1809 *and* 1810. By the Right Hon. Lord Broughton. 2 vols. (London, Murray.) A republication of Hobhouse's travels, with emendations in the text, and in the notes illustrations and corrections drawn from the most important works on these parts published during the half-century. As might be expected in the familiar of Lord Byron, the first edition of this book abounded with remarks offensive to religion; and the emendations of the present reprint do not much mend matters. In spite of all that has been said and done of late years, Lord Broughton is still at a loss to guess what charms life can have for a monk in a cloister on the ridge of a rock: security, he says, is not acceptable under such conditions. "Yet from amongst the varieties of human conduct, we may collect other instances of voluntary privations equally unaccountable, and produced, independently of habit or constraint, by original eccentricity of mind." Albania is one of those unchanging, half-civilised countries, for which a description of manners written half a century ago is equally true at the present day.

The Englishwoman in America. (London, Murray.) This "Englishwoman" is a Scotchwoman, who speaks Gaelic, but writes English in a ladylike manner. She avowedly offers us only *impressions*, not *conclusions*, concerning American and Canadian society; and this honesty of self-appreciation renders her book more acceptable than many others of the same class. It is unlucky, however, that the very reason which makes her think her stories and reflections interesting should make us think them tiresome—their being about herself.

Laura Gay, a Novel. 2 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) This book, apparently by a novice in the craft—by one who "hath not been fed on the dainties that are bred in a book, hath not eat paper, as it were, hath not drunk ink"—is made up of a very novel view of English society in Rome, and of duties, feelings, and sentiments of parsons at home. We will give a specimen or two of its "utterances."

A parson fell in with a sweet enthusiast, and in love with her beauty, and "sympathised so strongly with her religious fervour that it became his duty to marry her." Protestant fathers with fervid daughters, be-

ware of poor curates with ideas of "duty" wandering so far beyond the legitimate "dearly beloved," and its introductory "wicked man!"

A religious-minded peer thus meditates on the ruins of the Colosseum: "Truth can only be pure objectively; for even in the creeds where it predominates, being subjective, and parcelled out into portions, each of these necessarily receives a hue of idiosyncrasy, that is, a taint of superstition, more or less strong," &c. &c.

Upon this the author remarks, "The intellectual disposition to analyse is both dangerous and unpopular, for it often leads to unsatisfactory results, and is always laborious." We quite agree with her, and advise that so dangerous, unpopular, unsatisfactory, and laborious an inanity should be relinquished as soon as possible. She has mistaken her craft; she should quit Grub Street immediately for the more congenial realm of the nursery in Mayfair.

Handbook of the Arts of the Middle Ages and Rénaissance, as applied to the Decoration of Furniture, Arms, Jewels, &c. &c. Translated from the French of Jules Labarte: copiously illustrated. (London, Murray.) M. Labarte's Handbook, which was originally only an introduction to a catalogue of his collection, has long been known to *virtuosi*. In its English dress, though betraying some marks of haste in getting up, it is a handsome and useful volume, almost necessary for our many amateurs of Gothic art. The technical processes of the different arts are copiously explained; and the chief works of the greatest masters in each are enumerated and briefly described.

The Past Campaign: a Sketch of the War in the East, from the departure of Lord Raglan to the Capture of Sebastopol. By N. A. Woods, late Special Correspondent of the "Morning Herald." 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) Unlike the brilliant correspondent of the *Times*, Mr. Woods has no elaborate criticisms on strategy, or speculations on the possible results of other plans than those which were followed. His narrative, too, has a certain tameness and want of colour; but it acquires a solidity and historical importance from containing the whole journal of Major Butler, the defender of Silistria, and a selection of documents from the private and official correspondence of Captain Christie relative to the losses in the gale of the 14th of November. Mr. Woods was not present at the final bombardment and capture of the Malakhof, but gives accounts of it furnished by some of his military friends. The volumes have considerable weight and importance.

Flowers and Fruit; or, the Use of Tears. By Cecilia Mary Caddell. (Duffy.) In nothing perhaps is the essential difference between Catholicism and Protestantism more palpably apparent than in the topics selected for consolation at times of sorrow and trial, and the manner in which they are respectively treated. The Protestant, if he does more than appeal to considerations drawn from natural reason or a mundane philosophy, either has recourse to the mere subjectivities of religion, and sends the sufferer for support to his own inward reflections and introspections, or tries to raise and direct his thoughts and hopes to those general truths of revelation which from their nature have less in them of personal and immediate application. The Catholic, on the contrary, betakes himself naturally and spontaneously to the objects of divine faith, or rather to the one object of his love and confidence, an Incarnate God, and all He has done and obtained for men. A glance at the little work we have named above will show precisely what we mean. Except when Protestants have borrowed, or rather we must say stolen, like Jeremy Taylor, from Catholic sources, their "comfort in affliction"

is of the cold, vague, unsatisfying nature we have described. God is far off in heaven, at a distance, beyond the stars; the Saviour is come down from the cross, and is gone they know not whither; about His Virgin Mother they know little, and care less; communion with the Saints they have none; grace with them is a name rather than a substance; sacraments are but signs of things absent, in which they individually have no part. They can but hope and trust and feel about in the dark; they have nothing solid, present, and evident to the eye of faith, on which they can fasten their gaze and repose with confidence. How different is it with the Catholic! He is taught to dwell on all the details of his Lord's Passion as if it were being enacted over and over again before his eyes; to sympathise and suffer with Him in spirit, as did Mary; to adore Him in every particular pang and ignominy He endured; to worship every drop of Blood that falls from His agonising Body;—nay, he has Jesus Himself in the Sacrament of the Altar, Jesus within his breast in communion; he has His Sacred Heart beating responsively to every throb of his own; a Mother who loves and can help him; an angel ever at his side; the examples and the intercessions of Saints and Martyrs to console and strengthen him. Such are the topics on which this little book discourses, addressing itself with much warmth and affectionateness to the hearts and consciences of all who have been "called to stand at the foot of the cross, whether by suffering of body or distress of mind." Its simplicity and earnestness fit it for the afflicted in every rank of life.

Five Years in Damascus, including an account of the History, Topography, and Antiquities of that City; with Travels and Researches in Palmyra, Lebanon, and the Haurau. By the Rev. J. T. Porter, F.R.S.L. 2 vols. (London, Murray.) Mr. Porter, and a companion, the Rev. Smylie Robson, have employed their time in Damascus perfectly to the satisfaction of our statistical societies, whatever may have been their success in the missionary line. This, we suspect, was but small, judging from the savageness of their judgment of the Greek Church—which anyhow is incomparably better than their own. Mr. Porter is most offensive in his presumption and ignorance. He talks of the "blasphemous title, 'Mother of God;'" and is much shocked at a Greek picture of the last judgment, partly for its "obscenity," *i.e.* probably its naked representations of the horrors of the punishment of vices which English clergymen allow to flourish, because they are afraid of denouncing them openly, and partly because "numerous little devils, fearful in form and terrible in countenance, are seen mounted on the backs of *spirits* (!) and belabouring them with heavy sticks." Evidently the missionary is ignorant that Christians profess to believe a resurrection of the *body*. But even if the objects in question were spirits, so also are the devils; and then again there is no incongruity in representing both under material forms. Only fancy a man of Mr. Porter's astounding ignorance being sent out to instruct the Eastern Christians in their religion! We have no objection to his employment as an agent of the Geographical Society; but to recognise in him a Christian teacher is too absurd.

History of Christian Churches and Sects. By J. B. Marsden, Incumbent of St. Peter's, Birmingham. 2 vols. (London, Bentley.) These volumes furnish a good instance of the thick ignorance and stupid assumption which characterise almost all English works on theology. We have opened them in several places at hazard, and on every occasion our book has drawn up some choice specimen of absurdity. The author

thus opens his account of his own sect—"England, Church of.—The origin of the Church of England must be sought in the primitive ages of Christianity." The reason why parsons can never acknowledge the true origin of their body is, that they *must* look in the wrong place for it. A few pages on we have this precious piece of morality. Sir James Mackintosh has discussed the question, whether the seizure of the monastic property in England was justifiable; Mr. Marsden thinks it is, on this ground: "if an action be right, all those subsidiary lines of action which are necessary for its completion are right also." That is, in the plainer language of antiquity, "let us do evil, that good may come."

Under the head of "the Church of Rome," we find this delicious piece of history. "The institution of St. Dominic gave new features to the Church of Rome. Its progress must have astonished, if it did not sometimes alarm, the Papacy itself. For 666 years—that is, till the time of the Augustines and Mendicants—it went on increasing, till its wealth and power were incredible." We suppose the author intended St. Benedict when he wrote St. Dominic; but even then the passage is ridiculous enough for its attempt to foist in the "number of the beast," 666, as the amount of years from the institution of the Benedictines to that of the Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians, and Carmelites.

We have read through the author's account of the Universalists, or assertors of the final salvation of the whole human race. The beginning of the essay is characterised by a total inability to distinguish between the assertion of a purgatorial fire and the negation of an eternal punishment: the writer thinks that the universalist dogmas of the Paulicians would have excited but little opposition in the Romish theologians, with their then newly invented notion of purgatory, unless the doctrine of a final restoration of the lost to happiness had been connected with more offensive tenets. At the end of the essay, he treats the sect as quite weak in England, numbering only three congregations—one in Glasgow, one in Birmingham, and one in Liverpool; he never alludes to the school of Maurice and Kingsley; to the popular poets of the day, Tennyson and Browning; to the wide-spread philosophy of Carlyle, Emerson, and the transcendentalists, who have, in spite of Mr. Marsden's ignorance, so discreditable to a would-be historian, infected to the very depths the great body of thinking Englishmen, whether lay or clerical. Your modern Englishman would think any man a brute who refused to say that he *hoped* the dogma of eternal punishment was false. So much for his faith in this article of the creed;—faith in a creed which he detests, and which he hopes may turn out not to be true! We do not know a Protestant (except some of your bitter Calvinists, whose notion of the Gospel is, that it is the glad tidings of damnation to all men but themselves) who is not a universalist at heart.

Krim-Girai, Khan of the Crimea. Translated from the German of Theodore Mundt, by the Hon. W. G. C. Eliot. (London, Murray.) Krim-Girai, Khan of the Crimea in 1760, was filled with admiration for Frederic the Great of Prussia; he sought his alliance, prepared to make war on Russia in obedience to his request, and when Frederic's policy changed was almost persuaded to make war on the Austrians, whom he owned to be "a fine, generous, brave nation, whose sovereign never did him any harm." This consummation was, however, prevented by the policy of his suzeraine the Porte. In 1768 he was appointed commander-in-chief of the Turkish and Tartar army, in the war which the Porte declared against Russia in consequence of the invasion of Poland. In this capacity he destroyed a hundred and fifty villages and

hamlets, took 20,000 prisoners for slaves, and innumerable cattle. On his return to his own country he was poisoned by a Greek physician. The book presents an interesting picture of a noble barbarian, and of the obliquity of the European policy of the last century.

Vagabond Life in Mexico. By Gabriel Ferry, for seven years resident there. (London, Blackwood.) This is a smart book, which pretends to be true, and is not. The first chapter tells us how a monk took our Englishman with him to hear the confession of a wounded bull-fighter, and how Mr. Ferry heard all the man had to say; which we need not tell our readers turns out to be a very sentimental history. It is a pity that almost all the pictures of remote foreign life that now appear are disfigured with this outrageous mendacity, the effect of which is to deprive every single sketch and incident of every vestige of probability. Some things in this volume are no doubt true; but we will defy any one to say which they are. We are certain that the story of "Perico, the Mexican vagabond," is not among the number. For the rest, we have not read them.

Russia; its Rise and Progress, Tragedies and Revolutions. By the Rev. T. Milner. (London, Longmans.) We have heard of a judge who tried a joke, and reserved the point. Mr. Milner's writings have a similar weakness; he is a compiler, who succeeds admirably in grinding down every thing sharp and piquant into a very gruelly kind of consistence; he has the art of stopping short, quite unconsciously, whenever the author he is quoting is going to say something worth hearing; also, he has the judgment to use authorities that know almost as little of the subject he writes about as he does himself. It is as though the Russian Baron Raffamuffski should write an account of the "rise and progress, tragedies and revolutions" of England, using as the two sources of his information Miss Bungle's chronological chart of British history, and Count Smorltork's great work on English society. As a history, in spite of the prejudices of the writer, and his culpable subserviency to popular feeling, the book is colourless, weak, and vapid; though to those who know nothing of Russian history it may serve, in default of a better book, as an introduction to the study.

Dorothy: a Tale. (London, J. W. Parker.) If the author of this *nouvellette* is new at these matters, he or she has many of the elements of a good writer. Dorothy has a real character; a Cinderella in externals, but interiorly a clever young lady, who manages every body. A series of external events produces a very decided and probable change in her disposition, the progress of which is satisfactorily drawn out. The writer, having an eye to the heroine's comfortable settlement, does well in the last chapter to transform her lover from a soldier into a parson, as the clerical is certainly the most domestic and uxorious of all the professions. Lastly, the book is as full of marriages and deaths as a newspaper; there is also a fair sprinkling of births, sufficient for an ordinary chronicle.

Recollections of the Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers; to which is added Porsoniana. (London, Moxon.) A man must be both very brilliant and very original to make his table-talk of much literary value: Rogers cannot be said to have possessed in any great degree either of these qualifications; he aimed rather at being a kind of Mæcenas to poor authors, and a go-between for the larger fishes. The anecdotes in this book generally concern these acquaintances of his; and, like most anecdotes of literary men, fail to give us any very grand idea of the moral

worth of those who seek to direct our conduct. Rogers's own contributions are few and far between, rather sententious, and very seldom original. For instance, being asked if he had attended some lectures on the art of memory, he replied, "No, I wish to learn the art of forgetting." This is simply Cicero's* story of Themistocles saying to Simonides, when he promised him an art of memory, *Oblivionis mallem; nam memini etiam quæ nolo, oblivisci non possum quæ volo.* Again, "I always distrust the accounts of eminent men by their contemporaries. None of us has any reason to slander Homer or Julius Cæsar; but we find it very difficult to divest ourselves of prejudices when we are writing about persons with whom we have been acquainted." This is simply a combination of the proverb, "No man is a hero to his valet," with the saying of La Rochefoucauld, "In the adversity of our best friends there is something that does not displease us." This sentiment is more directly imitated by Rogers in another place: "Such is the eagerness of the human mind for excitement, for an *event*, that people generally have a sort of satisfaction in reading the deaths of their friends in the newspapers. I don't mean that a man would not be shocked to read there the death of his dearest friends, but that he feels a kind of pleasure in reading that of an acquaintance, because it gives him something to talk about with every body he may see during the day." In the same page there is another saying of his, to the effect that the reader of modern literature must often do as a flea does—*skip;* which reminds us that we had better leave off, which we will do after retailing two jokes of Sydney Smith here recorded: on being advised by his doctor to "take a walk upon an empty stomach," Smith asked, "Upon whose?" and he observed, "The Bishop of —— is so like Judas, that I now firmly believe in the apostolical succession." The "Porsoniana" at the end of the volume are dull enough.

Evening Recreations, or Samples from the Lecture Room. Edited by J. H. Gurney, Rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone. (London, Longmans.) This is a volume of very creditable Protestant lectures to working-men. As lecturing is the order of the day—as men who have not time or patience to chew their own brain-diet employ lecturers, as nigger-monarchs employ their wives, to chew the history, or the science, or the view that is to be administered, and to present it ready masticated, well softened with saliva, one might almost say ready-digested, to their not over-nice palates, it may perhaps be useful to the lecturer in labour to give a list of the subjects here treated. They are as follows: 1. English Descriptive Poetry. 2. Recollections of St. Petersburg. 3. Sir Thomas More. 4. The Fall of Mexico. 5. The Starry Heavens. 6. The House of Commons, its Struggles and Triumphs. 7. John Bunyan. 8. The Reformation. The lecture on Sir Thomas More is nicely done. The author, Mr. Burton, is not afraid to characterise Henry VIII., Anne Boleyn, even Cranmer, as they deserve, nor to sing the praises of the sweetest saint that ever ravished and illumined England with the fragrance of his virtues and the playful but keen light of his wisdom and pleasantry. "His career was illustrated," says Mr. Burton, "by almost every virtue that makes a man worthy of our respect or our love; he was humane, he was affectionate, he was tender, he was modest, he was wise, he was pious, he was brave. He was the wittiest man of his time. He was the wisest man of his time. In an age of disgraceful moral cowardice he displayed the most noble bravery—that noble bravery which is at all times so rare a quality—the bravery which leads a man to say

* De Finibus.

the truth, in spite of all the vexations and calamities that it may bring upon him, because it is his duty in the sight of God." O that it were the duty of the Catholic priest in his pulpit, as it is the pleasure of the Protestant lecturer on his platform, to hold up this admirable example, this tenderly loved image, for the imitation of Catholics and Protestants! He is perhaps the only one of the great opponents of the Reformation who has gained and enjoys the enthusiastic love of each party—the model layman, so mild, so inoffensive, till it was his duty to show himself the lion-hearted confessor and martyr for the truth, of which impious men wanted to rob him,—till, as St. John Baptist had his head danced off by a lewd woman, Sir Thomas was to have his talked off by the revengeful harlot who succeeded Catherine on the throne of England.

We copy from another lecture, that on St. Petersburg, an incident characteristic alike of Englishman and Russian; it is the Rev. C. M. Birrell who speaks:

"An intelligent and affectionate lad of about seventeen, whom I engaged as servant soon after landing, began his operations in my room by fixing upon the wall his little brass picture. I had an uneasy sensation at the presence of the idol, and without determining the point of conscience, resolved to ascertain whether he could do without it. I accordingly one evening took it down and put it aside. Nothing will obliterate from my memory the look of blank disappointment with which poor Petrovitsch, who had raised his fingers to his left breast to introduce his morning orisons, found that his divinity was gone. He said nothing, but tried to set about his work. He used to polish the pine-floor, cleave the wood, light the stove, and prepare breakfast, before one of the gondolas that danced before the window had made two voyages across the river; but to-day he went from place to place like a pointer which has lost the scent, so that I thought I should faint before he brought me food. I asked what was the matter. He pointed to the vacant corner with a look of despair. '*I* pray to God,' said I, 'without an image.' 'But I cannot,' he replied, with a tone of sadness. I saw how it was, and immediately restored the picture; but was not without some evidence, before we finally parted, that he looked beyond the brass for assistance in his daily toil."

See how a heartless, cynical, impossible sectarianism makes even a kind-hearted Englishman try the most cruel experiments on the dearest convictions of a person who professes a religion which the self-sufficient shallow-pated Briton, with all his command over his pen, cannot understand! And this wise parson setting himself to observe whether the poor boy's worship *terminated* in the brass!—It is too good!

1. *On the Perception of Natural Beauty by the Ancients and the Moderns. Rome, Ancient and Modern.* Two Lectures: delivered by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. (Burns and Lambert.) 2. *On the Nature of an Inaugural Discourse.* A Lecture: by the same. (Richardson.) These two publications are favourable illustrations of the versatile and accomplished character of the Archbishop of Westminster. The two lectures on Beauty and on Rome show him as the genial and animated critic; that on the nature of an inaugural discourse shows him as the ready and acute controversialist; for the lecture is really a reply to Lord John Russell's one-sided statements at Exeter Hall on the subject of religious persecution. We need hardly say that the Cardinal has by far the best of it.

Hymns, Anthems, and Litanies, for the use of the Confraternities

of La Salette. Edited by the Rev. J. Wyse. (Richardson.) This little publication includes both music and words: the former are chiefly adaptations from well-known pieces; except the "Tota pulchra es," which is now for the first time published in England. It is a fine chant. The whole will be useful to those for whom it is intended.

The Lamp. New Series. Vol. I. Part I. Edited by James Burke. (Dolman.) We are glad to see this useful periodical making a fresh start, and trust that it is a sign of vitality. We wish Mr. Burke all success in a work which it is no easy matter to carry on.

Quarterly Return of the English Council of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul. January 1856. No. 1. (Dolman.) The "Publication Committee" of the Brotherhood of St. Vincent of Paul have started again with a periodical account of their labours, and on a better plan. This first number contains much that is interesting to all Catholics.

The Life of Blessed Andrew Bobola. From the Italian of Monaci. (Richardson.) The life of B. A. Bobola is one of the most remarkable of modern saints' lives. His martyrdom is most horrible to read of. The present translation may be recommended to all who wish to know what it is to *suffer* for Jesus Christ.

The Popular Library. (Burns.) 1. Bridges' *Modern History.* 2. Hill's *La Vendée.* 3. Miss Caddell's *Missions in Japan and Paraguay.* 4. *Tales and Legends from History.* Four very good volumes, and on varied subjects. Mr. Bridges' History is an immense store of the facts of history, well put together, and, for an original publication, extraordinarily cheap. It has also all the apparatus of tables, &c. desirable when used as a school-book. Mr. Hill's *La Vendée* is a pleasant story of one of the most glorious and touching episodes in the history of war in all ages. He has also included in the volume the curious and pretty account given by M. Rio of his school-doings in "La Petite Chouannerie," of which we remember reading many years ago with singular interest. Miss Caddell's volume shows the influence of the faith in other scenes, equally heroic and equally unparalleled out of the Church. She has executed her task with all her usual good taste and feeling. The volume of Legends speaks for itself; they are striking, and often beautiful. The "getting up" of the series contrasts agreeably with the style to which we have too long been accustomed in Catholic publications.

Journal kept during the Russian War from April 1854 *to the Fall of Sebastopol.* By Mrs. Henry Duberly. (London, Longmans.) It is something new to have a journal of such events as these from the pen of a female eye-witness. Never was war so recorded as this: sketched, lithographed, photographed; strained through the brains of poets, statisticians, politicians, own-correspondents in all interests; described in barometrical despatches of heavy generals, in lively letters from light officers, and in the more simple, graphic, and truthful memorials of the common soldier,—it had only to be filtered through a woman's heart to be completely presented in all its polygonal variety. Mrs. Duberly's Journal is short; but there are many touches that give very complete pictures of scenes and incidents of kindliness, of selfishness, of open-hearted naval generosity, of grimacing politeness that promises but performs not, of misery and of triumph, such as only a woman would have noted down. The journal is well worth reading, not for any technical skill in composition, but for its naturalness and simplicity. We forgot to mention, that the lady's heart expands most towards horse-flesh.

Personal Narrative of a Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah. By Richard F. Burton. 3d vol. Meccah. (London, Longmans.) This is the third and concluding volume of the amusing and valuable work of which we reviewed the two first volumes about six months ago. As a bold, enterprising, versatile, inquisitive, and graphic traveller and writer, Mr. Burton may be compared to M. Huc himself. The difference is in moral character; and in this respect the officer who "turned Turk" and risked his life merely to fill up a disgraceful void in our maps, can hardly be compared to a missionary who has lived for fifteen years in daily peril of death for the sake of the propagation of Christianity. We own to a great partiality for the admixture of science and fun which characterises the style of both these authors.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

De l'Etat des Choses à Naples et en Italie. Lettres à George Bowyer, Esq. Par Jules Gondon. (London, Dolman.) On the strength of the old adage, *audi alteram partem*, we recommend our readers to peruse the plain and dispassionate statement contained in this pamphlet. It is curious to observe the impression created on the minds of foreigners by the facts of our own social condition; the statement of which rests, by the way, on English authorities. It may read our national pride a profitable and seasonable lesson.

Missions de Chine. Memoir on the present State of the Mission of Kiang-nau, 1842-1855. By the Rev. P. Broullion, S.J.; with an Appendix of Letters on the Insurrection. (Paris, Julien, Lanier, and Co.) A valuable statistical picture of the labours and gradual successes of this Jesuit Mission, written with more distinctness than such works usually possess. The Letters on the Insurrection are valuable documents, indispensable for the historian of this remarkable movement.

Correspondence.

MACAULAY AND DRYDEN.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

Sir,—I quite agree with you in your estimate of Macaulay as *a historian*. He certainly cannot be trusted. He distorts facts in order to support his own "views," while his materials are mostly drawn from the gossip of the day,—from mere reports, jests, and party statements, &c. How different from the accuracy, impartiality, and historic research of our own Lingard!

But my object in writing these few lines is to draw the attention of your readers to the character which Macaulay gives of Dryden in vol. ii. of his *History* (p. 196-197). It is distinguished by a spirit of invective, abuse, and calumny, as unjust as it is severe. His wrath is enkindled against him because he had the courage to join the Catholic Church; and, above all, because Mr. Macaulay *takes it for granted*

that Dryden in changing his religion was evidently influenced by mercenary motives, by the hope of a pension. These are his words: "Finding that if he continued to call himself a Protestant his services would be overlooked, he declared himself a Papist. The king's parsimony instantly relaxed, Dryden was gratified with a pension of 100*l.* a year, and was employed to defend his new religion both in prose and verse" (p. 197). Again: "He knew little, and cared little, about religion. If any sentiment was deeply fixed in him, that sentiment was an aversion to priests of all persuasions," &c. "His theological writings abundantly prove, that he never sought with diligence and anxiety to learn the truth, and that his knowledge both of the Church which he left and of the Church which he entered was of the most superficial kind. Nor was his subsequent conduct that of a man whom a strong sense of duty had constrained to take a step of such awful importance" (p. 197).

The conclusion which all readers would naturally draw from these words is, that Dryden was *not sincere* in his conversion. But is this the truth? I believe not. Macaulay gives no proof whatever for his slander. On the contrary, Mr. Robert Bell, in his *Annotated Edition of Dryden's Works*, proves in the preface (vol. i. p. 59), that the "pension" to which Macaulay attributes so much influence on Dryden was given by King James *before*, and not after, the conversion of the poet. The exchequer-warrant is, in reality, dated as far back as May 1684; whereas Dryden did not join the Catholic Church till 1686, and the *Hind and Panther* was not published till 1687.

His dramatic works which he published after his conversion, often full of immoralities, no one regretted more than Dryden himself in his latter years. He frankly acknowledged his errors, and wished again and again "that he could be able either to purge, or to see those poems fairly burned."

Some of your correspondents will, I hope, examine the subject more in detail.—I am, Sir, &c. J. Dalton.

Bishop's House, Northampton, Feb. 10, 1856.

MACAULAY AND JAMES II.

[A correspondent sends us the following extracts from Trevor—an Orange Protestant—on Mr. Macaulay's charge against James, that he was privy to Grandval's and Barclay's assassination-schemes.]

"It is said that Grandvalle, in his dying confession, implicated not only the Duke of Luxemburgh and King James, but also Madame de Maintenon, and even Louis XIV. himself, as being privy to this detestable design; but we must be cautious in giving credit to statements possibly made by Grandvalle with a hope of obtaining a pardon, which the inveteracy of party-spirit may have formed into the light of probability; and upon such more than dubious testimony we are not justified in supposing the French monarch, or any persons connected with his court, to have harboured or encouraged so atrocious an act."*

Of Barclay's plot, Mr. Trevor says:

"It may here be but just to remark, that not the smallest proof ever existed of King James ever having been cognisant of, or any party to, such a design."†

* *Life and Times of William III.* by the Hon. Arthur Trevor, M.A., F.A.S. Longmans, 1836, vol. ii. p. 197.

† Vol. ii. p. 289.

THE RAMBLER.

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SOCIAL TYRANNY OF PROTESTANTISM.

IN an article which we published last month, we asserted that the Protestant society of England had always kept up its intolerance, in regard to us, to a point which approaches persecution; and we reserved for another occasion the instances of this social tyranny which had fallen under our notice. The present seems to be a good opportunity for redeeming our pledge; for since that article was printed, an exhibition of English fanaticism has occurred which may possibly cause liberal minds to realise to themselves the fact of our social oppression. We have now many fellow-sufferers; we are not now the only reprobates, nor the only persons whose eyes and ears are assailed with the "lamentation and mourning and woe" of the "truly pious" over their reprobate ungodliness. The refined and intellectual classes of England are now suffering a similar disaster: attacked by a grand confederation of all the Ebenezers, Zions, and Caves of Adullam in the kingdom, they are compelled to don the white tie and gaiters on Sundays, to elongate their Sabbath visages, and to pocket the affront of a wooden welcome from the closed doors of museums and galleries, parks and gardens, crystal palaces and concert-rooms.

Doubtless the liberal minds in question feel all this much more acutely than we do: we are used to our fetters; but they, whose ideas are but lately emancipated from sabbatarian thraldom, are only just waking to their state of servitude. They are only now discovering that their "fanatical gaolers are setting up first one bar, then another; closing first this opening, then that; riveting chain after chain, and darkening light after light, till the poor flocks find themselves prisoners, though outwardly free." Such a state of things, we repeat, gives us an excellent opportunity for stating our own grievances. Up to this time, whenever we have had to complain of our treatment in society, we have

found all parties leagued together against us. The gentlemanly liberal Englishman was selected to answer for his offending members; the hand of society might have smitten us, or its foot have kicked us, but the head assured us that nothing had been done to us: it was one that acted, and another that spoke, and the speaker took upon himself to answer for the actor. Whatever differences there might have been in society, it was united against us; all its component parts were ready to defend one another against our attacks, and to discredit our accusations. When we complained, the Broad-Church party would totally forget its bickerings with its Evangelical rival, and the two would amalgamate to gag our mouth. Insult would be added to injury: our poor children perhaps had been kidnapped, our priests shut out from hospitals, workhouses, and prisons; the parson sent to torture the soul of the dying pauper; the child taught to curse the religion of its parents; or our windows had been broken by parish schoolboys fresh from the fervent exhortations of their minister, our wives hooted at and insulted; we had been pointed at as apostates, preached at by name, talked against at meetings; old stories had been raked up for our dishonour, or new ones invented; our motives were canvassed and condemned, our persons held up to execration and ridicule;—and then, if we lifted up our voices to complain of this state of things, we gained nothing but a Jobation from the eloquent defenders of the British constitution, who would assure us that we were mistaken in our facts, that we enjoyed perfect liberty, that British juries were wise and honest, British judges unimpeachable, the British Lion an honourable beast that never took a mean advantage of any one, and we ourselves disappointed revolutionists who grumbled at every thing.

We could easily imagine how such an orator, after reading some querulous article in one of our weekly organs, which complained of some of these "petty" annoyances, and dignified them with the name of persecution, would become really angry with us, and would demand of us—"How is it that you Catholics are never contented with your position in England? that you are always seeking for change, always thinking that *our* danger is *your* opportunity, always rejoicing in our small failures, as if they were judgments upon us for our treatment of you? How is it that, in the present war, you seem to feel satisfaction rather than sorrow that France has secured the praise, and Austria the pudding, while your own country and Sardinia are sent empty away, or loaded only with debt? How is it that you look hopefully towards a Catholic league in which France and Austria would exert paramount influence,

that you prognosticate good to your Church from the hostility between England and the United States, or Prussia? In a word, that you rather invite than deprecate such political combinations as will set bars to the furtherance of English interests, and will tend to lower her influence over the affairs of the world? That such sentiments exist in you is evident to all who have intercourse with you, or who study your writings; they exist, however much they may be counterbalanced in moments of excitement by the spontaneous flashes of national feeling, which arise only as passions, soon to yield to the uniform tenor of your ecclesiastical principles. But are such sentiments either commendable in you, or just to us? You are not persecuted; you are as secure of your personal liberty and rights as any other people; you pay no more taxes than your neighbours; you have the same freedom of speech, the same license to expose your grievances, the same rights and opportunities of gaining riches and honours, the same means of enjoying them when gained, as we have. In these respects you are much better off than your co-religionists in Catholic states, where there is less security for person or property, more exercise of arbitrary power, a more intrusive inquiry into opinions and practices, and a weak government with its long train of irritating abuses. What have you to complain of in your position, that you are always looking forward to something new, anticipating the results of novel complications, and carefully meting out your sympathy with our successes by the measure of their probable influence on your sectarian advancement and on the interests of your priesthood?

"Even as to your religious status, you must, when returning from foreign parts, feel that you are much better off here than elsewhere. Take it only on the ground that where there is absolute freedom of discussion truth must prevail at last, and that such freedom is requisite to keep truth pure from the gradual admixture of prejudice and error,—even in this respect Catholicity in England and America ought to have a more hopeful future before it than in countries where there is less constitutional liberty. One of your most esteemed writers, Ludovicus Vives, asks, 'Si nihil est nostrâ religione verius, quid rationes reformidamus?' Why, indeed! If your religion is the truth, why do you fear argument? Why not gladly admit with the apostle the necessity of heresies, in order to prove who are really faithful among you? Why object to this continual purification, this ceaseless winnowing? Why not accept it gladly, with all its advantages and disadvantages? Why be so savage at our abuse of you, when you have perfect right to abuse us in turn? That we at present constitute the majo-

rity, and consequently have the command of all the great organs of public opinion, from which we naturally exclude all that is offensive to popular feeling, is an accident of our present position, which may be changed in time: you may become the dominant party, and then doubtless you will treat us in the same way, or worse; you will probably behave towards us as your Lombard bishops behave to their flocks. It is matter of congratulation for you as much as for us that here there can be no reverend interferers with your liberty; no wiseacres to dictate to you the exact extent and depth of the deluge; to interdict books because they assert some fact or other about fossils which is inconsistent with such a definition; to dogmatise on each successive scientific theory or discovery; to clip down all political speculation and information to a proper medium, to cook it to the requisite insipidity; to expunge carefully all humour, or satire, or eloquence, or expression of indignation, which might by any possibility tend to produce a paroxysm of the low fever of your brain; to watch over your health and diet as Dr. Pedro Rezio de Aguero did over that of Sancho Panza; to persevere in preventing your expression of opinion till you are absolutely tired of having any; to be so fidgety about your acquiring certain details and branches of knowledge as at last to disgust you with all knowledge; to cram you with facts, but to proscribe opinions; to keep you childlike in innocence and simplicity, and childish in ignorance and impertinence. In this country you need not fear such proceedings; for you know that you have us, with our unsophisticated common sense and English love of liberty and hatred of compulsion, as judges and defenders, to whom you may appeal against yourselves—against your Archbishops of Vienna or Milan, and your Patriarchs of Venice. Only imagine what you might come to if it were not for our careful and unwearied superintendence over your interests! Except your rulers were deterred by the fear of our scorn, have you ever thought what would be the probable condition of a poor solitary Catholic, by chance cast into the society of eleven educated men, all of whom were well up in the topics of the day, had read the *Times*, the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, the *Westminster*, the *Examiner*, while the unhappy unit was confined by doctor's orders to invalid diet, to the *Weakly Reporter* (a journal conducted in the sense of the Council of Trent and of *Eymericus' Directorium*, by three priests appointed by the synod of Oscott to provide and manufacture Catholic news), to the *Bally-Blarney Review*, the *Leaser*, and the *Lantern?*"

Three months ago there would have been no possibility of insinuating an answer to any part of such a philippic into the

ears or brain of the liberal Englishman. Conscious of his own theory of the rights of all men,—conscious too of a certain latitudinarian indifference to dogmas of all kinds, he judged his countrymen by himself, and would never be convinced by any conceivable arguments that they also acted towards us on the same principles which so much move their indignation when used against their own party in Lombardy, Tuscany, or Austria. It is not a peculiarity of the Catholic Church, it is a characteristic of humanity, violently to force its own dogmas and opinions upon reluctant auditors. The Englishman, the Anglican Church, the English sects, have been no exceptions to the general rule; and if latterly their interference has not been very grievous, this is only to be attributed to the paucity of the doctrines on which they are agreed, and which they can consequently, in their corporate capacity, conspire to impose upon recalcitrant consciences. The English religion, when it first became a purely national matter, comprehended many dogmas. All these were originally enforced upon every one who wished to enjoy the full privileges of a Briton; as dogma after dogma faded away from the horizon of the national faith, test after test, disability after disability, penalty after penalty, was successively repealed, till now nothing of the kind remains in the statute-book but an enforcement of sabbatarianism and Bible-worship, and a general disavowal of Popery; for in these three particulars is contained all that is left of the "common Protestantism" of England. It has come to be so simple a system, so low an organism, so utterly wanting in complexity of parts, that it has ceased to be the Briarean polypus it once was, its arms lying across every road, and interrupting every excursion; so many of its prehensile limbs have been lopped away, that it is now a comparatively rare thing to find one of them in the way; people go on peaceably enough wherever their inclination leads them, and experience no opposition from Anglicanism; and so come to regard her as a goodnatured jolly old soul, that lets every man do as he likes without protest or prevention. Thus people become quite incredulous if a Catholic, who has been less lucky, complains of the treatment which he has received at her arms; he may exhibit his wounds and bring his witnesses, but she appeals to her known character for moderation, and he is laughed or hissed out of court. Now, however, the case is different; English society has set out for an excursion on a path across which one of the few remaining arms of the polypus is still lying, and has been brought to a stand by its threatening attitude. English society can now judge from its own bitter experience whether Protestantism does or does not claim the right of enforcing its

own private interpretations, its own beliefs and opinions, on persons who dissent from its conclusions.

The right of the legislature to enforce sabbatarian observance of the Sunday has been abundantly discussed in Protestant circles for several years past; and the result seems to be, an opinion that this right can only be maintained on the principle of the duty of the magistrate to enforce the true religion, or what he considers to be so, on the subject. Now, as in England the majority of the nation is the ultimate legislative authority, this principle amounts in reality to an assertion of the duty of this majority to force their opinions (if they can agree in any) upon the minority. It is true that some writers, like Dr. Wardlaw, have tried to avoid this attribution of Papal or caliph-like power to the magistrate, by maintaining that the Sabbath has a twofold aspect, a secular and a sacred; and that the legislature, though precluded from enforcing its observance on sacred grounds, may, on purely secular grounds, enforce it so far as to prohibit all traffic, to secure from all unnecessary annoyance and interruption those who choose to devote the day to religious service, and to regulate the amusements of the people so as to prevent all noisy and obtrusive modes of recreation. But the futility of these grounds, and the inconclusive character of these reasonings, have been abundantly demonstrated by Dr. Wardlaw's co-religionists. They have shown, that if the magistrate can only meddle with the secular bearings of the Sabbath (that is, its advantages to the health of the community), he has clearly no right to make the infraction of it a crime to be repressed by penalties, any more than the omission to call in a doctor when a man is ill, or neglecting to take the medicines he prescribes; and moreover, on the same grounds, it is clearly a mere piece of tyranny to dictate to the people within what limits their amusements are to be kept, so long as they do no injury to person or property.

As to the protection of those who choose to spend the day in religious exercises, the principle applies not only to Sundays but to all days of the week; not only to meetings for worship, but to cricket-clubs, debating-societies, in a word to every collection of persons met together peaceably for lawful purposes, every one of which is entitled to the full protection of the law. Nothing is clearer, say these Protestant authorities, than that if you abstract the sacred or religiously-imperative character of the Sabbath, you must place it legislatively on the same level with the Queen's birthday, or any other civil holiday; and in that case all the legislature can do is to shut up public offices, to make the day vacant, and to leave the com-

munity to observe it or not as they please, and how they please. When the magistrate, standing on purely secular grounds, attempts to do more, no wonder that the people should rebel; their common sense tells them that his reasoning is unsound, that his conclusion does not follow from his premises; and they denounce his interference as absurd, tyrannous, and unjust. If the men of Kent choose to challenge all England to a cricket-match next Sunday, or if Hodge or Stubbs thinks nothing so refreshing, after a hard week's work, as his Sunday game at bowls or skittles; or if the cockney Mrs. Smith, with her marriageable daughters, is of opinion that nothing combines the *utile* with the *dulce* so perfectly as a Sunday visit to the Crystal Palace, to the Zoological Gardens, to Cremorne or Vauxhall, how can the magistrate step in and say, that though the day is appointed as one of amusement and relaxation, yet these are not the amusements to be sought, simply because they may be had on other days? Why should he be only like the sulky drunken father, or the brutal schoolmaster, whose only instruction is, "Don't do this or that," and who can only treat children as wild-beasts shut up in cages, till in mental condition they become so? Such sort of legislation only stultifies the legislator. Either the magistrate, as Protestants confess, must not meddle with "Sabbath observance" at all, or he must take his stand on the religious obligation of it. And when he has once done this, he is committed to the principle of civil interference with religion; the liberal majority of the House of Commons, who refused to open the Museum on Sundays, have in principle done the same thing as the Spanish king who instituted the Inquisition: they have affirmed and legalised a tribunal to seek out and punish offences, not against the natural law, not against the moral constitution of society, but against the ruler's private interpretation of a disputed precept of the Judaical law. What would be thought of the Catholic majority in Ireland if they made a *razzia* on all butchers' shops that were open on Fridays? What more right has the English majority to enforce on us its rabbinical glosses, and to close against us on Sundays places of amusement, which, considering the dangers of the gin-shop, may almost be considered necessary for the moral and physical health of our people?

If the Englishman had any sense of shame, he might be moved by the sneers of his European co-religionists — by Heinrich Heyne's pungent description of Englishmen as "miserable automata, machines whose motive-power is egoism; within whom may be heard the whizzing wheelwork by which they think, feel, reckon, digest, and pray: their praying, their

mechanical Anglican church-going, with the gilt prayer-book under their arms, their stupid tiresome Sunday, and their awkward piety;" by Humboldt and Arago's sarcasm about our philosophers interrupting their meteorological observations on the Sabbath, and so rendering their six days' work altogether valueless; even by the slow Ida Pfeiffer's demure remarks to the effect, that though the English Sunday is so dull and wearisome that the foreigner sinks under its weight, she yet does not discover that it is considered at all more as a day of prayer and religious worship here than abroad,—that she opened her eyes with wonder at discovering that children may not have their playthings on Sundays, that they must eat cold dinners, that they must sit through the wearisome length of the Anglican service, and that they may open no amusing book on that day. We can add from our own personal observation many similar portents. We could name a pious suburb of London, where, when a few boys were sliding on the ice on a wintry Sunday morning, we have seen the parish Bumble, with an escort of police, make a descent upon the place, and clear the ponds half an hour before the time for Anglican service, lest the sanctified eyes of the elect, as they rolled to church in their comfortable carriages, or walked in their no less comfortable wrappers, warmed with the double heat of a good breakfast and a blazing fire, should be shocked and scandalised at the sad vision of precocious wickedness making up by exercise for the want of fire, food, and clothing; where the tradesmen, who are so demonstrative of pious and protesting placards in their windows, and who rush so libidinously, at the bidding of their sanctimonious customers, to affix their names, and those of their infants, to sabbatarian petitions, themselves keep the Sunday so snugly and so drowsily (in bed), that the boy who punctually at ten o'clock brings them their Sunday recreation (the *Weekly Dispatch*) finds them too sleepy to open the door to receive it, and is obliged to thrust it in by the threshold, or to throw it down the area; where, at regular intervals, the *affiche*-boards of the churches and chapels, and the lamp-posts in all the streets, are placarded with notices to the poor Irish people who sell oranges and ginger-beer to the crowds who issue from the dingy streets to enjoy, on fine Sundays, a mouthful of fresh air and a ride on the ridge of a donkey on the common, informing them that their occupation is illegal, that by a statute of Charles II. their goods are forfeit, and themselves liable to a fine, for so criminal an action as selling an orange or a Brazil-nut to an adust artisan on a sunny sabbath.

We do not attempt to deny a certain pharisaic piety and

mistaken zeal to these interferers with our liberty; but still we think that a stupid, ungainly, graceless, unpleasant piety like this is a treason against both religion and virtue. It threatens our life, and all that makes life agreeable; it is the little old man of the sea, with his bandy legs tightly clasped round Sindbad's neck; or, if we may be allowed to compare English society to Nabuchodonosor's statue, with its head of gold, its trunk of silver, its legs of iron, and its splay feet of iron mixed with miry clay; and if it also is permitted to endow this statue with the supple joints of an acrobat, we would say that in its uncouth gambols it has had the misfortune to twist its legs in a Gordian knot round its own neck, so that the poor old image is choked, and the golden head is become black in the face. And the worst is, that the legs will not let go their hold; there is a civil war in the constitution of the statue; the fable of Menenius is fulfilled: its extremities are in a state of rebellion against its head and trunk; it is being throttled by its baser members; its feet and its legs, its calves and its drumsticks, senseless themselves, tyrannise over its sensitive parts, and prohibit the use of its nobler organs. It is little for them to bind its hands and its tongue; they are not content with the "touch not, taste not, handle not" of mere Judaism; they must add fresh prohibitions—"see not, hear not, know not, think not, laugh not, speak not."

There is only one class of the community that is to be allowed to work on Sundays; the people are to have no secular amusements, because they would require too great a staff of servants; it must be satisfied with the new idea of amusement which John Knox brought forth into the world. He, as a voice from Crown Court informs us, was not opposed to recreation, but he changed its idea; it was no longer jest and jollity, quips and cranks and wiles, the maypole and the village-green, where "young and old come forth to play on a sunshine holiday," as even the puritan Milton so sweetly sings; it is not to be "pomp and feast and revelry, with mask and antique pageantry;" not the museum, or the picture-gallery, or the concert-room,—but the pulpit and the Bible, and John Knox's exposition thereof! Stunning enjoyment, especially to those who have the happiness not to believe in John Knox! But why work the poor ministers on Sundays? Why not make them rest, as well as the officials at museum, gallery, or crystal palace? as well as postmen, jarveys, and omnibus-cads, engine-drivers, stokers, and pointsmen? as well as vendors of oranges, beer, tobacco, and lollipops? No man who is acquainted with the fact that clergymen, like chimney-sweepers, have a peculiar disease all to themselves, which arises solely from their

work, will be inclined to deny the laboriousness of their occupation. No man who knows that the "parson's sore throat" is as specific a class-malady as the *plica polonica* will deny that, for the sake of the sanitary condition of Parsondom, some remedy should be excogitated for the bane. What shall we suggest? Is it possible that this infliction is a judgment on them for working on the Sabbath? We do not see how we can account for it simply by the amount of their labours: barristers and members of parliament will speak five hours on end for six days together, besides working like turnspits at their papers half the nights, and yet keep their throats as clear as bells; while the poor overworked parsons, whom one meets day by day in multitudes in all railways (first class), in all steamers, at all places of amusement, at all dinner-parties, at all balls, at all concerts, even, alas! at all theatres,—whom one finds up the Rhine, in the Paris Exhibition, on the top of the Righi (Mont Blanc is too tough for them), at Rome, at Naples, at Niagara, who seem literally to have nothing to do all the week but to amuse themselves in composing a denunciation of Sunday amusements, to sit up late over a sermon on Saturday nights,

> "When pensive parsons painful vigils keep,
> Sleepless themselves to give their hearers sleep,"—

are then, poor soft creatures, so exhausted by their labour as to be obliged to prepare themselves for the pronunciation of their discourse by a course of egg-flip, of flannels and old stockings round their throats, with a gargle of port-wine to give tone to their esophagus! And yet these are the men who penetrate our penitentiaries and our prisons, and there preach to the poachers and the prigs, the pilferers and the plunderers, that the beginning of their course was neglect of the Sabbath, and that their incarceration is a judgment upon them for their desecration of the Lord's day. Would it not be more true to say, that their crimes are the natural result of the teaching that so many of them received in the Sunday-school, to the effect that well-nigh the only sin which was offensive in the eyes of God, or which a Christian could commit, was to amuse and enjoy himself on a Sunday?

But it is time to return to the subject which we intended to exemplify. What we have already written, however well it may illustrate evangelical tyranny in general,—that spirit of Paul Pry, which cannot be contented without being the overseer of your neighbour's conduct, without having a finger in every pie, a voice in every consultation,—that cheap and easy way of travelling the narrow road which consists in laying

heavy burdens on your fellow-travellers and carrying none yourself, "compounding for sins you are inclined to, by damning those you have no mind to," flattering yourselves that you have done a noble deed, and testified to a perverse generation, when you have only anathematised people for attempting to do that which their conscience tells them they have a right to do;—however well the sabbatarian controversy may illustrate this spirit, and incline thinking and fair-minded men to believe us when we complain of other indignities which we receive at the hand of the same party, though in these cases they may not be our fellow-sufferers; yet this was not the subject which we undertook to discuss in this article, but the peculiar instances of the hardships which Catholics have to endure. The Sabbath is but one of three great heavy-armed fortresses of English religion; but it is the only one which is at all able to annoy the camp or threaten the communications of the liberal party. Its two other positions, Bible-worship and hostility to Popery, do not interfere with any but Papists—nay, rather, all people who are not Papists are eager to join in their defence. Liberals are perfectly ready to confess that Christianity, whatever it may be, is contained in the Bible; that this book is, as it were, the tomb in which Christianity lies buried, the repository in which her bones are to be found.* They are glad to own that it is the duty and privilege of Christians to read that book and to rifle its contents; that the Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants (for it is excessively convenient to profess a religion so completely impersonal and detached from self as to be easily carried in one's pocket, or left at home and locked up out of sight when not wanted). They cannot sufficiently condemn our fanatical folly in closing this book against uneducated Catholics, who would probably misunderstand it; and they furiously resent our brutal bigotry in destroying or burning a relic that is so venerated, rightly or wrongly, by the majority of the population. As for hostility to Popery, if the liberals are precluded from denouncing our religion on religious grounds, they amply indemnify themselves by their abuse of it on political considerations; they identify Catholicity with a great conspiracy to subdue the world to a sacerdotal despotism—in their eyes the greatest crime that man can be guilty of. They have a ferocious hatred to priestly supervision of all kinds; they would object to that of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Dr.

* "*I*," said a gentleman of this school to a friend of ours, while travelling the other day in a railway-carriage, "*I* carry my religion in my waistcoat-pocket;" and therewith he pulled out a pocket Testament from the said receptacle, as a triumphant demonstration of his "creed!"

Cumming as much as to that of the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman; they say, with some reason, that any government presided over by the bench of bishops would be a regimen of old women, characterised by all possible feminine weaknesses and follies, at once indulgent and spiteful, simple and suspicious, blind and prying, careless and meddlesome, extravagant and unimproving; they would not relish making themselves slaves even to their own Church, which, as their organ owns, "does not at this moment possess any extraordinary amount of eloquence, hardly professes to be learned, eschews philosophy, lays little claim to those austere virtues which won the reverence of a simpler age, and does not even exhibit any of that practical good sense with which most men supply the want of genius, poetry, and romance" (*Times*, Feb. 19). With such ideas of their own Church, it is no wonder that they think even worse of ours. It is no wonder that in ecclesiastical questions, as well as in questions concerning the treatment of the Bible, they should be found on the side of the Evangelicals. It is only on the Sabbath question that their interests are identical with ours; it is only when irritated on this point that their ears and their sympathies can be gained for the wrongs we experience on the other two.

We have taken up so much space with our introduction, that we have only room to indicate in general terms the kind of tyranny which we have to endure; and in making out the list we will strictly confine ourselves to what has fallen under our personal observation within very narrow limits of time and place. The scene is an exemplary suburb of London, which we will designate by the name of Foolton. A Catholic paterfamilias wishes to take a house there. His first visit to the place is made in company with a priest wearing his Roman collar; they inspect a house, but having detected a bad odour in the drawing-room, they shake their heads at it. "It was for me to refuse you," quoth the landlord; "I would never let my house to such people as you are." Such was the first indication of the animus of the place; they soon found that it was necessary, if they wanted to secure a house, to conceal their religion, and simply to refer to the Protestant lawyer. Paterfamilias obtains his house; but the temerarious landlord receives at least fifty letters from the pious inhabitants to tell him that he has brought ruin on the place, that he has sold his soul to the devil, and that he is little better than Judas Iscariot. Having once settled himself to his own satisfaction, the new-comer looks round for a place where he can see the papers and periodicals; and having found an eligible library and reading-room, he enters, and subscribes his three guineas,

which are returned to him in half an hour with "Mr. Higton's compliments, and he declines to receive your subscription." The boys of the neighbouring national school, under the supervision of the excellent clergy of the place, soon come to know the stranger, and to practise their duty to their (Catholic) neighbour by a continual running-fire of opprobious epithets at him and his servants, and of stones against his doors, walls, and roof, and occasionally against his windows; a great exacerbation of these paroxysms being always noticeable after any of the frequent anti-popery meetings at the schoolroom. He* has occasion to make some addition to his buildings, which he wants to light with gas; the main which feeds the parish-church and schoolrooms runs close by; it would be a saving of twenty pounds to him, and of the same sum to the gas-company, if his pipes were joined to this main; the minister and churchwardens refuse simply on the ground of his being a Catholic, much to the disgust of the aforesaid company. But the rage of the suburb has been raised to the *n*th power by the establishment of a Catholic church, and even a convent, within its sacred precincts. In process of time a miserable girl calls on our paterfamilias, and tries to get money from him by a forged note from one of his tradesmen; the girl is taken before the police-magistrate, where the mother attends, and sobs out that her daughter has been ruined by the company she kept at the school of that horrid convent. Of course she was never there once in her life; but the next morning the woman's assertion appears prominently in the *Times* and all the papers, and is commented on in the *Tap-Tub* (which also takes the occasion of publishing an atrocious libel on the good nuns, and only to retract it when compelled to do so in a court of justice); but the contradiction of the lie is studiously kept from appearing. The rector of the parish is continually printing pastorals in the shape of letters to his parishioners, full of the most ludicrous misstatements of our religion, and of the most impertinent attacks upon our priests; the polemical thermometer is kept up to the boiling-point by the exhibition of broadsides, placards, and these rectorial epistles, in the shop-windows. It is found that one of our priests—a foreigner—when he first arrived, celebrated a marriage, after due proclamation of bans and inscription of names in the registrar's book, but without the corporeal presence of that hymeneal official; the registrar was mulcted of his five shillings, so he has reason for some wrath; but why should the whole bumbledom of the parish move heaven and earth to prosecute the

* This incident is the only one that did not occur in the locality in question; it took place in the immediate neighbourhood.

case, and, failing in that because of the lapse of time, plaster the whole place with offensive placards headed "Clandestine Marriages," in which the circumstances are described, the names of the parties given, and the priest pronounced to be guilty of felony? A blatant fanatic, who dubs himself D.D., hires the cast-off shell of a congregational "church" that migrates to better quarters, and sets it up as a proprietary episcopal chapel. He can find no readier way to the hearts and purses of the Fooltonians than by treating them to a series of controversial sermons against the Papacy; accordingly every Lent he sends forth his advertising sandwiches, little boys crushed between two placarded boards, emblazoned with some such chivalrous challenge as this: "Jehovah honoured; the Cruciferant Fathers muzzled; Foolton protected, in a series of Sermons to be preached in St. Luke's Church, Bedlam, by Elymas Crow, D.D.;" the said sandwiches being instructed to present themselves (under the inspection of the police) at our church-doors while the congregation is pouring out, and able-bodied men being also employed to distribute handbills to our people. A tradesman settles in the place, and by the goodness of his wares soon gains a considerable connection; he is found to be a Catholic, and immediately the elect sisters of the suburb find that their proper occupation, during the absence of their lords at their warehouses and counting-houses in the city, is to make rounds of visits to all their acquaintance, and to employ themselves in touting for the non-employment of the unfortunate shopkeeper.

But these are the least of our evils; this is merely the external rind and bark of that tyranny whose bitter kernel is only to be tasted within the walls of the house and the circle of the family. What a state of things is suggested to us, when we know that there cannot be a row about Papal aggression, about Maynooth, about an Austrian Concordat, without literally hundreds of poor Irish maids-of-all-work being turned out to starve, or suffer worse things, in the streets of the metropolis! O Englishmen, if you have reason to take offence, wreak your vengeance on those who are in fault! attack our bishops, our influential men,—those who may possibly have had something to do with advising or defending the obnoxious measure; but these sheep, what have they done? Their opinion was not asked; they know nothing of the difference between bishops *in partibus* and a settled hierarchy; and yet it is on them, poor ignorant defenceless creatures, that the cowardly bigots make the weight of their vengeance to fall. And those poor women who are not turned into the streets, what tales could not be told of their sufferings, of

brutal insult, of studied plans to render it impossible for them to attend to their religious duties, of overwork and under-pay, of starvation, of consumption, the hospital, the workhouse, and the grave!

But the connection between the master and the servant is one purely voluntary, that may be severed at the shortest notice. The trials of the Catholic servant are as nothing in comparison to those of the son, the daughter, or the wife of a Protestant household, who attempts to hold communication with a priest, or succeeds in making submission to the Catholic Church. We have known of several such cases; and the tyranny that has come under our notice would be ludicrous if it had not been disgusting. Fathers and uncles alter their wills, and cut off the offending members with a shilling; they lock them up, and keep them prisoners for weeks; or they turn them out of house and home; or they badger them with parsons, and send for the family lawyer to enforce the claims of the Church by law established on their reason and their conscience; or they take away all Catholic books, and exact promises not to converse with Catholics. Some of the worst cases we have known have been where the wives of Anglican clergymen have been converted: here personal violence has not been wanting; fists have been shaken in the lady's face, blasphemies poured out which would make a believing devil shudder, cruelties exercised or threatened which have called for the interference of the lady's family in her behalf. We cannot allude more particularly to these cases; they are too rare not to make identification comparatively easy. They are instances of a tedious and cruel martyrdom, which invokes the sympathy of the whole Church of Christ. Deprived of their children, those who should be their protectors turned to be their rancorous enemies, who can interfere to mitigate those trials which the grace of God alone can enable these women to bear?

And yet, what is the judgment of their fellow-Protestants on the tyrants who oppress them? That they act as Christians ought to act; that *they* are the parties to be pitied; that it would have been little if their wives, their sons, or their daughters had turned infidels or atheists, Turks or Jews, horse-jockeys, blacklegs, or swindlers; but to see them turn Catholics passes the bounds of Christian endurance. We do not mean to insinuate that all Protestants treat the converts of their families in this way; we have known instances where the generosity and nobleness which have been exhibited have been quite as marked as the ferocious fanaticism we have been describing. Still more instances we have known where,

after more or less of storm, calm has succeeded, and domestic peace has returned. We only allude to the worst cases, to show the sort of social tyranny to which we are subjected on the ground of our being Catholics.

We pass over the grievances which our poor suffer in their own houses, into which (in the suburb of which we are speaking) pious visiting-ladies and curates force themselves unbidden, prodigal of tracts, but economical of soup, clothing, or coals; and we conclude with a short sketch of what has occurred at a female penitentiary in the same suburban district. It was discovered that, among the prisoners at that place, there were on the average from one to two hundred Catholics; a priest therefore visited the house, but gaining no information whatever from the authorities, he introduced himself as an old soldier to the colonel who superintends prison-discipline in the London district, and from him obtained leave to say Mass in the building. But now began his difficulties. Three o'clock in the afternoon was the hour appointed for the service; the room which was fixed upon for his chapel was found on the following Sunday to be encumbered with lumber of all kinds, and the holy of holies was finally banished to an outhouse. He was not allowed to take a boy with him to serve his Mass, nor another priest to share the labour of hearing confessions: he could only see those individuals who asked for him, and who asked not in a cursory off-hand manner, but solemnly, with written formalities; whereas the Irish orangeman who officiated as chaplain is allowed to go where he likes, to talk to whom he likes, and to distribute what tracts he chooses. Moreover, the priest is not allowed to see any one alone; and the poor penitents have to make their confession in the presence of some of their fellow-prisoners and of a Protestant matron. Besides this, the first priest, who was a foreigner, and who perhaps found it impossible to make himself acquainted with all the minutiæ of the forms he was to go through, used continually to find that he was out of order, that he was but too successfully opposed by the combination of governors, matrons, chaplains, and other parsons. Upon this a bright idea struck our authorities; the foreign priest was withdrawn, and one who was both honourable and reverend was substituted. The tuft-worship of the British snob was not invoked in vain; the authorities of the prison humbled themselves to the dust before the talismanic prefix; they behaved to the scion of nobility with the most flexile affability, and contented themselves with countermining against him in his absence. But the politeness ended in words and gestures; even to him no relaxation of the parliamentary rule was

granted. He found out on unquestionable authority that there were at least two hundred Catholics in the prison, yet he was allowed to see only about sixty of these; for the other poor creatures had added to their other crimes that of concealing their religion. Those who had at first criminally attended the Protestant services always found it very difficult to transfer themselves to the priest, and were warned that "they must take the consequences" of their act; an indefinite threat, which, though it meant nothing, was calculated to intimidate the ignorant persons to whom it was addressed. On the other hand, every facility was given to prisoners who wished to gain an accession of indulgence by conforming to the dominant sect. No sooner does the parson persuade some poor Bridget to admit his visits than a message is sent off to the workhouse that her children are to be withdrawn from Catholic supervision and submitted to the parson; whereas, if a Catholic poor woman asks the priest to bring her the Holy Communion by a certain day, unless she has taken care to have her name inscribed in the visiting-book, the priest is sent back with his precious Burden, and is coolly told that probably the chaplain has been with her, and has persuaded her to renounce her religion. All this is done with the most complete show of courtesy to the priest. Not so the work that goes on in his absence, which partakes of the well-known "moderation" of Anglicanism. The parson, and the visiting-ladies, whose importunate interference is tolerated by the authorities, will go about distributing their tracts and their prayer-books to poison the minds of the unfortunate inmates; by their bitter blasphemies they will work the poor creatures up to a frenzy; and when they in consequence begin to damn and curse all parsons, Bibles, tracts, methodists, swaddlers, and soupers, they will be rebuked for irreligion; the priest will not be admitted to them because, forsooth, he excites them; and the Protestant authorities will have the satanic satisfaction of having successfully interposed between a soul that might have repented and its God! Such are the poor creatures on whom Evangelicalism makes its heartless experiments; these are the helpless passive bodies which that cowardly despicable system tortures and crucifies; and when it has gained its end, what has it done? It has compassed the whole ocean of infamy to make one proselyte, to rob one poor criminal soul of all that remained of conscience and principle, and to make her tenfold more a child of hell than itself. It is against this system that we appeal to all that is fair and manly among Englishmen; against this system, which, as it impertinently thrusts its own interpretation of the Sabbath down their throats, so down ours it thrusts

not only its sabbatarian Phariseeism, but every social insult and wrong which a coward can inflict on a person who has unhappily fallen into his power. We ask the honest man to come out of this Babylon of jargon and cant, to break off all connection with it, and not to ally himself with it against us—not to play the game of Evangelicalism, and to strengthen its hands against us, lest he also one day find himself a prisoner in the clutches of its intolerance.

ST. OSWALD'S;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CLOISTER.

CHAPTER XV.

A CHURCH-FESTIVAL.

The summer advanced, and brought with it the Feast of Corpus Christi, a day this year looked forward to at St. Oswald's with more than its usual interest, as it was proposed for the first time to carry the Blessed Sacrament through the grounds of the monastery, and to admit all the Catholics of the neighbourhood to join in the procession. A new canopy of great value had been presented by Mr. Croft, to be used for the first time on the day of the feast; and even those who were accustomed to the liberality of his gifts were surprised at the costliness of this present offering. Six silver poles supported a canopy of which it was almost difficult to discover the material, so thickly was it embroidered with gold. Every one admired it, and thought it unique in beauty; but few ventured to express their admiration to Mr. Croft himself, so evidently was he annoyed by hearing the subject mentioned. He was pressed to assist in carrying the canopy during the procession, but no entreaties could induce him to consent.

When the final arrangements were being made, a messenger unexpectedly arrived in the sacristy bringing a large quantity of greenhouse and hothouse flowers from a celebrated nursery-gardener's in the neighbourhood, with an anonymous note requesting that they might be scattered on the ground before the Blessed Sacrament in the procession. The messenger knew no-

thing of the name of the donor, but volunteered the information that his master's place had been absolutely stripped of its very choicest flowers to furnish the supply, and that no small sum would pay for them. The speculations that followed would have only been changed for another form of curiosity if it had been known that the donor was none other than Croft himself.

Among the foremost of the admirers of the superb canopy was, of course, Mrs. Ogleby. She was also one of the last to perceive that the subject was unwelcome to the man whom she sought to attract. She contrived, indeed, to provoke him to a decided expression of irritation—a thing uncommon with him—before she saw that she was treading on dangerous ground. When the procession was formed, Mrs. Ogleby, who had no taste whatever for wax-candles, and was mortally afraid that some careless person might set fire to her best lace veil, declined to join the ranks of those who followed in the ceremonial. She quickly discovered that Croft was not going to walk in the procession himself; and she determined to find out where he was likely to be in the crowd of those who preferred to look on, and to place herself by his side. This she did, partly from an uncontrollable desire to be as near to him as possible, whenever an opportunity offered, and partly with a view to making him a witness of the fervour of her devotion.

"Do you know, Mr. Croft," said she, when with some difficulty she had discovered the obscure corner of the grounds where he was standing, in company with a small knot of strangers, who had been admitted by favour—"Do you know that we shall see nothing here? They won't come at all near us. Had not we better get a more favourable place?"

"I thank you," said he; "I prefer this myself; but pray do not let that prevent your going elsewhere."

Mrs. Ogleby began some foolish speech about her unwillingness to go by herself in a crowd, but stopped when she saw Croft pull a book out of his pocket and begin to read. The hint was too broad to be mistaken, and she held her tongue.

At length the procession came in sight. She turned to Croft, and was about to make some commonplace remark, but was prevented by perceiving that he was kneeling down, leaning low against the trunk of a tree, with his face buried in his hands. She did not dare to interrupt his devotions, not even to tell him that, after all, the procession was coming near where they were placed. To her gratification, it came actually close past them. As the sound of the approaching chant plainly indicated the course it was taking, she saw Croft suddenly lift up his face, and as suddenly hide it again, with a con-

vulsive eagerness; and as the Incarnate Son of God Himself drew near, she perceived that his whole frame trembled with agitation. She looked up, and saw that it was Father Basil who was carrying the Sacred Host, and she remembered the story that Mrs. Longford had told her of Croft's behaviour on a similar occasion. It was not in accordance with the original allotment of offices for the day that the great and awful happiness of bearing the Blessed Sacrament had been assigned to Father Basil; but he had himself asked to be allowed to do it. It was a most unusual thing for him to make any particular request either to do or to be excused any thing; and the prior had willingly, though with some surprise, acceded to his wishes.

Just as the Adorable Presence had arrived close to the spot where Croft was kneeling, one of the bearers of the canopy stumbled over the scarcely visible remains of the stump of a tree, lost his footing, and fell to the ground. The noise startled Croft, who looked up, saw the accident, in an instant was on his feet, and caught the pole of the canopy at the moment that the falling man was letting it slip from his grasp. The whole thing was so instantaneous, that the other bearers had scarcely time to be alarmed before their fears of an accident were set at rest. The procession moved on without pausing, Croft continuing to act as one of the bearers, the gentleman whose place he had taken being too much shaken by his fall to go on. When all was over, Mrs. Ogleby endeavoured to find Croft; but in vain. She was puzzled by his manner to herself, and feared she had done herself harm with him; but the fascination he exercised over her was growing every hour more irresistible, and giving birth to a kind of desperate energy, prompting her to the wildest schemes for securing him at all costs. She learnt at length, that immediately after the functions of the day were concluded he had been taken to his house in Sir Reginald's carriage, being so seriously unwell as to be unable to walk. More disturbed than ever by this intelligence, she could not quiet the excitement of her mind, but remained for some time pacing up and down the churchyard-walks. How *could* she conciliate the affections of the man whom she so ardently loved? Every day showed her more clearly that his heart must be closed against any woman not sincerely religious; and with all her confidence in her powers of acting, she was secretly afraid that her dissimulation was imperfect. He had never once addressed her in terms which implied a confidence in the genuineness of her religious sympathies. He was, it is true, very sparing in his conversation on any religious topics; but still, she had heard him speak to others

in a manner that he had never employed in conversing with herself. In her foolishness and ignorance she could hit upon no better device than that on which she had recently been acting. She would go on affecting a zeal for religion in the form of a zeal against vice, and a zeal against vice in the guise of a zeal against Father Basil.

"Well," she said to herself, "it's of no use shilly-shallying. There's nothing like a bold stroke for winning. It can do me no harm, and it must look well. I've no doubt this old man is a great villain; and this Father Jerome is such a simpleton, that I can turn him round my little finger. Besides, I don't like this Father Basil: I don't like those sanctimonious looks of his. I've not forgotten what he said to me one day when I had that long talk with him in the guest-room. He suspects me,—I'm confident he does; and he doesn't approve of my calling so often to see Father Jerome. It's mere jealousy of the other's popularity—I have not the least doubt of it; but I will be equal to him, after all."

And so, quickened by a fancied injury, Mrs. Ogleby proceeded to put the finishing-stroke to her plans against the peace of a man who had literally never mentioned her name to any living person, and across whose thoughts, in truth, the recollection of her scarcely ever passed. A few minutes sufficed to bring Father Jerome down to the guest-room, in answer to her summons. When she began her artful conversation she had formed no distinct scheme of operations, nor did she fix to herself any precise boundary of falsehood or insinuation to which she would go and no further. Her excitement was so deep-seated, and her eagerness to attract Croft was so rapidly becoming reckless and mad, that all she could do was to go on and on, and leave it to circumstances to prompt her from step to step.

The effect of her long conversation with Father Jerome was visible upon his countenance as he returned to the cloister. Self-importance, haste, irritation, and artificial zeal, combined to produce that peculiar look which indicates at once a vehemence of feeling and an instability of character. Hardly knowing what he meant to do, he walked into the library, and started as he saw the subject of his thoughts quietly seated and reading. He walked up and down the library, striving to decide what to do; but could not compose himself and settle on any definite method of acting. The more he walked the more restless he felt, and the more calm and composed seemed Father Basil. The sight of that pale and emaciated countenance, totally unmoved by his own ceaseless movements, began to irritate him beyond endurance, and wound him

up to a conviction that Father Basil was a very paragon of wickedness and hypocrisy. It had been a good habit with Father Jerome for some time always to say mentally a "Hail Mary," or utter some short ejaculation, before commencing any action beyond the ordinary routine. He had recently become careless as to this practice; but had not reproached himself for it, putting the neglect down to the supposed pressure of circumstances, which would not allow of time for the brief delay that would thus ensue. He now approached Father Basil, with hesitating steps but excited mind; and as he addressed himself to his self-imposed task of rebuke, he began mechanically to form the sounds "Hail Mary, full of grace," &c.; and for a moment he felt checked in his career of anger. But the angelical salutation was too pure for the very earthly mood of his mind, and died away upon his lips before he had whispered a dozen words. Scarcely knowing what he did, but burning with ill-directed zeal, he stood still before his brother religious, and addressed him in a tone of startling loudness:

"Father!"

Father Basil looked up from his book, not a little confused at being thus spoken to by a man who seldom favoured him with any unnecessary conversation. The harsh and excited expression of Father Jerome's face did not tend to reassure him, and he felt an overwhelming incursion of that nervous timidity which had long grown habitual to him. He made no reply, but gazed steadily in Father Jerome's countenance; for it was a characteristic of his, that however timid or nervous he was, he generally looked people in the face with a directness and stedfastness that the boldest dispositions might have envied.

Father Jerome felt suddenly taken aback, but he forced himself to go on:

"Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that you can look me in the face in that way, when you know the scandal that has come upon us all through your lamentable conduct?"

"What scandal?" said Father Basil, in a voice approaching to a whisper, so violent was the palpitation of his heart.

"For shame!" cried the other. "Is it not enough that you have never been brought to confess your crime, but you must needs profess ignorance of the mischief you have done to religion and to your brothers in this house?"

Trembling, and scarcely able to speak from agitation, Father Basil stood like a statue, still looking fixedly in the countenance of his excited brother; so fixedly, indeed, that the latter began to feel almost confused by his gaze.

"Why don't you answer me?" he continued, getting more and more uncomfortable, with all his vehement anger. "You surely *are* guilty; you know you are. Your very look condemns you."—(He felt while he said this that it was not the truth.)—"If you are not, who is? Why don't you exculpate yourself, and save us all this shame and scandal? Or why don't you confess it, like a true penitent, and not go about for year after year wearing your sentence of condemnation in your own looks and words?"—(Again his conscience told him that he was misinterpreting the fact.)—Why do you look at me in that strange way, instead of answering what I ask you? If you are not guilty, why do you act as if you were?"

"What more *can* I say?" murmured Father Basil when his companion at length paused in his invectives. "I have already said that I am wholly innocent, and that I am totally ignorant of every thing in the whole affair."

"Then how do you account for the circumstances that look so much against you?"

"I have already said all that I could say on the subject; and the only other account I can give is, by saying that it was through the inscrutable will of God that things appeared as they did appear."

"That is no answer to an argument," retorted Father Jerome; but his heart smote him when he said so.

"It *is* an answer to a Christian mind," replied Father Basil, gaining strength as the discussion advanced. "Now that my hours are nearly over, why should I fear to say, that the only thing that has helped me to bear this dreadful cross has been my confidence in this inscrutable will of my God, who has chosen—yes, I say chosen—to lay this burden upon me. I cannot account completely for the circumstances that tell against me; that is, I can only give my own explanation of them; I can prove nothing. But I can bow my head to His will, and I can kiss the hand that is laying the cross upon it. My dear brother, I am dying; I know it is so. The time must be close at hand; human nature will stand no more. You have said what you pleased to me; let me have my turn only for a moment. You desire to penetrate to the secrets of my heart, I have none to hide from you; and if you could search to its very depths, you would only learn that, with all the agony I have endured for years, I would not now lose the memory of one single throb of pain, nor would I exchange the peace which my God has given me in the midst of my sufferings for the most spotless of reputations that mortal man ever enjoyed. And now, pardon me for speaking

of myself; it is the last time. My hour is come. Give me your arm, and help me to my cell. It cannot last much longer. Forgive me for all the scandal I *have* caused, either by my actual sins or by my foolishness; and when all is over, remember me and pray for me."

Father Jerome remained silent, for he was utterly confounded. The manner of the other was so singularly unlike that of a hypocrite or a guilty man, that, in spite of all his anger, he was overpowered, and could say nothing. He then made one or two futile attempts at speaking; but felt more foolish and helpless than he had ever felt in his life before. He gave his arm to Father Basil in silence, and led him upstairs; and by his request he fetched the Father Prior to him, and then went and sat down in his own cell. There he remained for some length of time—restless, irritated, and uncomfortable; at one moment convinced that Father Basil was only an accomplished deceiver, at another fancying that, after all, he might be a saint; now stung with vexation at the thought of the humiliation he might himself have to undergo in admitting the cruel injustice he had been guilty of, now touched with a conviction that, whatever was the truth, he himself had been actuated by a proud and fiery uncharitableness. His better thoughts were beginning to gain a victory, when he was hastily summoned to the bedside of the man he had so much injured. As he entered the little room, his eye lighted on the preparations for the giving of the Last Sacraments. On the bed lay the emaciated figure of the dying man, who, as soon as he caught sight of Father Jerome, stretched out his hand to him with a singular smile, which never left his memory until his own dying day. He seized the extended hand, kissed it, and sank on his knees by the bed, unable to take any share in the holy rites of that awful hour. The rest, who knew how embittered his feelings had long grown on the subject of Father Basil, saw and respected his remorse; and it was only when it was evident that the last moment was actually coming, that some one touched his shoulder, and whispered, "He is dying." He rose to his feet, watched the last breath, and tenderly closed the eyes of the departed. From that day Father Jerome was never known to express a severe judgment on any human being.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WORLD AND THE CLOISTER.

THE day after Father Basil's funeral, the younger of the two novice-brothers was closeted with his old friend Father Ambrose.

"Well, my dear brother," said the Father, as he entered the room, "what's the matter? I hear that you have had permission from Father Benedict to have some conversation with me. And, to tell you the truth, I've been rather expecting it for some little time."

The young man laughed, and said, "Then, as you have discovered my wishes in this respect, perhaps you know also what I wanted to say. It will be very agreeable if you do; for I confess I feel somewhat foolish and uncomfortable now the time has come."

"Come for what?" asked the Father.

"You won't think me extremely silly, will you?" said Brother Cyril.

"I shall think you very silly if you go on talking enigmas. Well, well, I'll spare your feelings, and tell you what you wanted to say. You think you have no vocation. That's it, is it not?"

"I fear it is so," replied the novice. "I hope you don't think very badly of me for it."

"Well, now, what will you say," rejoined the Father, "if I tell you that I never thought you had one?"

Brother Cyril looked up, and stared with astonishment.

"Go on," said the Father, scarcely able to keep his countenance, as the young man continued to stare without speaking. "Why, the whole conversation seems to be on my side. I must expound for you again, must I? You mean, I presume, to ask me why I advised you to come here and become a novice."

"Exactly so."

"For two reasons. First, I was not sure that I was right; I might have been wrong; one is often deceived by appearances. The system of the novitiate is instituted for the very purpose of ascertaining whether people have vocations or not; and I had no business to settle the matter dogmatically beforehand. If you had proved to have had a vocation, so much the better. That's my first reason. My second is not very complimentary to yourself; but I'm sure you have at any rate learnt during your trial here to pocket

uncomplimentary sayings very meekly. I saw that you were bent upon making the trial, and would not be convinced, or even moved, by any thing I could say."

"But how much I enjoyed it at first," said Brother Cyril inquiringly.

"I beg your pardon," said Father Ambrose; "you enjoyed, not the reality of the religious life, but the idea of it. And the reverse is the case with your dear brother. He did not enjoy the idea of it, but he does the reality. Nature makes us love the idea; grace gives the love of the reality."

"But my brother did not like the reality at first."

"His nature did not like it, but his enlightened judgment understood it and approved it; and grace was with him from the first, to form in him that true love of the reality without which no one can be monk, friar, Jesuit, or nun."

"And don't you think very ill of me for not having grace to love what is so essentially better than a life in the world?"

"Do you think ill of me because I am not as handsome as the Apollo, and am not as great a poet as Shakespeare?"

Brother Cyril laughed outright.

"I'm delighted to see you laugh heartily once more," said Father Ambrose.

"What *do* you mean?" asked the young man.

"I mean, that for some months past—ever since you began, as I saw, to find out that you were not in your element—you have never, at least in my hearing, laughed heartily and simply, as you used to laugh. Why, my dear brother, a merry ringing laugh is a sign that a novice is going on just as he ought."

"But surely, Father Ambrose," observed Brother Cyril, "it is much better in itself to be a religious than a secular."

"True, quite true," said the Father; "but we must remember that these things are entirely in the hands of God, who gives different graces to different persons. Why He does this is of course a mystery. Our business is to ascertain the will of God in our own particular case, and, having ascertained it, to do it. In my opinion, God is not calling you to the same state of life that He has called me; but it is for us to acquiesce and rejoice in His will, whatever it is. I shall not have the happiness of loving you as a brother-religious, but I shall have the happiness of loving you as a brother-Christian. And I feel confident that you will be all the better Christian in the world than you would have been if you had not made the trial of the novitiate."

"But can a man save his soul as easily in the world as in the cloister?"

"That is a question which must be explained before it is

answered. Viewing the subject broadly and absolutely, No; viewing it in your case, Yes. I certainly hold—indeed, I am sure—that a larger proportion of religious are saved than of people in the world. So far, then, treating it as a question of statistics, or numerical probabilities, it is harder to go to heaven from the world than from the cloister. But when you come to each individual Christian, it is undoubted that each will be saved best in that particular mode of life to which the unfathomable wisdom of God calls him. Therefore, as you have no vocation, *you* will be saved best in the world. At the same time, do let me warn you against a deception which does some good Christians an immense amount of harm. Because their vocation is to be *in* the world, they fancy that the world is not in its nature as hurtful to them personally as it is to those who are called to the cloister. If we finally decide that you have no vocation here, I shall say to you, with all my heart and conscience, 'God speed you;' but I shall say, Beware of giving the world your heart, as anxiously as you would fly from the temptation if you never stirred beyond these walls. And now I must leave you. Is any thing settled as to the time of your final decision?"

"No, nothing," said the novice; "I leave it to my director."

"Quite right," said Father Ambrose. "And now, good-bye, and God bless you."

The young man knelt to receive the Father's blessing; and returned to his cell with his mind relieved, and at the same time with a more calm and satisfied faith in the goodness and power of God than he had ever before possessed.

CHAPTER XVII.

DISCLOSURES.

While these things were going on at St. Oswald's, the affairs of the Somerset family and their guest were by no means at a standstill.

"Mary," said the baronet one morning to his daughter, after summoning her with a stately air to his own room, "you will receive a visitor in the course of the day."

"Indeed!" replied Miss Somerset.

"Yes," said her father, "Lord Pangbourne proposes to do himself the honour of waiting upon you. His lordship does not state the purpose of his visit in the note in which he announces

it; but he requests me to allow him the favour of an interview with yourself. Of course I—I— there can be no doubt as to his object; and I trust you will receive his lordship in a manner due to his position in society, and in a manner due to yourself as my daughter and a Somerset."

"My dear father," said Mary, "let me be frank with you. If the tiresome viscount is coming to ask me to marry him, as you seem to imply, you must not be disappointed if I decline the honour of his hand."

"May I ask," said the baronet, "what grounds you can have for refusing so eligible an offer?"

"Certainly, papa, if you will tell me what grounds I have for accepting the man."

"Really, Mary," rejoined Sir Reginald, "the tone of your language is most unbecoming towards an individual so—so—in every way worthy, noble, and wealthy."

"My dear papa," cried his daughter, "I know you have my happiness at heart; be pleased therefore to remember that it is I, and not you, whom Lord Pangbourne wants to marry. The question therefore is, Do *I* like him? Frankly, then, I do not. I would as soon marry a parliamentary blue-book, or a dictionary of references. His lordship's conversation always reminds me of a shower of pebbles. I positively feel bruised before he has talked a quarter of an hour to me."

"I don't understand you," said the baronet; and he certainly spoke the truth; for he had about as much capacity for relishing metaphors, especially when launched against a peer of the realm, as he had for calculating the longitude. Sir Reginald's heart, however, was not very firmly set upon his daughter's marrying the terribly well-informed viscount in question. For, in the first place, he was only a viscount; secondly, his family was but recently ennobled; thirdly, the baronet considered that, in the present state of the matrimonial market, the daughter of Sir Reginald Somerset, with a dowry of seven or eight thousand a year, might marry an earl with a pedigree two yards long at the very least. He was, accordingly, only a little displeased at the freedom of Miss Somerset's remarks, and contented himself with insisting upon her treating her suitor with due decorum and etiquette.

The appointed hour came, the visit was paid, and the baronet heard the viscount ride away without any request for an interview with himself. He saw that he had prosecuted his suit in vain; but he digested his mortification without difficulty, and retired to his picture-gallery to console himself with the contemplation of the ancestral glories of his house.

His daughter meanwhile ran up to her mother's room,

and threw herself into her mother's arms, declaring that she knew not whether to laugh or cry.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I had no idea what a trying thing it would be. And yet, the man is such a pompous simpleton, I could scarcely preserve my gravity."

"Why, my dear," cried Lady Somerset, "do you mean that you really were half-inclined to accept Lord Pangbourne, after all?"

"Accept him!" echoed Mary. "Why, mamma, who would accept a man that discussed the average of matrimonial happiness, as he called it, in the very act of making a proposal? Oh, you should have seen him performing the ceremony. There he sat, for all the world as if he was making a speech in a committee-room, marking off the divisions of his subject on the fingers of his left hand. Then, when I told him I did not feel towards him in a way that would justify me in marrying him, he broke out into a disquisition on the various kinds of love, and grew so intolerably metaphysical, that I could scarcely keep from yawning. On the whole, I should say he has gone away more utterly surprised than he ever was in his life before. That any body should refuse a man of his acquirements seemed to him a thing inconceivable."

The very next morning found the baronet again closeted with his daughter, and in a very different frame of mind. For the first time in her recollection he addressed her in a tone of self-reproach and affectionate sorrow.

"My dear child," said Sir Reginald, taking her hand, as he drew his chair close to where she sat, "I have sad news to communicate to you."

Her heart beat violently with some vague and indescribable fear.

"Mary," continued he, "you are a beggar—a pauper."

Had the baronet been given to joking, his daughter would have laughed outright; as it was she only felt wonderfully relieved, and replied:

"What *do* you mean, papa? Are we all ruined?"

"Not so, my dear," said he; "I am not, but you are. You know the state of your affairs. The fortune which you inherited from your aunt—somewhere about a hundred thousand pounds, and with which I hoped you would have made a match worthy of the Somersets—is gone; every farthing of it is gone."

"But, papa, there is Burleigh—at least what is not entailed. You need not think me quite destitute while that remains; unless, indeed," she added with a smile, "you mean to cut me off with a shilling."

"Every acre that is not entailed is mortgaged, I am sorry to tell you, Mary; and if I were to die to-morrow, you would not have sixpence in the world."

And the proud old man could scarcely restrain his tears.

"Well, papa," said his daughter, forcing a laugh, "'what is not is not,' as Lord Pangbourne wisely informed me yesterday, by way of parenthesis, when I told him that I had no particular regard for him. If my fortune is gone, it is gone. And it is very fortunate that I refused this viscount as I did, otherwise he would have thought himself taken in. But you have not told me how it has all disappeared."

"Why, the thing seems to have happened through the disappearance of a letter, which I ought to have received, and which I did not receive. You remember that the whole of your fortune was lately invested in one of these Cornish mines, which gave double the interest of the funds. Well, after the money was transferred to Sharp's hands—you remember he is the lawyer that managed it for us—but before he had actually purchased and paid for the shares for you, it seems he wrote me a confidential letter, telling me that he had reason to suspect the soundness of the investment, and stating that, notwithstanding my previous instructions and your authority, he should not act until I wrote to him renewing my original instructions. At the same time, as he knew I was just then very busy, and never like writing unnecessary letters, he stated, that if he did not hear from me he should consider himself bound to purchase the shares as intended, especially as an excellent opportunity offered, which might not again occur. This letter I never received. The consequence was, he bought the shares; and now the whole concern has come to the dogs with a crash, and you have lost every farthing you have in the world."

Never before had Sir Reginald made so long a speech in so straightforward a way, and seldom had he shown so much sincere emotion as he now displayed. Every possible inquiry was made in all quarters as to the cause of the loss of the letter. No clue was given; for the only person who could have given it was too well practised in hypocrisy to betray herself. Nor, indeed, did the magnitude of the mischief she had caused produce the slightest remorse in Mrs. Ogleby's breast. When she had destroyed the letter in question, she had been so much excited that she had scarcely given her mind to contemplate its results; but now that the subject was brought forward, she remembered quite enough to be convinced that the lost letter was the identical epistle which she had stolen, opened, and then burnt. And as no human being had been a

witness to the theft, she cared nothing for what she had done. As to the injury she had inflicted on Miss Somerset, her feelings towards that young lady were already so deeply embittered, that compassion for her was the last emotion that would have entered her mind.

At present, too, her utmost energies were taxed to carry her through with her schemes upon Mr. Croft. From one cause or another, she had not been able to see him since the day when she had so practised on the pride and folly of Father Jerome as to work him up to that attack on Father Basil which had virtually stabbed the poor Father to the heart. That tragedy had disconcerted her not a little; but she still cherished the idea of letting Croft know that Father Jerome's zeal, unfortunate as had been its consequences, had been prompted by herself; though, at the same time, she intended to give a sort of dramatic effect to the whole by claiming for herself the *rôle* of an instrument in the hands of Providence for punishing the guilty. That Father Basil was guilty she felt assured; and that Croft believed him guilty, and had a personal interest in seeing him duly punished, she felt equally sure. Her part, therefore, seemed clear; and all she was anxious about was the amount of feminine sensibility and sympathy for the suffering which she should assume in discussing the subject with Mr. Croft himself.

Her impatience at length grew uncontrollable, and she resolved to call upon him under the pretence of wishing to consult him on some legal business. She walked over accordingly to his house, and sent in her card. An answer was speedily brought her to the effect that he was very unwell, and unable to see any one on business-matters. But Mrs. Ogleby was not thus to be put off. She sent in another message, alleging that her affairs were of the utmost importance and would not bear delay, and that she would detain Mr. Croft for a few minutes only. The servant found Croft lying on a sofa, evidently very seriously ill, and frightfully restless.

"I cannot see her," said he, on receiving her second message. "It's impossible;—but stay," he added, "send her up." Then he murmured to himself, "Who am I, that I should refuse to listen to the affairs and entreaties of any one? My God, when shall I find rest? Oh, if I could but do it! And now, this horrible end of it all! It maddens me to think of it!"

Mrs. Ogleby soon entered the room; and started when she saw his looks. She would have come up and shaken his hand, and, in truth, she could scarcely restrain herself; but he motioned her to a chair, and begged her to state in what way

he could serve her. She took some letters from her bag, and turned them over and over again.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I have left the letter at home after all. I have been so nervous, Mr. Croft, after hearing of this sad affair at the monastery, that I hardly know what I do. It seems so shocking, too, to think that I should have been opening my mind to Father Jerome about that old man's wickedness just before it happened."

All this she said while she was apparently renewing her search among her papers. But when she finished speaking, she looked up, and was terrified at perceiving that Croft's eyes were fixed upon her with a look whose meaning she could not interpret, but which seemed to read her very soul.

"Mrs. Ogleby," he at length said, hoarsely and feebly, "I have a question to ask you. I did not intend to have put it; but your words are so strange, and at the same time fall in so singularly with the report I have heard, that I must do so, and without apology. Will you be good enough to tell me whether it is true or not, that you have been instigating one of the fathers at St. Oswald's—Father Jerome by name—to seek the expulsion of Father Basil, who is recently dead, from the monastery? Stop!" added he, as she seemed about to speak, "hear me out. Is it also true or not, that in so doing you mentioned me as a person who was scandalised by the presence and ministrations of a man who laboured under the imputation of a great crime? Did you also state, in particular, that on one or more occasions I have been heard to express my belief that Father Basil was a hypocrite and infamous?"

He paused. Mrs. Ogleby trembled violently; but at length gasped out a reply.

"Why do you ask me all this, Mr. Croft? What can be the meaning of these extraordinary questions?"

"The meaning," he said sternly, "is this, that Father Basil's life was embittered, and his death was hastened, by the reproaches that were addressed to him by Father Jerome; and that if it was you who instigated the latter to his unjustifiable conduct, you were, in a certain sense, the cause of Father Basil's death."

"But, Mr. Croft," cried Mrs. Ogleby, becoming more and more alarmed, "what have I done? Was not Father Basil a very wicked man? It is very shocking, I know, very shocking indeed; but did not he really deserve some very severe punishment? Is not death the legal punishment of murder?"

Scarcely had she uttered the words, when he sprang from the sofa like one stung by a scorpion.

"Woman!" he cried aloud, "you have done me deadlier injury than my bitterest enemy could have invented. I had rather you had taken a knife and plunged it in my heart."

She cowered before him in dismay and terror; and as he was about to speak again, the door opened, and Father Ambrose entered the room.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what is this? Shall I go? Your servant told me you expected me, and desired me to come up to you. Speak, Croft! are you ill? Good God, what is it, Mrs. Ogleby?" and he supported Croft, who was falling to the ground exhausted, and led him to the sofa.

"Bid her go," whispered Croft in the Father's ear.

The words reached Mrs. Ogleby, and she exclaimed—

"For God's sake don't drive me away. I will do any thing you tell me. Swear me to secrecy, if you like; I will swear any thing, or do any thing; but for mercy's sake don't send me away without explaining this dreadful mystery."

There was no acting on Mrs. Ogleby's part now; and as she stood with her hands clasped before Croft, there was something so intensely beseeching and humble in her countenance that he was touched with pity for her. He made no reply, however, but sat looking at her like one bewildered. Father Ambrose then spoke:

"I am completely in the dark as to the meaning of all this; but you must allow me to ask what possible right you can have to intrude on Mr. Croft's privacy when he is ill, and wishes you to leave him?"

"Oh, Father Ambrose," cried she, "have pity on me. You do not know all. You know nothing of why I am here. Oh, what am I saying? I am going wild with desperation."

"What *does* she mean?" exclaimed the Father, turning to Croft. "Did she come here by your desire, or what is it?"

"No! no! no!" cried Mrs. Ogleby, for once in her life endeavouring to shield another person from a false imputation; "I came here of my own accord; but I little knew what I was coming to hear from his lips. Look! look! Father Ambrose, he is dying; hold him up!" she exclaimed, as Croft appeared to be swooning away; "let me hold him. Oh, that my tongue had been cut from my mouth before I did this fatal work!"

And she threw herself on her knees before the fainting man, and, seizing his hands, began rubbing them with a wild tenderness that took off Father Ambrose's attention from Croft himself. At length a light seemed to dawn upon him, and he muttered to himself, "Is it possible? is it possible?"

Just then Croft began to revive, and finding his hands

between Mrs. Ogleby's, drew them violently away from her, with such a gesture of horror and disgust as made the poor woman almost sink back on the floor, and wrung from her an exclamation of anguish.

"My dear friend," said Father Ambrose to Croft, "do let me entreat you to control yourself. What has this lady done that so distresses and irritates you? For heaven's sake explain the mystery."

"What has she done!" echoed Croft; "she has slain the man whose life was dearer to me than my own. She has robbed me of all possibility of accomplishing that hope which alone has made life endurable to me for a moment. She has come an avenging devil to drive my misery deeper and deeper into my heart. But why do I say this? O my God, it is Thy hand! This miserable woman—yes, I see it!—this miserable woman brings Thy last call to me. Why should I longer delay? While I have lingered and sought peace from my own devices, *he* has died, and reparation is now impossible. O, spare me! spare me! I will do it at last! But that woman *must* go. I must speak to you alone."

Father Ambrose saw that it was no occasion for trifling, and he accordingly suggested to Mrs. Ogleby the necessity for her departure in a manner which insured her obedience. He also followed her from the room, and did not return to Croft till she had left the house. He found Croft, to a certain extent, externally calmed, but still labouring under an intense excitement of mind.

"I may as well tell you the chief part of what I have to say," he began, "merely as one friend to another; and leave you to judge how much or how little you must make public of it. Sit down on that chair, and listen. Father Basil," he continued, "was not guilty of the death of the Italian. It was I who killed him. His blood is on my head; and now the blood of the innocent man who is just dead is also on my head."

Exhausted by the immense effort he had been making, Croft was for some time unable to go on. The Father watched him in silent sadness and pity. At length he resumed:

"I did not intend to kill him. I met him accidentally, and he provoked me by his insulting language against all I held most dear. The man was a deeply-dyed villain, I believe; but it was not for me to return his insults with passion and reproaches. It ended in a blow which I gave him with a heavy stick, which felled him to the ground; and when I stooped to raised him, I found he was dying. The blow had fallen upon his temple; he had been drinking, and his brain

was in a most excited condition; and, to my indescribable horror, in a few minutes he was dead."

Again he paused, and rested to gather strength to continue.

"The whole weight of the charge that would lie against me instantly flashed on my mind. If I confessed to having struck the blow, there was no proof that I had not intended murder. My only chance was to drag the body away, and hide it as well as I could, and to say nothing of what had occurred. I did not notice that a rosary which I carried about me had fallen out from my pocket on the spot where I left the body; and this it was which told against poor Father Basil, as it was supposed that the rosary had belonged to him. The rosary had, in fact, been given to me by him; and this little circumstance apparently added to the black-heartedness with which I suffered him to bear the imputation of being the murderer.

"It was miserable enough to have killed a fellow-creature unintentionally; but my great misery began when I yielded to the devil's temptation not to confess it. My conscience bade me go instantly to a priest; but I shrank from the avowal. I felt that I could not prove that I had not meant murder; but even without that, the dread of confessing what was so openly in violation of the Christian character kept me silent. I put off going, and put it off again; till at last I sank into that state that I had almost forgotten what I was doing. Meanwhile the charge was being fastened on Father Basil, and I began to feel the numbing influence of my violation of my duty. I was horror-struck at finding him thought guilty of my crime; but every day the meshes that held me in grew tighter and tighter, and from that day to this I have never knelt in the confessional. Truly my life has been a hell upon earth.

"Then I took to trying to gain peace by means of austerities of the severest kind; and when I found that they were injuring my health and were sowing the seeds of mortal disease, I took a kind of maddened pleasure in thus punishing myself in my own way, blindly fancying that God would accept this in place of that repentance and obedience which He Himself had enjoined. I have spent five-sixths of my income on the poor and in offerings to the Church. Night and day have I tended the sick and laboured for the suffering; but the more I have done, the more miserable I have grown. And my greatest misery has been when I have been in the immediate presence of Him whose Blood I felt that I was shedding afresh. I could not dare to come near the altar when the Blessed

Sacrament was there. When Jesus has approached me, especially when borne in the hands of that innocent man who was suffering for my crime, more than once I have been driven to perfect frenzy, and felt as if I must die upon the spot. O my God! what have I done to Thee? Why have I hardened myself against Thee?"

Father Ambrose now gently took the unhappy man's hand, pressed it, striving hard to repress the tears that he felt ready to overflow. Then, without saying a word, he took from his own person a small crucifix, laid it on a table, and placed a chair by its side. Croft arose, knelt, forgot the friend in the Father, and through the Father poured forth his burdened soul to the eternal Father in heaven.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

When Mrs. Ogleby returned to Burleigh, her reception was not exactly what she had been hitherto accustomed to. It so happened that Sir Reginald Somerset was in the habit of keeping a diary, in which he briefly but magniloquently noted down the events of each day as it passed. The baronet had at times perused with profound interest the illustrations of the family economy and private life of great people of former times, which the labours of antiquaries have occasionally given to the world, drawn from their household-books and divers similar private memoranda. And it was partly in the hope that some such happy lot might one day befall his own journals, that he diligently set down all the small events of Burleigh Manor, and the incidents that befell himself. Any thing that happens to a Somerset, he was wont to say to his wife, must be worth recording; and on this principle he sedulously acted.

Now when Mr. Sharp, the solicitor before mentioned, learned from Sir Reginald that he had never received the letter he had written, warning him of the insecurity of the proposed investment of Miss Somerset's fortune, it was but natural that he should institute rigid inquiries in order to account for so disagreeable an occurrence. The result of his investigations was, that he was morally convinced that the letter had been posted, and had not been lost in the post. And he entreated Sir Reginald to institute similar inquiries among his own household. In doing this, Sir Reginald of course had immediate recourse to his diary, to ascertain whether any thing

remarkable had happened on the day that the letter ought to have reached him. Assisted by the suggestions of his daughter, and by an entry in the said journal, he soon remembered that he had been summoned from the room when the letters were received by his gamekeeper, and that Mrs. Ogleby had had the first inspection of the letters. Upon the establishment of this point, it suddenly struck him that he had undoubtedly seen letters addressed to Mrs. Ogleby in a handwriting very like that of Mr. Sharp; and after some difficulty he was persuaded by his daughter to write to Mr. Sharp a letter in which it should be incidentally mentioned that a lady of the name of Ogleby was staying at Burleigh. A reply was received by return of post, conveying, in the plainest terms, the opinion of Mr. Sharp, that the said Mrs. Ogleby was a very suspicious personage, and not what she professed herself to be. This letter came the very day that the events related in the last chapter took place; and while Mrs. Ogleby was engaged at Croft's, Miss Somerset and her father were engaged in coming to some decision as to what was to be done.

When, accordingly, Mrs. Ogleby reached Burleigh, she received a request from Mary that she would oblige her with a few minutes' conversation in private. Shaken as her nerves were by the scene she had just witnessed, she was unable to control the feelings of alarm with which she heard this message, and she proceeded to meet Miss Somerset with no slight trepidation. She sat down, and endeavoured to open the interview in a lively strain, but signally failed.

"You are acquainted with Mr. Sharp of ——, I believe," said Mary, paying no heed to Mrs. Ogleby's remarks, and fixing her eyes upon her with a most unpleasant steadiness.

Mrs. Ogleby was convinced that her hour was come; but she had no idea of yielding without a struggle.

"I am," she said; "he is a man whom my family have occasionally employed. I believe he is a good sort of man at bottom, but rather credulous; and my father was obliged to cease employing him; and I know he did not soon forget it, and bears us malice in consequence."

"Indeed!" remarked Miss Somerset. "You will excuse the minuteness of my questions, Mrs. Ogleby, for an event has occurred which makes them necessary for your sake as well as ours. Have you ever received any letters from this Mr. Sharp during your visit here?"

"Yes, one or two on little matters of business."

"Did you happen to notice whether any letters came for my father, addressed in Mr. Sharp's handwriting, on the day when you looked over the letters by yourself?"

And Mary's gaze became so very fixed and disagreeable, that Mrs. Ogleby could scarcely restrain her inclination to rush from the room. She hesitated, said she thought not, and then that she thought there were; and finally broke out into a feigned passion of virtuous indignation, and declaring that she would not be insulted by such questions, left Miss Somerset to her meditations.

The same day, when dinner-time came, Mrs. Ogleby was not to be found. All that could be learnt respecting her was, that she had gone out walking, and no one had seen her return. The following morning brought an extremely cool and impertinent note from her to Sir Reginald, desiring him to send her luggage—which was discovered all packed in her bedroom—to an address which she gave; and stating that Miss Somerset's insulting language had been such that she could endure it no longer. What finally became of Mrs. Ogleby the Somerset family never knew. But they had the satisfaction of knowing that she contrived to spread reports concerning them of the most annoying description; and, in particular, that it was generally supposed that the loss of Miss Somerset's large fortune had been caused by the gambling propensities of her father, and that she herself was dying for love of Lord Pangbourne, whom she had attempted to inveigle into a marriage under the pretence that she was still a wealthy heiress.

Great was the amazement produced at Burleigh and in the neighbourhood when Croft's story was at length made known. Dozens of wiseacres immediately protested that they had suspected as much all along; and of those who had been the foremost in maintaining the guilt of Father Basil, more than one was for instigating immediate legal proceedings against Croft for the death of Bertini. They might possibly have carried their threats into execution, but for the fact that in a short time Croft was understood to have left England. Father Ambrose was of opinion that his probable destination would be some religious house observing a rule of the severest kind. He was clearly a man of extraordinary strength of character; and it was not likely that he would ever have found life in the world at all tolerable. The mortifications he had practised in his vain hope of gaining peace of conscience were terrible. The recent marked advance of disease in his constitution had, to a great extent, resulted from his practice of wearing a sharp iron belt round his waist, which had caused a continual irritation, fostered by the misery of his mind, and would ultimately have brought on consumption. The agonies he had endured from this cause

had been frightful; and Father Ambrose recollected how, on one occasion, when he had attempted to hold him up when falling, the touch of his arm had manifestly caused a paroxysm of pain absolutely unbearable. For such a character as this, the austerities of a severe religious rule, when undergone as a matter of obedience, and with a conscience reconciled to God, were almost a necessity; and no one at St. Oswald's was surprised when it was known that Croft was hidden from the world and would never more appear in it.

In making the arrangements which had been required with Sir Reginald, consequent on his giving up his agency, Croft had become acquainted with the loss of Miss Somerset's fortune; and fancying that possibly he might have prevented it, had his mind not been preoccupied with his own wretchedness, he made up his mind to convey to her his own claims on the Burleigh property for money lent to her father. But when he came to talk it over with Father Ambrose, as a friend of the Somersets, he found him convinced that the baronet's pride would never tolerate such an arrangement, at least during Croft's lifetime.

"Well, what shall I do with it?" inquired Croft. "I shall certainly dispose of the bulk of what I have, which is much less than is supposed, before I go; and I wish to give it to somebody who wants it."

"Give it to our ex-novice, young Longford," said the Father. "You know he has no vocation, and has just gone back to his mother; and he's a fine young fellow, who will make a good man of the world, though he would never have made a religious like his brother. I can't say more, without a breach of confidence; but if you really want my advice, this is what I would suggest."

Croft was not without certain shrewd suspicions as to the reasons which induced Father Ambrose to make this proposition to him; for he had observed more of what went on at Burleigh than people gave him credit for; and, after a little more discussion, he agreed to the proposal.

A year passed away, and the stately rooms of Burleigh Manor were enlivened with the preparations for a wedding. From the day when Sir Reginald learnt that his own eagerness to increase his daughter's fortune had caused the loss of it all, he had been slowly acquiring a habit of allowing her to be happy in her own way, and was fast coming to believe it within the limits of possibility that the head of the Somerset family could make a mistake.

When the younger Longford left St. Oswald's, he began gradually to resume his old custom of visiting at Burleigh;

and though nothing whatever was said on the subject, it was clear to every one that the baronet suspected an attachment between that young gentleman and his daughter Mary. He had ascertained by sundry crafty, and as he fancied unobserved inquiries, that Longford's worldly possessions would ultimately—especially now that his elder brother had left the world—be respectable; and the fact that he was become the possessor of claims to a certain portion of Burleigh, gave him an importance in the eyes of the baronet of no mean weight. The end of it all was, that before the year was over he yielded his consent to the marriage in terms which might have suited the matrimonial negotiations of an emperor.

The elder Longford had been professed long before the marriage of his brother came about. The course of his novitiate was uniform from the beginning to the end. As it drew towards its close, for a short time every difficulty he had felt seemed to rise up again before him more alarmingly than ever. The more frightening, however, they seemed to the imagination, the more intense became that indescribable longing to consecrate himself to the religious life, of which he had all along been conscious. Before the day for taking the vows every doubt and fear had vanished; and on the morning of his profession his mother herself was finally and fully reconciled to what he was doing, by the sight of the serene joy and silent happiness which his countenance and voice displayed.

"After all," she exclaimed, when the ceremonial was over, "I suppose it really *is* the better part that he has chosen."

On the day of her younger son's wedding she shed no tears, and was right well pleased and happy; but her memory recurred to the day when she had seen her elder boy kneeling before the Father Superior, and heard the irrevocable vows proceed from his lips; and she decided that throughout her life it would supply the sweeter memories to her mother's heart.

Reviews.

MEDIÆVAL HYMNS.

Hymni Latini Medii Ævi; e codd. MSS. edidit et annotationibus illustravit F. Jos. Mone, Archivii Carlsruhensis præfectus. 3 tom. Friburgii Brisgoviæ, sumpt. Herder.

IN these degenerate days we appropriate the name of "siren" to any young lady of captivating voice and bewitching coun-

tenance who employs her skill and her smiles in weaving meshes round the hearts of susceptible young men. This is, however, by no means the idea which old Homer gives us of them. Modern young men would call his sirens "blues." It was not, as Cicero remarks, by the sweetness of their voices, or by the novelty and variety of their melody, that they charmed the sailors who came within ear-shot, and inveigled them to their destruction; but by the profession of wisdom, and by working on the innate desire of knowing. "Stop," they sang to Ulysses, "stop thy ship, and listen to our voice; for never did any one sail by without first listening to our sweet music; then he goes away delighted, and knowing more than he did; *for we know all things.*" (*Odyss.* μ'. 184.) For it is true that the first beauty of which the infant soul, whether of the child, or of the man in early stages of civilisation, becomes enamoured is knowledge. Her first love is science; her first lust is for the fair fruit that will make her wise; her first poetry is the word of teaching and revelation. The Muse, now reckoned to be the power that presides over the fine arts and the beautiful, was originally, as Homer tells us, "the science of good and evil;" a science which afterwards came to be called divination. At first the Muse, with her *carmina* and incantations, was the power of divining the meaning of auspices and signs. This was, as Vico shows, the beginning of knowledge in all nations, and amounted to an inquiry into the nature and action of God under the attribute of Providence. To divine was to know the essence and character of this providence; and the first masters of the science were called indifferently poets or creators, and *vates* or prophets.

It would be curious to trace the steps by which the name "poetry" gradually passed from the substance to the form, till we now estimate the Muse rather by her feet than by her head, rather by rhyme (and rhythm) than by reason. Suffice it here to say, that the knowledge which primitive man seeks is rather what we should even still call a poetical knowledge than the statistical, mathematical, and analytical accounts of things with which we now cram our brains. In those days the end of knowledge was to form, or inform, the soul; now, it is to give the hands power to form, to transform, and to use matter. Words have power over the soul, though they have none over the body; and while the soul is the great object of all science, the verbal form of the science is most important. The choice and the disposition of the words is the chief element of the virtue of the formula which has to affect the mind and the soul; whereas the form of words which has to convey intelligence of the facts of physical science is of very

little consequence, except that the more tabular and mathematical it can be made, the clearer and more available will it be found to be. To speak to the heart, words must have some of the elements of poetry; to speak to that reason which is the mere extension and development of our senses, the more words are stripped of all poetical character, the fitter they will be for their purpose.

Now religion tends to produce that state of the several faculties of the soul which makes it a true image of God; it is the science which teaches the soul to contemplate God as reflected and imaged forth in its own internal mirror. It is, then, the highest and most universal subject for all poetry; for the great aim of religious utterance is to charm forth and to draw out from the depths of our soul those characteristics which serve to make it a true resemblance and an accurate mirror of the divine nature; and it is just these very characteristics of the soul which are its organs for the perception of the beautiful and sublime. When our deepest faculties first waken and rouse themselves, when our ideas of power, of wisdom, of goodness, and of mystery first crop out from the material life of childhood, poetry and religion are at once born in the soul. Then we feel that the mere enumeration of the attributes of God is the most heart-stirring poetry. Thus Mr. Froude somewhere tells an anecdote of a child who had taken refuge in a hole in a cliff from the advancing tide, and was found by its distracted friends reciting the Creed in a loud voice, as if in defiance of the waves which were beginning to wash into the cave. In like manner Longinus enumerates among the greatest examples of sublimity that he had found the words of the Hebrew lawgiver, which simply recite the first act of God, "God said, Light be, and light was; be earth made, and the earth was made." We have heard a clerical convert from Anglicanism declare that the only thing in the "incomparable liturgy" of that sect that could ever draw tears from his eyes was the occasionally-recited Athanasian Creed. We can quite understand how this dry and technical enumeration of apparently contradictory characteristics may have all the effect of sublimity to a mind endowed with enough faith to recognise that it is a description of the divine nature; for, after all, the one standard of beauty and sublimity is that the beautiful object should speak to us of God.

Though different men are moved by different objects; though one man reckons one thing beautiful which another reckons ugly, one person feels awe-struck before the sublimity of an object which another regards with contempt,—yet the affection, the faculty, the chord of the soul which these

different things, which are called beautiful, move and play upon, is one and the same in all men. The sublimity is not in the outward object alone, but in the object as perceived by the soul, or rather in the relationship between the two, or still better in the new idea to which this relationship gives rise. This new idea may be ultimately reduced to that of God. All those objects, whatever they are, are beautiful and sublime, which to any man's soul speak of God; which by a thrill of the spirit, or a vibration of the heart, call forth a sudden pulsation of love, of admiration, or of awe, in regard to some person or power who is presumed to be hidden behind the veil of the beautiful or sublime object which moves him, and who speaks to him through it.

God, then, is the ultimate reason of beauty, and all things are beautiful which reveal Him to us or remind us of Him, which excite a throb of love in our hearts, and make us feel as if we were brought into the presence of something without which our life is imperfect and our nature incomplete, deprived of which the heart must always feel lost, lonely, and unhappy. Different men and different nations may have different ideals of material beauty, just as they have different languages; some of these ideals may be rude, inharmonious, barbarous, and contemptible, just as the language of some nations is clumsy, inartificial, unmelodious, and even ludicrous; but still, as the most barbarous tongue is still a language, is still really significant of the human soul and of its various powers and faculties, so is also the human ideal of natural and material beauty, whether we take the Chinese or Greek, the Maori or Italian, whatever national type of the beautiful we take,—it is to the understanding and mind of that people the dumb language of nature speaking to the soul about the loveliness of God.

The first intention of poetry is to instruct in wisdom; and there is a wisdom which, when expressed, must always be poetical, and that is, the knowledge of God and of divine things. These two propositions united show us clearly that the early identification of the poet, the prophet, and the divine is founded in the very depths of our nature, and therefore on a feeling which must be as active and as powerful now as it was in the dawn of civilisation. As Dante selects Virgil for his master in all human wisdom, so in the middle ages the learned sciences were taught at Florence, Bologna, Pisa, Piacenza, and Venice, by professors who had to take the poems of Dante as their text. This, however, was only a partial manifestation of a universal idea. In those ages, in almost all schools, theology was taught by means of hymns; and the

names of numbers of writers, both Latin and Greek, might be produced, who composed commentaries on these hymns, the explanation of which was the chief part of the Christian instruction which the boys then received. It is to us a great question whether we have gained any thing by the loss of this rhythmical form of teaching; it seems to us to stand to reason, that a science like theology, where so much depends on the accuracy of the verbal symbol, is most naturally, most easily, and most permanently impressed on the mind in forms similar to those used in the middle ages, when the abstract of every art and science was put into verse, and the elements of all learning were always ready, almost at the fingers' ends, in a short *memoria technica*. We cannot believe that the practical utility of this course has ceased with the middle ages; the human mind and its faculties have not changed since the great schism of the West. Father Faber, who has had a wide experience both of rustics and of citizens, of Catholics and heretics, gives an unequivocal testimony that hymns have not lost a whit of their power. "There is scarcely any thing," he says, in his preface to his *Jesus and Mary*, "that takes so strong a hold upon people as religion in metre, hymns or poems on doctrinal subjects. Every one who has had experience among the English poor knows the influence of Wesley's Hymns and the Olney Collection. . . . . Catholics even are not unfrequently found poring with a devout and unsuspecting delight over the verses of the Olney hymns. . . . . The Welsh hymn-book is in two goodly volumes, and helps to keep alive the well-known Welsh fanaticism. The German hymn-book, with its captivating double rhymes, outdoes Luther's Bible as a support of the now decaying cause of Protestantism there. The cantiques of the French missions, and the *laudi spirituali* of Italy, are reckoned among the necessary weapons of the successful missionary."

But this is not that particular use of hymns to which we now wish to call attention. No doubt singing and vociferation are invaluable instruments in raising the amount of heat considered indispensable for a useful mission or retreat. No doubt, too, hymns may be very good party-songs in times when the public mind is agitated on religious questions. It was in such circumstances that St. Ephrem Syrus opposed his rhythms to the popular heretical hymns of Bardesanes; so Arius, in "loose Sotadean verse," "wrote songs for the sea and for the mill and for the road, and then set them to suitable music;" though the specimen of his Thalia that St. Athanasius has preserved for us is rather (except where it is mere brag) of the instructive didactic form than of the loose and

passionate character for which it is blamed; and though the great theological Fathers (with the partial exception of St. Gregory Nazianzen and St. Ambrose) did not deliver their teaching in verse, yet in the most exact of them there is observable a kind of epigrammatic way of writing, a peculiar balanced form of sentence, a kind of rhythmical antithesis, such as that with which all readers of St. Augustine are so familiar, whole periods of whose writings are sometimes found transplanted bodily into the hymns and sequences of the middle ages.

There is no doubt that the antithetical form is that which fixes itself most strongly on the memory: a doctrine summed up in a rhythmical antithesis is indelible; such a formula, for instance, as that in which the doctrine of the Trinity is summed up: "The Father is the One God, the Son is the One God, and the Holy Ghost is the One God; yet the Father is not the Son, the Son is not the Holy Ghost, the Holy Ghost is not the Father,"—which will be found not only to comprehend all that is known positively concerning the mystery, but also to have the additional virtue of pointing out precisely where the mystery lies—where exactly is the point of apparent contradiction, beyond which no investigation can hope to reach. It was exactly this kind of formulæ which the didactic hymnographers of the middle ages so laboriously excogitated, and so felicitously expressed in their jingling Latin. And it is precisely these didactic, symbolic, philosophic, theological hymns which, with little fear of contradiction, we pronounce to be generally beautiful, often positively sublime.

The collection of hymns before us is derived chiefly from German sources; and contains, as might be expected, very numerous examples of the spirit which manifested itself in Thomas à Kempis, the "Friends of God," and the authors of the *Theologia Germanica*. But in this place we do not intend to produce any specimens of the subjective psychological class of hymns, but simply of the objective theological ones; in order, chiefly, that those of our readers who take any interest in the matter, may be led to consider whether this form may be adapted to Anglo-Saxon thoughts and feelings; whether, in a word, this style of hymn may be popularised in England. Father Faber has scarcely tried it; perhaps his fourth hymn, "The Eternal Spirit," is the only one in which there is any distinct attempt to embody any scientific theological teaching; and in this there has been no endeavour to imitate the close compression and startling antithesis of the hymns of the middle ages. Of this, however, we may be certain,—if the thing is to be done at all, it must grow up

naturally; a single poet must not sit down with the intention of providing for the want, must not publish his book, put it under the protection of the copyright-law, reserve the right of translation, and name the hymns by his own name. There must be neither pride of authorship nor fear of plagiarism; there must be the simple honest endeavour to provide from any source which presents itself the kind of thing which is wanted. Before Father Caswall published his *Lyra Catholica*, or translation of the hymns of the Church, he caused his manuscript to be circulated among his friends, and requested them to suggest whatever corrections might strike them as necessary or convenient. The same thing should go on after publication; no priest, no congregation should scruple to introduce into the hymns that are adopted whatever changes seem desirable. For if ever didactic hymns, similar to those of the middle ages, are to become popular, they must grow up with use; they must be the popular expression of an accurately known and understood theological science. Such a science depends, both for its genesis and for its preservation, on the accuracy of the formulæ in which it is delivered: it is not like physical science, the results of which may remain in the memory and imagination as coloured pictures, and in which accordingly the words go for very little; it is not like the naturalistic physiology of materialist writers, who wish to destroy all idea of mental science, and consequently contend with M. Beyle that an author has attained perfection of style when readers remember his ideas without being able to recal his phrases,—just as we reckon that man the best dressed whom we are not compelled to notice or to stare at as he passes, and as healthy vitality consists in the being unconscious of effort in the use of our organs; but it is one of those moral sciences where the perfection of the phraseology is of the very first importance, because we cannot have any other symbol of the things than the verbal one: all physical facts can be represented in shape and colour in the fancy; moral and spiritual facts can only be retained in the memory and imagination in connection with the verbal symbol in which they are delivered.

Accordingly in these mediæval hymns we find the boldest plagiarism, the most laborious working upon a few ideas, turning them into all shapes, expressing them in all manners. Take, as an instance, the way in which the authors continually apply the text of St. Paul, "of Him, and by Him, and in Him, are all things." First, we have the simple application to the Three Persons of the Blessed Trinity:

No. 16.

Trinitas,	The Trinity,
Ex qua nostra conditio,	From whom we have our being,
Per quam nostra redemptio,	Through whom our redemption,
In qua nostra remissio	In whom we shall have pardon
Erit et gloriatio.	And glorification.

Then the same idea refined; the more technical words, *principium*, *remedium*, and *solatium*, applied to the office of the Three Persons:

No. 19.

Ex Te vitæ principium,	From Thee is the principle of our life,
Per Te vitæ remedium,	Through Thee the medicine of life,
In Te vitæ solatium :	In Thee the comfort of life :
Da nobis vitæ præmium.	Grant to us the reward of life.

Then perhaps a still closer application of the doctrine to the individual soul, in a hymn the first stanza of which makes good use of the well-known patristic distinction between the image and similitude of God in the soul of man:

No. 20.

Trinitas, lumen luminum,	O Trinity, Light of lights,
Illumina cor hominum,	Illuminate the heart of man,
Tuam similitudinem	Reinstating the likeness of Thee
Reformans ad imaginem.	To be again Thy image.
Ex Te mens nostra fulgeat,	From Thee may our mind have its light,
Et in Te vota compleat,	And in Thee may it fulfil its desires ;
Ad Te per Te se dirigat,	To Thee, through Thee may it tend,
Credens, sperans, Te diligat.	In faith and in hope may it love Thee.

No. 21.

Deus, de nullo veniens,	God, derived from none,
Deus, de Deo prodiens,	God, issue of God,
Deus, ab his progrediens,	God, proceeding from these two,
Veni nos salvos faciens.	Come to save us.
Pater, cunctorum Domine,	Father, Lord of all things,
Cum Genito de Virgine,	With Him that was born of the Virgin,
Intus et in circuitu,	Within and round about us,
Nos rege Sancto Spiritu.	Govern us by Thy Holy Spirit.
Regendo, clemens corrige,	Govern us, and correct us in mercy,
Et corrigendo dirige,	Correct us, and set us right,
Dirigendo nos erige,	Set us right, and lift us up,
Et cum electis collige.	And gather us with Thine elect.

In the second stanza of No. 20 it is manifest that the second line is susceptible of improvement; it is not so technically expressive of the relationship of God the Son to the soul as the first and third lines are of that of the Father and the Holy Spirit: we should have no hesitation, and we do not think that any mediæval writer would have felt any, in substituting some such line as

"In Te medelam inveniat,"

or any other that would express the relation of the Redeemer to the soul.

As a specimen of the doctrinal accuracy at which the mediæval writers aimed, we need only refer to the *Lauda Sion* of St. Thomas Aquinas, which certainly sums up the whole doctrine of the Eucharist. The following fragment, though deficient in flow and rhythm, and even in happy choice of words, is a favourable specimen of the same accuracy with regard to the doctrine of the Trinity:

No. 13.

Pater de Se principio Suam gignit imaginem, Nullo tamen initio Hanc præcedit originem.	The Father from Himself, as the fountain and root, Begets His own image, But by no interval of time Does He precede this origin.
Ab æterno procedere, De illis Flamen creditur, Quod largifluo munere Amantibus infunditur.	From eternity proceeding, From them we confess the Holy Ghost, Who with abundant gift Is infused into hearts that love.
Coæterni sunt penitus, Et æquales per omnia, Pater, Verbum, et Spiritus, Una simplex substantia.	These are entirely coeternal, And in all things equal, The Father, the Word, and the Spirit, One simple substance.
Singulus est in reliquis, Et omnes sunt identitas, Et ubi horum aliquis Illic est tota Trinitas.	Each is in the others, And all are one single thing, And wherever one of them is, There is the whole Trinity.
Arcani tanti latebras Mentis non capit visio; Sed sola pellens tenebras Fides et docens unctio.	The mystery of such a secret The powers of our mind cannot embrace; The only thing that can drive away the obscurity Is faith, and the teaching unction (of the Spirit).

But the most wonderful of these hymns seems to us to be one which appears to have been composed by Conrad, prior of the Carthusian convent of Marienthron at Gaming in Austria. It is in three portions; one of which is dedicated to each Person of the Blessed Trinity. We have only space for the first of these:

Alpha et Ω, magne Deus, Heli, Heli, Deus meus, Cujus virtus totum posse, Cujus sensus totum nosse, Cujus esse summum bonum, Cujus opus quidquid bonum— Super cuncta, subter cuncta, Extra cuncta, intra cuncta, Intra cuncta, nec inclusus, Extra cuncta, nec exclusus, Super cuncta, nec elatus, Subter cuncta, nec substratus.	Alpha and Omega, mighty God, Heli, Heli, God my God, Whose power is almighty, Whose sense is all-wise, Whose essence is the highest good, Whose work is all that is good— Over all things, under all things, Outside all things, inside all things, Inside all things, but not shut in, Outside all things, not shut out, Over all things, not lifted up, Under all things, not spread beneath them.

Super totum præsidendo,	Over the universe by ruling it,
Subter toto sustinendo,	Under it by sustaining it,
Extra totum complectendo,	Outside it by embracing it,
Intra totum es implendo.	Inside it by filling it.
Intra nusquam coarctaris,	Within Thou art nowhere straitened,
Extra nusquam dilataris,	Without Thou art nowhere dissipated,
Subter nullo fatigaris,	Beneath Thou art not wearied,
Super nullo sustentaris.	Above nothing sustains Thee.
Mundum movens, non moveris;	Thou movest the world, but art not moved;
Locum tenens, non teneris;	Thou comprehendest space, it comprehends not Thee;
Tempus mutans, non mutaris;	Thou changest time, it changes not Thee;
Vaga firmans, non vagaris.	Thou fixest the transient, but Thou passest not.
Vis externa, vel necesse	External force or necessity
Non alternat tuum esse;	Alters not Thy being;
Heri nostrum, cras, et pridem,	Our yesterday, our to-morrow, our former time,
Semper tibi nunc et idem,	Is always to Thee now and the same,
Tuum, Deus, hodiernum,	Is, O God, Thy to-day,
Indivisum, sempiternum.	Undivided, everlasting;
In hoc totum prævidisti,	In this Thou didst foresee all things,
Totum simul perfecisti,	In this Thou didst at once perfect all things,
Ad exemplar summæ mentis	After the model of the Divine mind
Formam præstans elementis.	Giving form to the elements.

This we feel to be positively sublime. Elsewhere the doctrine of the Incarnation is treated with the same accuracy as that of the Trinity is here. We will give two specimens; the first a fragment of a hymn printed from a Ms. of the eighth or ninth century:

No. 31.

A matre natus tempore,	Born from His mother in time,
Sed sempiternus a patre,	But of His Father from eternity;
Duabus in substantiis,	Two in substances,
Persona sola est numinis.	One is the Person of our God.
Venit Deus factus homo	God-made-man comes
Nitescat ut cultu novo,	To adorn with a new worship,
Renatus in nato Deo,	Regenerate in the generate God,
Factus novus vetus homo.	The old man made new.

No. 47.

Ut vitrum non læditur	As the glass is not broken
Sole penetrante,	By the sunbeam that passes through,
Sic illæsa creditur	So we believe that the Virgin was unhurt
Virgo post et ante.	Before and after the birth.

And the second a magnificent composition, attributed to St. Ambrose, and still to be found in the Cistercian Breviary. Whoever was the author, he was a real poet:

No. 30.

Intende, qui regis Israel,	Stoop, Thou that rulest Israel,
Super cherubin qui sedes,	Thou that sittest on the cherubim,
Appare Ephrem, coram excita	Show Thyself to Ephraim, make manifest
Potentiam tuam, et veni!	Thy power, and come!

Veni, Redemptor gentium,
Ostende partum Virginis!
Miretur omne sæculum;
Talis decet partus Deum!

Come, O Redeemer of the nations,
Show forth the Virgin birth!
Let every age wonder;
Such a birth is worthy of God!

Non ex virili semine,
Sed mystico spiramine,
Verbum Dei factum est caro,
Fructusque ventris floruit.

Not by the seed of man,
But by the mystic breath of the Spirit,
The Word of God was made Flesh,
And the fruit of the womb grew.

Alvus tumescit Virginis,
Claustrum pudoris permanet,
Vexilla virtutis micant,
Versatur in Templo Deus!

The Virgin's womb teems,
The seal of virginity remains;
The banners of the Mighty One glitter;
God comes to His Temple!

Procedit e thalamo suo,
Pudoris aulâ regiâ,
Geminæ gigas substantiæ
Alacris ut currat viam.

He proceeds from his chamber,
The royal hall of chastity,
As a giant of two natures
Rejoicing to run his course.

Egressus ejus a Patre,
Regressus ejus ad Patrem;
Excursus usque ad inferos,
Recursus ad sedem Dei!

His going forth is from the Father,
His return is to the Father;
His outward course is even to hell,
And back to the throne of God!

Æqualis æterno Patri,
Carnis trophæo cingere;
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Equal to the eternal Father,
Gird about Thee the triumphal garment of flesh;
The weakness of our body
Strengthen with all-enduring virtue.

Præsepe jam fulget tuum,
Lumenque nox sperat novum,
Quod nulla nox interpolet,
Fideque jugi luceat.

Now does Thy crib shine forth,
And our night expects a new light,
Which no darkness shall interrupt,
Which shall shine with unchangeable fidelity.

We have translated the last stanza but one as if it was written *cinge te* instead of *cingere;* it might also be *cingitur;* the infinitive is, to say the least, very awkward.

We will lastly give a few stanzas of a hymn "On the gratuitous condescension of God to man," which contains a short and complete sketch of the scheme of religion and of salvation:

In abysso Deitatis
Finxi te de nihilo,
Summæ quoque Trinitatis,
Signavi signaculo;
Tuque liber præ creatis,
Comparatus angelo:
Tam nobilis es homo!

In the abyss of my Godhead
I created thee out of nothing;
And I signed thee with the sign
Of the Supreme Trinity;
And thou hast liberty (unlike the rest of creation)
Like the angels,
So noble art thou, O man!

In loco te voluptatis
Gloriosum posui,
Per ministrum falsitatis,
Deceptum condolui;
Vesteque simplicitatis
Nudatum te vestii:
Sic homo pro te fui!

I placed thee in glory,
In the paradise of delights;
When by the minister of falsehood
Thou wast deceived, I grieved for thee;
When thou hadst lost the garment
Of innocence, I clothed thee:
Thus, O man, was I on thy side!

Te juste quamvis fugavi
De loco lætitiæ,
Nequaquam tamen privavi
Spe misericordiæ;
Nam suo prædestinavi
Salvare te tempore:
Hinc homo dilige me!

Though I justly chased thee
From the place of pleasure,
Yet I by no means deprived thee
Of the hope of mercy;
For I predestined thy salvation
In its own due time:
Therefore, O man, love me!

Satana semper damnato
Nasci pro te volui;
Malo nullo perpetrato,
Pœnam pro te subii,
Me circumciso, oblato,
Legem non præterii:
Scis homo cur id egi?

I condemned Satan once for all,
But I became incarnate for thee;
Though I did no evil,
I suffered punishment for thee;
I was circumcised, I was offered,
I evaded not the law:
Knowest thou, O man, why I did this?

Quid faciendum non feci,
Homo cum hominibus?
Te docui, te perfeci,
Verbis et operibus,
Corporis mei refeci,
Mysticis te dapibus;
Quid homo vis amplius?

What could be done, that I did not,
By man to man?
I taught thee, I fully supplied thy wants
In word and in deed.
I fed thee with the mystic food
Of my own body;
What, O man, wouldst thou more?

Spretus eram et abjectus
Veluti vas perditum,
Sputis et plagis affectus,
Mala ferens omnium;
Ut reprobus, non electus
In oculis hominum;
Id homo pro te totum!

I was despised and rejected,
Like a broken vessel;
Spit upon and smitten,
Bearing the reproaches of all men,
As a reprobate, a castaway
In the eyes of men:
That, O man, was all for thee!

Pro te pedes, pro te manus,
Perfossæ sævissime,
Spinis caput, ense latus,
Vulneratum impie,
Felleque pro te potatus
Crucifixus undique;
Sic homo dilexi te!

For thee My feet, for thee My hands,
Were cruelly pierced through,
With thorns My head, with the spear My side,
Were barbarously wounded;
For thee was gall given Me to drink,
For thee was I crucified between two thieves;
Thus, O man, did I love thee!

Quia pro te pauper natus,
Tu ditaris meritis;
Quia pro te cruciatus,
Tu quitaris debitis;
Et quia glorificatus,
Coronaris præmiis;
Quid homo mihi pro his?

For I was born in poverty for thee,
That thou mightest be rich in merits;
I was tortured for thee,
That thou mightest be quit of thy debts;
I was glorified,
That thou mightest be crowned with thy reward:
What recompense, O man, wilt thou make for this?

We do not bring this forward as a specimen of classical or even of elegant mediæval latinity; but there is a condensation, a force, an energy, and a point about this monkish Latin, that one looks for in vain in the periods of Cicero, or in the flow of Virgil or Ovid. It was not in vain that the schoolmen sharpened the weapons of their subtle polemics: the Latin language has come out from their hands with quite a new spirit, a new form; in a word, a new dialect, which, as a mere instrument of abstract metaphysical thought, is infi-

nitely superior in precision to its classical parent. The scholastic Latin was the means of polishing the vulgar *patois;* it took the rough vague Celtic or Teutonic expressions, dressed them in Roman terminations, filtered them through its dialectical sieve, and finally restored them to the vernacular tongues, cleared, sharpened, defined, and prepared for the use of the civilised intelligence. "To the schoolmen," says Sir William Hamilton, the first of English writers for depth and accuracy, "the vulgar languages are principally indebted for what precision and analytic subtlety they possess." (*Discussions,* p. 5, note.) So for the first poetical characteristics of our modern tongues; they are but literal imitations, mere musical variations of the Latin poetry of the mediæval schools. It was almost a matter of indifference for Dante and Petrarch, whether they expressed their sublime, their subtle, and their tender thoughts in Latin, or in the vernacular Italian; they formed the vernacular, by forcing it to express what their immediate predecessors had expressed in the Latin of the schools. Our vulgar tongues, as first formed by the fathers of modern poetry, were in words, almost in construction, literal translations of the then current Latin; it is as though the writers thought in the learned language, and translated their thought into that of the people as they wrote. Even still the scholastic Latin has a relation to our modern languages which the classical Latin lacks: take up Cicero, and try to turn his sentences, word for word, into English, retaining his arrangement; it is quite impossible to do so; but it is comparatively easy to read off page after page of St. Thomas into the simplest and most intelligible French, and into tolerable English, with scarcely an alteration in the construction of his sentences. The real treasure-house of the sublimities of Dante and Shakespeare is to be sought, not in the classical poets, but in the imaginative productions of the persons who wrote the ecclesiastical hymns. The Protestant version of the Bible owes its sublimity to the same source; the more faithfully it follows the versions of mediæval times (for we suppose that every one knows that such existed), the more sublime it is; the more it was operated upon by the reverend punsters of the court of James, the greater was its loss in a poetical point of view. Let any one compare the version of the Psalter in the Protestant Prayer-book, which was made from the Latin and Greek translations, with that in the Bible, which was a more critical rendering from the Hebrew, and he will soon perceive the vast inferiority of the latter in point of poetry. But, in truth, the Latin of the Vulgate version of the Psalms is a language by itself; in the judgment

of F. Schlegel,* one of the first critics of this century, it is a language which, in sublimity, and in adaptation for its particular purpose, must be preferred to the classical tongue. It might, perhaps, have been unintelligible to the guests of "Mecænas and Pollio;" but not so much so as the barbarous Syriac in which our Divine Redeemer spoke; and no more so than the language into which His beloved disciple was inspired to translate His discourses would have been to the guests at the Symposium of Plato. Macaulay may call this Syriac, Greek, and Latin "senseless gibberish;" but it is gibberish which has formed the diction of the English Bible and Common Prayer; and this, as Mr. Macaulay tells us, has in turn formed that of "almost every great English writer, and has extorted the admiration of the most accomplished infidels." In spite of the labours of Milton and the classicalists, the philosophical and dialectic form of our language is derived from that of Christian and mediæval latinity; and it is almost like parricide for a master like Macaulay to speak in such disparaging terms of that whence he derives his existence. Notwithstanding his party-bigotry, men of sense will continue to confess that the patristic and scholastic mines of Christian thought contain beauties and sublimities such as are sought in vain amid the affected elegancies of the masters of the revival of literature in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, who talk mincingly and daintily, as if they had only to listen to the music of their own voices, as if they aimed at men's ears, not at their heart and brains, and as if it was the object of eloquence to be "more in words than matter."

The three volumes before us contain no less than 1215 Latin hymns, besides several very important variations,—in several cases almost constituting new hymns,—and a great mass of Greek hymns from the service-books, most of them copiously illustrated with parallel passages from the Fathers. The first volume is taken up with hymns to God; the second with hymns to the Blessed Virgin; the third with hymns to various saints. Many of them are not strictly metrical, but only rhythmical, like the sequence *Victimæ Paschali* for Easter-day; these contain some of the most magnificent passages. We may instance No. 296, on the Day of Judgment. The compilation does great credit to M. Mone, and also to the enterprising publisher, M. Herder of Freiburg in Baden, who is, we believe, an intimate friend of the venerable and persecuted archbishop, and a really good Catholic. This is not the only valuable work to which we have seen his name attached.

* Quoted, we think, by Mr. Digby in *Godefridus;* but we have not the book at hand to refer to.

We shall be happy if our notice of these volumes causes some competent persons to try to do for our English Catholics what the mediæval hymnographers did for the laity of their day. And we beg to state, that the attempt to versify the doctrines of our religion is no bad exercise for any one, whether nature has made him a poet or no. C. J. Fox, no mean judge, said that if he had a son he should insist on his frequently writing English verses, whether he had a taste for poetry or not; because that sort of composition forces one to consider very carefully the exact meanings of words. If we could rescue the Muse, whether secular or ecclesiastical, from her fetters of sentimentality, and restore her brains a little, we should confer a real benefit on society at large.

THE PROSPECTS OF AMERICA.

Minnesota and the Far West. By Laurence Oliphant, Esq., late Civil Secretary, and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs in Canada. Blackwood.

John Bull is a boaster of the first magnitude, and, what is more, he is sincere in his boasting; but we take it, nevertheless, that he is mortally afraid of Cousin Jonathan. The European, Asiatic, and African worlds he still holds remarkably cheap. Though he has been playing second fiddle to the French during this present war, he persists in believing that this is a sort of accidental arrangement, in no way interfering with his own title to set an example to all mankind. That England is far more than a match for France continues still to be an article of the national creed; while as for Austria, Prussia, Spain, Italy, and all the rest of them—bah! to think of a Briton's bating one inch of his pretensions in the presence of such as these! Look at Austria, for instance; is she not degraded in the eyes of all mankind (*i. e.* of a section of Englishmen and Englishwomen) by her declining to quarrel with Russia to please us? What right has Austria to consult her own interests instead of ours? And those infamous Prussians! How can they dare to be so merry and satisfied, while we are losing millions yearly, and they are pocketing a comfortable proportion of what we lose?

But we sing another song when it is a question of insulting or quarrelling with that "progressing" people on the other side of the Atlantic. We can laugh at Yankee vulgarities, and taunt Yankee boasters with the emptiness of their claims, so long

as the Yankees generally show no signs of any thing but boasting and barking. But all the while we stand in mortal dread of provoking our American "cousins" to come to blows. Nothing would be more unpopular in this country than a quarrel with the United States. Proud and haughty England would endure from her beloved kinswoman an amount of insult which she would tolerate from no European state rather than actually draw the sword against her. Whatever may be the cause of it, we believe that there exists in the British mind a latent conviction, that if we went to war with the United States we should run the nearest chance of being beaten. We have a sort of vague idea that the youth, the resources, the energy, and the peculiar character of that young country, would be more than a match for us respectable old stagers if once we came to blows. Such a people, with such a territory, and such steamboats, and such railways, and such a determined character, and such a freedom from taxes, must—we secretly opine—be too much for a nation with an enormous debt, heavy taxes, and a population of labouring poor in a condition unknown in a country like America. What is the cause of this secret conviction in the public mind, it is not easy to say; perhaps it springs from the conceit that the Americans, being of British blood, must be a match for their ancestral state; perhaps it is that we are practically impressed with the incessant boastings which we profess to deride, and that the Yankees have told us that they "whip all creation" so often, that at last we have come to believe them. Be this as it may, we suspect that this country would go to war with the United States with more unwillingness and dread than with any other country in the whole world.

No doubt there are many of us who would rather enjoy a war with America, and who anticipate immense satisfaction in well thrashing a people who glorify themselves so loudly and so often in contrast with us "Britishers." There are people who judge of the American capacity for war by their own dislike of American personal peculiarities. They cannot believe that it can be otherwise than easy to beat a people who spit, chew tobacco, whittle chairs and tables, pronounce the English language in a way of their own, and have neither king nor lords to rule over them. The anti-American bitterness of this class is intense; but we do not believe that they at all represent the English *people*, who, in their hearts, are far more disinclined to fight the Americans than the Americans are to fight us.

As for ourselves—that is, the "we" who write these remarks—we have small inclination to go to war with America,

or with any body else. At the same time, we cannot help observing with much interest the progress of this little "difficulty" that has been going on about the Central American and the enlistment questions with our Transatlantic "cousins." And considering what would be the real chances of a war, even when all seems perfectly peaceful, it is impossible not to speculate on the future of a country like America with more than common curiosity. Her past history has been so peculiar, and her present condition is so much unlike any thing that history records of other peoples, that speculation as to her prospects has almost the attractiveness of a game of chance. As a nation, that is, viewed as a vast multitude of people acting together and for one end, she can be paralleled by no race that we can recall in the records of mankind. The observer accordingly is tempted to assume that her coming lot must be something that cannot fairly be calculated on by any of the known laws of society. Such a childhood and such a youth, it is supposed, *must* issue in a manhood quite unlike any thing the world has yet seen. And moreover it is also assumed that this manhood must be one of extraordinary power and prosperity. Whether it will be beneficial to us of the old world, or the reverse, may be a question; but whatever we gain, or whatever we suffer, by the development of America, it is held as an undoubted truth that America herself *must* be great, glorious, independent, and in the highest degree prosperous. Even those votaries of a bygone state of feeling who judge of America in the spirit of King George III., and at once hate and despise her, are not wholly free from the unpleasant conviction that she contains, in her present condition, the elements of a future of a most formidable national prosperity.

With this popular opinion we confess ourselves unable to agree. It appears to us, that so far from being on the high-road to a condition of unexampled greatness and prosperity, the people of the United States are hastening on to a crisis from which it is morally impossible for them to emerge without a radical change in almost all things that now constitute their distinguishing characteristics. So far from promising to crush the old world by their gigantic power, we do not believe that they will even retain their own nationality intact. Although it is true that their recent and present history is unparalleled in the past records of mankind, it is equally true that the laws of human nature forbid us to suppose that such a state of things can possibly reach a healthy maturity. Their life is abnormal; it violates the essential conditions of social health; it cannot endure, it cannot advance from great things to

greater, in harmony with those irrefragable laws which the divine Creator has laid down for the conduct of the human race, and which cannot be violated except at the penalty of national suicide. For, after all, Americans are but men. They are by nature just what we of the old world are. Body and soul, heart and head, they are just like ourselves; they enjoy no prescriptive exemption from our infirmities and perils; and, mortifying as it may be to their susceptibilities, they may have to go through precisely the same discipline, and be saved from ruin by precisely the same means, that have saved Europe, and made her what she still is. We see ourselves but one way by which America can be saved; and that way is just that which saved Europe in the dark ages. The idea, no doubt, will be strange enough to a people that imagines itself as much ahead of European civilisation as it allows the Europe of to-day to be ahead of the Europe of the eighth and ninth centuries; but unless some new feature, hitherto unknown, appears in the life of America, we see nothing for her but a state of things *essentially* the same as that of the ages which succeeded the fall of Rome,—strikingly different as it may be in external forms. What saved Europe then may save America now; and it may not only save her after the crash, but it may save her in the hour of peril before her ruin comes; but that it alone can save her appears to us one of the clearest of probabilities. From those who doubt the truth of this view we ask attention to the following reflections.

What, then, is this great national prosperity in America, which strikes us all with such astonishment, and on which her citizens rely as a pledge of her future advancement? We do not say, how much of it is there? but *what* is it? What do all these interminable arrays of figures mean? these accounts of new towns and cities, of railways, of exports and imports, of forests cleared and habitations raised as by magic? Stripped of the colouring of imagination, they mean nothing more than this, that the Americans do at a tremendous pace what mankind has hitherto done at a moderate speed. They supply not the shadow of a proof that these things are done well, that they will last, that they are the result of, or the cause of, a condition in the national *mind* which is great, noble, pure, and enduring. So far as the "progress" of America is ahead of that of the old world, it is a mere progress in the quantity of material elements of riches. It is a heaping up of cotton-goods, a laying down of iron-rails, a covering of the land with big hotels and public buildings which another generation will pull down, a printing of hundreds of news-

papers, and, in short, a doing of every thing with the utmost speed to which the human faculties can be stretched. Of course all this implies an advance in *quality* in some details of material civilisation; and it implies handiness, readiness, activity, energy of mind and body,—things all good in themselves and in their proper sphere. But it implies nothing more. The "progress" of America is not a progress in all that makes the *character* of a people morally and intellectually great; and even still less is it a progress towards permanent physical greatness. What America must ultimately be depends upon the personal character—the bodies and the minds—of her individual citizens. Her greatness will depend upon what she is, not on what she has; not on the quickness with which she gathers wealth, but upon the stamina of the people who possess that wealth.

And this is the great truth which the people of the United States overlook. They mistake speed for strength; quantity for quality; a man's possessions for a man's powers of mind. They almost shout with exultation when they read of the breathless rapidity with which their territory advances, their towns are raised, and their productions are multiplied. To us, on the contrary, this very speed is a proof that the whole thing is overdone; that human nature is taxed beyond its powers; and that future generations will bitterly rue the headlong haste with which the gigantic fabric of civilisation has been reared. We hold, that the laws of the human mind and the human frame cannot be violated with impunity even by a citizen of the United States. This incessant restlessness of body and intellect is destructive of physical health, and is wholly inconsistent with moral health and intellectual power. God has made man with certain faculties, to act within certain limits. You cannot eat like an ostrich, or run like a race-horse, or gaze like an eagle. You cannot work more than a certain number of hours in the day. You cannot think solidly or brilliantly without proper repose, and a certain habitual mental discipline. You may force yourself, or allow yourself to be stimulated to a preternatural activity of mind and body, but in the long-run both you and your posterity will pay for it by an enfeebled constitution and a premature old age.

And this is what America is doing. The stimulus of daily life is so violent, and the nation is so little alive to the necessity of self-control and repose, that it is wearing itself out before its time. It does not allow itself leisure for *growth*. It is not satisfied without instant maturity, and cannot see that it is destroying itself by its own restless energies. We repeat,

that America has as yet shown no signs of possessing that lasting power and greatness of *character* which is the only strength of nations. Whatever the merits of her population, they are not the merits of *great* men. Great men she has, no doubt, and has always had; one of the greatest of men, viewed from the secular point of view, whom the world has seen was Washington, her founder. And, in our eyes, one of the best and most hopeful features in the American character is, their genuine admiration and value for Washington and others of their heroes—*a thing very different from personal or national vanity*. It is the mark, not of greatness, but of littleness of mind, to have no sympathy with "hero-worship," as it is called. But we cannot see in the acts of the people of the United States, as a nation, any signs that they are a whit greater or stronger as men than the people of the old world, whom they despise.

This preternatural and unhealthy activity, which is taken for power, is the result of various causes. Of these, we take it that the four chief are—their political constitution, the size of their territory, their British parentage, and their climate. All these combine to foster a daily life which wears out body and mind together. They have a constitution which forces every man into the whirlpool of politics. The notion that it is the glory of a man to be his own ruler is driven into their minds by every law and custom of the state. They seem unable to comprehend the truth, that what is necessary for man is *good* government rather than *self*-government, and that self-government is only desirable so far as it insures good government. They cannot grasp the true equality of all men, or understand that it is personal greatness which makes a man *really* a noble and a gentleman. They feel as if they were inferiors, when other people have titles, coronets, and all the rest of it. They want a factitious equality, which is in fact the very exaggeration of the aristocratic principle; and as they cannot *all* be kings and lords, they cannot endure that any body shall be either sovereign, duke, or earl among them. Hence the passionate eagerness with which they rush into those political excitements which to so large a class of Englishmen are tiresome and annoying to the last degree, and only endured as a necessity of good government. Of the feelings of the European continental nations, where five men out of six account political business a bore, they can comprehend nothing.

Then there is their vast and magnificent territory; a country formed to stimulate to exertion the most indolent of races, where no man need be poor, but where work

must be conducted on the unrestricted competition-principle; where the business of production is a race, in which every man rides his own horse, blows his own trumpet, and bets upon himself. No wonder that, with a territory that seems to expand more rapidly the more rapidly its resources are tried, the American people have learnt to think that to "go ahead" is the great glory of humanity; that they are never at rest except when they are moving, and never satisfied with what they have got unless they are striving to get more.

Their parentage, moreover, just fits them for throwing themselves body and soul into this headlong gallop for the goal. They come of a race which is brave, given to hard work, and has less taste for easy-going contented recreation than any other people in the old world. We business-loving Englishmen, with our dash of politics and our own struggles for advancement, are just the stock to send forth a progeny like the Americans. None but the Anglo-Saxon breed would have turned the peculiarities of American politics and territory to the same account. Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, Russians,—all would have taken life a vast deal more easily than our restless blood has done on the other side of the Atlantic. Of course each would have had its characteristic faults and merits; but they would none of them have become what we Anglo-Saxons have become in that vast field for their labours.

The climate, again, is of all climates on earth the most stimulating to the human frame. Its extraordinary influence on the physical constitution is shown in the rapidity with which the Anglo-Saxon type assumes the genuine American peculiarities. The contrast between the races after about three generations born and bred in America is so striking, that one can hardly believe that they have not been growing different during many centuries. There is a certain something in the atmosphere, a mixture of heat and cold, and an absence of damp, without the exhausting fires of the tropics, which rouses the nervous system to unceasing movement, brings the constitution to early maturity, excites both the appetite for food and the taste for drinking, and makes labour more easy than in our heavier air and in the depressing heats of Europe and Asia. The prevalence of diseases of the nervous system in America is a remarkable sign of the effects of its climate. *Tic-douloureux*, and all those other disorders which spring from over-work of the brain and over-excitement of the nerves, are common to an extent totally unknown in the Europe of the present day, and still less known to our forefathers. That very speed of American meals, which is so

common a theme for remark among travellers, is, we have no doubt, partly caused by the climate. They get through an enormous amount both of solids and liquids; but they neither eat like a London alderman or a Parisian gastronome, nor drink like a Dutch boor or a German student. They have a way of their own about it; and we believe that this is quite as much a result of their climate as of any extraordinary voracity or love for drunkenness.

Whatever be the causes of it, however, there can be no doubt that the one chief characteristic of the people of the United States is restless haste and ceaseless activity in matters of business. Of course, *they* think this a token of greatness, and consequently are proud of it. We think otherwise; and consequently, so far from accounting them peculiarly free from the perils which encircle European nations, we account them just so far peculiarly liable to national calamity. Happily for them, there are not wanting men among themselves whose eyes are gradually opening to the fact, that to "go ahead" is not the one great glory of humanity. While we have been writing these very remarks, we have read in one of their most influential journals a vigorously-written paper, stating exactly the same opinions as those we have been expressing on the fatal error of mistaking magnitude of material production for an advance in greatness of personal character. One of their ablest and most enlightened men, who knows the world well, recently expressed himself at a great festival at Boston, on the subject of the over-tension of the national brain, in the following words. The speaker was the Hon. Edward Everett. We have only lighted upon them since we took our own pen in hand: "The Americans," he says, "as a people—at least the professional and mercantile classes —have too little considered the importance of healthful generous recreation. They have not learned the lesson contained in the very word which teaches that the worn-out man is re-created (made over again) by the seasonable relaxation of the strained faculties. The old world learned this lesson years ago, and found out (*Herod.* i. 173) that as the bow always bent will at last break, so the man for ever on the strain of thought and action will at last go mad or break down. Thrown upon a new continent,—eager to do the work of twenty centuries in two,—the Anglo-American population has overworked, and is daily overworking itself. From morning to night—from January to December—brain and hands, eyes and fingers, the powers of the body and the powers of the mind, are in spasmodic merciless activity. There is no lack of a few tasteless and soulless dissipations, which are called amusements;

but noble athletic sports, manly outdoor exercises, are too little cultivated in town or country."

Knowing, then, what human nature is, it appears to us most improbable that the American people could stand any severe reverse in their present prosperous condition, without peril of revolution or national dismemberment. While the huge "far west" remains to be peopled, all may go well, provided they remain at peace with Europe; but when the continent is tolerably filled, then will come the trial; and unless the national character is by that time leavened by a new element, the United States, as a nation, will go to pieces. As a democratic government, with slaveholders in the south, traders in the north, and settlers in the west, they will form three distinct peoples, with different characters and different interests; and they will reverse the old order of Europe, where nationalities are gradually extinguished, and nations that once were the deadliest hereditary foes become united, and lose all traces of distinction under one strong supreme government.

From one source alone can the United States gain that element of strength in which they are wanting. We have already said, that their safety is to be found just where mediæval Europe found its greatness, though the mode of the action of the saving influence may be quite unlike that which the world saw eight or nine centuries ago. What America wants is, *the leaven of Catholicism.* She does not want the feudal system of the middle ages, nor an Established Church, nor a Papal supremacy in secular affairs, nor a richly-endowed hierarchy of bishops; so far she need not copy the era when Europe arose from semi-barbarism. What she needs is, that influence on the personal character of her individual citizens which the Catholic faith is pre-eminently qualified to exert. She needs a remedy at once soothing and strengthening in the exhausting fever of her political and commercial life. She wants to feel some power, which shall leave her democratic constitution untouched, and give her the advantages, without the name and the disadvantages, of royalty and aristocracy. She wants the living presence of a system which will acknowledge the universal equality of all men, and at the same time make her people feel that obedience, order, a love for law and authority, a dislike to revolutions, an adherence to that which exists when it is practically serviceable though not theoretically faultless,—that such things are not degrading, but honourable to man; that self-control and self-sacrifice are among the most precious constituents of true freedom; that the best citizens are those who play their own parts well in the social

fabric, not they who make the most disturbance, or who happen to fill the most prominent stations; and that the machine of the state works most satisfactorily for universal happiness when it is so contrived as to make each member do his duty and look after himself, rather than when each man counts it his special privilege to attack every body else, and to try to force his personal views down every body else's throat.

And we most earnestly commend the whole subject of the influence of Catholicism on democracies to the attention of thoughtful American Protestants. They may be well assured, that the common accusation made against Catholicism, that it is more favourable than Protestantism to despotism and persecution, is one of the grossest libels ever uttered. Undoubtedly many Catholics are lovers of absolute monarchy, and opposed to democratic institutions; and many are hearty upholders of what is termed religious persecution. But this is no part of their religion; it is part of human nature; and, as a fact, they are less given to abject slavishness to an absolute government, and less given to religious persecution, than Protestants. And, of all countries in the world, the United States ought to be the first to recognise the real facts of the case as far as religious liberty is concerned. In their own state of Maryland, the first example which the world has seen of an abolition of religious tests in politics was given *by a Catholic government.* That the full advantages of toleration will ever be generally recognised and acted on by mankind, we have little or no hope. Human nature is seldom able to see that the forcible repression of error (whether real or fancied) is generally in the long-run most unfavourable to its final extirpation. Man is by nature tyrannical and uncharitable, and men will persecute one another to the end of the world; but the actual course of history will continue to show the same phenomenon as hitherto, namely, persecution loudly talked against by Protestants, but in practice *less* employed by Catholics than by any other class of men in the world.

On whichever side we look, indeed, we see in the spread of Catholicism that one safeguard and corrective which the Americans require. Setting aside all question of its truth and its spiritual influence, we discern in its indirect but most efficacious results precisely what the turbulent, eager, restless, democratic, and irritable temperament of the masses of American society demands. It is that very remedy which many of her most thoughtful citizens have perpetually called for and longed for, when they have studied their country as philosophers and patriots. Take, for instance, that one defect in the American constitution which is so visible to foreigners—a

want of strength in her executive. European monarchists cry out that this is a necessary result of democracy, and maintain that nothing but a king and a peerage can supply an executive which shall not be the mere tool of the passions of the headlong multitude. Without that spirit of exclusiveness which is so hateful—and justly so—to the American mind, the European speculatists would have us believe that a *strong* government is an impossibility. We don't believe a word of it. The practical strength of an executive is the result of a certain habitual temper and character in the entire mass of the people, high and low. The executive of a nation that habitually loves order, law, and *good* government, as distinguished from any one particular *form* of government, is necessarily a strong executive, whether it is presided over by a president in a hat with five thousand a year, or a king in a crown with five hundred thousand. What makes the American executive often a weak one is, the uncontrolled personal and private character of so large a portion of the American people. Teach her citizens the excellence of self-control, of moderation in language and action, of the usages of polished society,—make them really indifferent to what Europeans may say of them,—and the government of the United States would be as powerful, as a government, as any despotism that can be named; and this, as we have already said, is that very temper which the constitution of the Catholic Church most powerfully tends to foster. Its first principle is order, every man in his place, the universal equality of all Christians, no hereditary privileges or priesthood, an episcopacy to which the humblest born are eligible and to which they perpetually attain, and which governs by a rigidly-defined code of laws, and not by personal caprice; and, above all, that one grand safeguard against injustice and party-spirit, a supreme chief who is a foreigner and lives far away, so as to be out of the influence of those local passions and prejudices which so fatally sway the actions of the highest authorities when acting among their own countrymen. All this habituates the Catholic to value order, law, and obedience, *as such*. It gives him a distaste for needless agitation and rebellion. It predisposes him to strengthen the hands and uphold the conduct of men in authority, even though they are personally his own equals, and when their time is up must descend to his own level and become nobodies once more. It is the very opposite of that base flunkeyism which worships kings and lords and rich men as a superior race; it is the obedience of a rational and self-respecting man to Almighty God in the person of those to whom is committed the duty of ruling.

Or take the question of an aristocracy as an element in the social system. Every reflecting and educated American will agree with us in the opinion that the existence of a cultivated, refined, and gentlemanly class in any nation is a source of very material advantage to all classes. It is of the utmost importance that there should be *some one* to give a tone to the habitual manners and thoughts of the rude masses, whose life of toil, or the unfavourable circumstances of whose birth, has prevented them from acquiring those graces of the mind which, however small they may seem, form an essential ingredient in the average amount of human happiness. A nation or a family of gentlemen is much happier than a nation or a family of boors. We mean, of course, those who are gentlemen in mind and in essentials, and not merely those who are wealthy and highly cultivated. There are gentlemen in all ranks, as there are snobs every where. Vulgarity and brutishness are not necessary accompaniments of the plough or the loom, as they are certainly not incompatible with a coronet and fifty thousand a-year. There is no reason why a man should be less a gentleman under one *régime* than another. Compare, for instance, the men who have filled the office of President of the United States with the Sovereigns of England for some time past. Put the presidents by the side of our sovereigns from Dutch William downwards, and what candid man will deny that the presidents have the best of it, simply as gentlemen? Why, Washington was a more thorough gentleman than any man who has sat on the British throne since England became Protestant. What America wants is, not a peerage, but some element or other in her social system which shall naturally tend to the culture of the refining arts of life, as distinguished from that money-getting, which does *not* tend towards the elevation of the mind. And we need but point to the history of every branch of human knowledge, and every feature of that polished life which is the boast of our age, to learn that in almost every single detail the influence of the Catholic Church has been one of the prime moving-causes of all that is best in our civilisation. She has done the work of a lettered and refined aristocracy for the uncultured masses; while the vast majority of her instruments have been men sprung from those very masses themselves. And now that refinement, the arts, sciences, and literature are no longer the exclusive possession of the children of the Catholic Church, let us not be unjust to the past, or forget what she did for the world when it all lay desert around her. If America wants the advantages of an aristocracy without revolutionising her

constitution, let her seek them in the humanising and refining influences of the faith of Rome.

Not that, for one moment, we advocate any connection between Catholicism and the state in America. If America would remain great, and become greater, let her beware of "Establishments." We are no advocates for them, or for the introduction of ecclesiastics into secular offices of any kind. The political work which the ecclesiastics of the middle ages did well because they alone were competent for it in those days, they would not now do as well as laymen, who, by their training and habits, are the fitter of the two. What we uphold is, that leavening of the national character through the indirect influence of Catholicism, which would correct just those faults to which a democratic constitution is by its nature liable.

To turn again to that other point, which has nothing to do with democracy, but which is of so great moment to the well-being of America—the question of recreation and of excessive devotion to commercial enterprise. If there is one axiom in moral and physiological science more undeniable than another, it is that which is embodied in the words of the Bible, "The Sabbath was made for man." And if there is one country in the world in which this axiom is overlooked, it is America. That maxim is, that repose and refreshment are as necessary to the well-being of body and mind as air, meat, and drink are necessary to animal life. Nevertheless, that Protestantism which has hitherto been the prevailing spirit in American religion is powerless to confer this blessing upon exhausted humanity. It cannot calm and soothe the wearied faculties, or foster that habitual temper of mind which of itself would put a stop to the frightful speed at which human life runs in a country where nine people out of ten are in love with "progress." Its theological dogmas, and its ideas on the subject of religious worship and religious festivals, unfit it for coping with the gigantic evil. Religious rest for body and soul, in the Christian sense of the word, is a thing unknown to Protestantism as such. It can but vibrate between outrageous laxity and worldliness, as we see it in the Protestant states of continental Europe, and the gloomy Puritanism of England and Scotland. It must either trample the Bible under foot, or else take its precepts, observe them in the letter, and violate them in the spirit. And, on the other hand, whether Catholicism is true or false, it is simply a fact, which can be tested by any man who will take the trouble to observe for himself, that devout Catholics can and do enjoy themselves, and take their refreshment, and sit comparatively easy to the turmoil of temporal business, in most marked contrast to the best classes

of Protestants. Make a Protestant earnestly religious, and note the change in his character: he instantly tends to gloominess; but he is as keenly alive to the importance of money-getting, and of "advancing in the world," as when he never dreamt that he had a soul to be saved. But make a worldly selfish Catholic devout, or convert a Protestant (bad or good) into a hearty Catholic, and see the change in him: he as infallibly grows more cheerful and ready for innocent recreation, as he takes to praying to the Blessed Virgin and believing in the Pope. No doubt he remains quite fond enough of this world, and keen enough as to the state of his pocket; but he has become far less so than he was before, and he is no longer prone to believe that the most glorious thing a man can do is to lay down a railroad across a continent, or travel at the rate of sixty miles an hour. He has opened his eyes to the virtue of enjoyment as distinct from excitement. And this, we take it, is what it is so difficult for an American citizen to see. With him time is lost in which something is not *got* in the way of land, or money, or possessions of some sort. "Laugh and grow fat," says an old English proverb—much older, we suspect, than Luther and Calvin; but, unfortunately, the Anglo-Saxon race have not carried the proverb, or, at any rate, its observance, to the other side of the Atlantic. Their very fun has become tremendous. It smacks of the express-train. It is nearly all of the go-ahead species.* It everlastingly tends to the subject of buying and selling. Its favourite text is "sharp-practice," and the disasters of those who meet with sharper practitioners than themselves.

All this would be instantly changed were American society largely impregnated with sincere Catholicism. Then men and women would be twice as long at their meals, and pedestrians would walk at least a mile less per hour. People would pray more, dance more, sing more, laugh more, and sleep more. Sermons would grow shorter, and human life longer. The sale of pictures would increase, and that of account-books diminish. Men would have more pleasure in talking to women; and women would not only be treated—as they now are—with remarkable civility, but their practical influence on social life would rise. The entire national mind would be slower, gentler, quieter, *and stronger*. And if the amount of dollars gained would be less, the average amount of daily happiness would be vastly greater than it is under the influence of non-Catholicism or anti-Catholicism.

Such are some of the grounds on which we think that

* We say nearly all—not quite all; for what humour is more delightfully easy and refreshing than that of such writers as Washington Irving?

influential men in the United States ought to pause before they do any thing to discourage the spread of the Catholic religion, even though they themselves remain Protestants. America has many citizens who are superior to that vulgar self-estimation which makes people fancy their own country exempt from all the infirmities and perils of humanity. To such we commend our remarks as at least worthy of serious attention.

On the effect on American prosperity which would result from a war with Great Britain, little need be said. It seems scarcely possible that a hot-headed party in the United States and a few haughty Tory-minded people in England should plunge the two countries into all the horrors of a war, especially a war which must be so bitter in feeling as that between nations who so recently were but one. In fighting with the Russians we have been fighting with strangers; the war has been cool, calculating, and comparatively passionless, and it will leave few traces of animosity behind it. Moreover, it has been a war with a sovereign rather than with a people; and so it leaves our feelings towards the Russian nation much what it found them. But a war between England and America, like a war between England and France, would be a far more awful display of deadly hatred and vindictive fury. There are few Englishmen who have not some sort of feelings towards the Americans as a race of men, whether friendly or hostile, whether of admiration or of dislike. And almost every American seems to be acutely susceptible on the subject of Great Britain, either in a pleasant or an irritable way. Quarrelling with America, therefore, is like quarrelling with one's friend, or one's brother, or one's nearest neighbour. It is a far worse thing than a quarrel with a stranger. Supposing that we had been fighting her instead of with Russia, and that—whether in our favour or hers—the relative position of the belligerents had been much what it became between us and Russia after the fall of Sebastopol, does any man fancy that in such a position of affairs peace would have been a possibility? We contemplate, then, the very idea of a war with America with unmixed alarm; and we hold that the statesmen of both countries are bound by every sacred obligation to strain every nerve and stretch every point to prevent it.

What would be its ultimate issue, of course no eye can foresee. The European complications it might involve are such, that speculation is all at fault. Still there are certain events which must happen, which it appears to us ought to make America even more anxious than England to avoid a

collision. If ever a human event could be foretold, it is certain that the immediate result of a war must be the annihilation of American commerce. She has a magnificent mercantile navy, which lays her open to the most frightful injury; while her fighting navy is little more than nominal; and while we have at this moment, in commission, the largest and most powerful fighting navy that was ever possessed by any nation at any period of the world. This is not a question of opinion or national boasting,—it is a question of facts and figures. The fiery American zealots who seek to drive their government into hostilities, seem to be unconscious that England has at this moment no less than *two hundred and eighty* ships of war, of different classes, actually in commission; and nearly double that number including those ready for use. In fact, we have as many ships to spare as would blow the entire navy of America out of the water in four-and-twenty hours, if they could only get at it. Undoubtedly, American privateers and such-like might at once do our merchant navy a great deal of mischief; but our war-fleets would sweep the seas, and before long annihilate every craft that put forth on to the Atlantic.

Talkers, who do not think, say that America would instantly create a navy. Doubtless she would do her utmost; but a navy is not created in a day, nor are sailors to be got and disciplined; and meanwhile where is American commerce and American mercantile prosperity? In the old war America manned her fleet with experienced British seamen, bought off from us by higher wages than we gave. But this would not happen again, for two reasons. In the first place, our private seamen are in a condition very different from their state in former times,—they would get nothing by going over to the enemy, and therefore they would not go; and in the second place, it was easy for America to bribe "the British tar" with double pay, when they had only a few ships to man; but what would she say to paying double wages to such an extent as to fit out a fleet capable of coping with ours *now?* And where are the officers?

Again, think of the effects of taxation on a people like the Americans. They know nothing of it practically speaking. Freedom from heavy taxes has been, and is, an essential condition of their national prosperity. Conceive, then, the social and political effects of a war so gigantically costly as would be a war with Great Britain. Just imagine the untaxed citizens of America called on to pay nearly fifty millions sterling, or *two hundred and fifty millions of dollars*, as we have already paid for a war which has lasted only two years

and a half, and in which France has gone shares with us in the cost. Moreover, this is not nearly the whole bill that must be settled even for a few months' war. Very many millions more must be spent in coming home again, and putting things steadily on a peace-footing. Is America, accustomed to a mere nominal debt, and paying her president 5000*l.* a-year—(what *is* Queen Victoria's allowance, considering that *Prince Albert* gets more than eight times as much as the President of the United States?)—is America, we repeat, prepared to pay such astounding bills as we have to pay, contenting ourselves with making wry faces at them? Has she forgotten the saying of one of the most vigorous and influential of the founders of her greatness, about the "paying for one's whistle?" It would be a mighty pretty pastime to injure the "Britishers," and humble the pride of the old country; but think of the price of the whistle! It would be a whistle, and nothing better, after all; for what possible gain could America *get* by the most effectual destruction of the old country? She would get exactly what we have got already, and nothing more; namely, an enormous debt, and an immense increase to the pauperised element of her population.

As to Canada—Canada has no more idea of sympathising with America against England than of sending an army to attack Paris. The day for Canadian sympathising is gone by. When Canada and the old country part company Canada will set up for herself, without asking any body's leave, unless it is ours. In fact, she is gradually setting up for herself, and with our assistance. She is fast rising from the position of a colony or province to that of a *partner-kingdom*. We luckily have grown wise enough to see that this arrangement is the best for both parties; and we should not be surprised if some day England herself set up Canada and New Brunswick into an independent state,—not a republic, but a free monarchy, with the present Canadian constitution, and a sovereign of the Guelphic race at the head of it. In the mean time, we may rest assured that Canada will not quarrel with us in order to aggrandise the United States.

If we may trust the author of the work whose title we have prefixed to our remarks, the general feelings of Americans towards this country are such, that they could very easily be excited to rush into war with us. Mr. Oliphant made a tour in 1854 into those parts of the "far west" which are not often visited by mere travellers; and in the course of his journeyings collected large observations on the capabilities of the country and the temper of the people he came across. A

few paragraphs from his pages will show the conclusions he came to.

"To return, however, to the tobacco-consuming group in front of the hotel, there is one point upon which they are universally agreed—indeed, throughout the West, public opinion seemed unanimous in its expression of an earnest desire to see the allied armies defeated in the Crimea.

The colonel expresses himself strongly on this point. 'I conclude,' he says, first turning with modesty to his admiring audience, 'that I can about see as far into a millstone as the man that pecks it. Wal, you Brtishers air 'cute; you go on the high moral ticket. You call annexation robbery and territorial aggression; but there ain't a power in creation that's swallowed more of other people's country without choking than you have when nobody was looking perticler. And now you're a-going to fight civilisation, by protecting the most barbarous power in Europe, and for liberty by allying yourself with a French despot and a Mahometan tyrant; but chaw me if liberty ain't a long sight better off in the hands of that old 'possum Nicholas than such mealy-mouthed hypocrites. You understand stabbing great principles in the dark, you do! Liberty's all bunkum with you. If it ain't, what do you go cringing and scraping to all the despots in Europe for, when you could raise the hull Continent in the cause of freedom if you had a mind to? Why don't you choke off your privileged classes, and sot your oppressed white niggers free, and give back the black niggers in the Indies the country you've robbed 'em of, instead of screeching at us, and coming over here with your long faces, and almighty jaw, and unremittin lies, about slavery and Cuba? There's no sin in creation your nosouled, canting, bellows-winded Parliament won't commit, if they can make a darned cent by it. And if you were to take the Crimea, there'd be no holding you; civilisation and liberty, and all the rest of it, would be in danger over here then; and the slaves in Cuba would have to be protected, and you'd be fighting against us to preserve the liberal institutions of Spain. But there's no fear of that. The Roosians will whip you into ribbons when they get a chance. Why, they've got the sympathies of our country with them; and it's well known that every great question t'other side Jordan* is settled by the public opinion here. You'll find out the mistake you made when we offered to *meditate* between the *belgeant* powers—[the colonel never allowed a long word to stop him],—and you took so long to consider upon it that it never came off at all. Now you'll all go to blazes together; and there ain't a man in these diggins as won't be glad to hear that the old country has a-busted up, fighting for—ha! ha! ha! boys, what do you think?—*Liberty!*' And the colonel wiped the perspiration from his brow, and looked like a man who felt he had distinguished himself.

'That's it, colonel,' says Joe, in an ecstasy of admiration. 'Why,

* Across the Atlantic.

it's enough to make a man swaller tobacker to hear him. I guess your Victoria would be down upon you pretty smart if you was to come out like that in your country. We can speak our minds over here; we can blaspheme, and profane, and rip, and snort, jest as we've a mind to, and nobody dar hinder us. Ah! it's a great country.' With which sage reflection the councillor subsides into a state of rumination; and nobody showing any disposition to dispute the colonel's position, his companions chew the cud—of tobacco—in silence, and regard me with a certain complacency as one who has been 'chawed up some,' and considerably 'run over' by the colonel."

Mr. Oliphant adds, that with the exception of some "small sections of some of the communities in the eastern cities," *he never heard a soul in America express any other sentiments than those of this gallant colonel.*

His book, of which we gave a few lines of notice on its first appearance, is a well-put-together and informing narrative. It gives a sufficient quantity of statistics and figures to awaken the most obtuse to a perception of that extraordinary speed in American "progress" of which we have been speaking; and his information is so much diversified with anecdote and gossip as to make it a pleasant and readable volume. He is, moreover, too much a man of the world, and too long used to knock about, in East as well as West, to be run into in any excessive degree by the rough-and-ready ways of a new country; and he is *quite* as fully alive to the advantages of "smartness," and the blessings of material civilisation, as any reasonable man need be. Accordingly he judges of what he sees without prejudice, and admires as cordially as any body not an actual naturalised American can perhaps admire. His accounts of the progress of Minnesota—which is one of the extreme westerly territories, situated beyond Wisconsin, and a little to the south-west of Lake Superior—are enough to make the mouths of your go-ahead gentry run down with streams of water. Its capital is called St. Paul; a name which indicates the fact, that among its first founders were a large proportion of settlers from Catholic Canada; for the Protestant American is not given to calling towns and countries after the saints.

"St. Paul," says Mr. Oliphant, "is perhaps the best specimen to be found in the States of a town still in its infancy with a great destiny before it. Its progress hitherto has been equalled only by Chigago. In 1847 a few trading huts, rejoicing under the sobriquet of Pig's Eye—a name still retained by some rapids just below the town—marked the site of the present city; and it occurred to some of the French traders and Yankee squatters upon the unpre-empted

land in the neighbourhood, to mark out what is called in the States a town-plat, without apparently any anticipation of the important results which were ultimately to attend their speculation; indeed, they were somewhat old-fashioned in their notions, and laid out their plat in what one of the present citizens, in his account of the first years of St. Paul, calls 'little skewdangular lots, about as large as a stingy card of gingerbread broke in two diagonally.' The consequence was, that for the first two years there was very little temptation to put any thing upon the said lots; but in 1849 some celebrated go-ahead speculators took up the thing, one of whom, Henry M. Rice, is now pushing on Superior as he did St. Paul, when he was in company with John R. Irving, with whom he 'bought in.' At this time there were half-a-dozen log-huts, a hotel, a couple of stores, a log Catholic chapel, and about 150 inhabitants—a community which was worthy of being represented by the press; and, accordingly, Colonel James M. Goodhue arrived in the same year to start a paper, which he intended to call *The Epistle of St. Paul.* The good people there, however, had discrimination enough to object to the name, and so he called it the *Minnesota Pioneer,* in one of the articles of which he gives an amusing description of his finding himself, on a raw cloudy day in April '49, in a forlorn condition, at the bottom of the cliff, surrounded by his press, types, and printing-apparatus, with no shed to put them in, or acquaintance in the place. A Yankee editor is not to be discouraged by trifles; so he got a room 'on' Third Street, 'as open as a corn-rick,' from which airy tenement his first number issued, 'in the presence of Mr. Lull, Mr. Cavileer, Mr. Neill, and perhaps Major Murphy.' After that he got a lot in what he supposed would be the middle of the town, having 'calculated that the two ends would probably unite there,' and building a dwelling-house, lived in it through the next year without having it lathed or plastered. Such was the origin of St. Paul, and such the commencement of the *Pioneer*, which, in the language of the editor, has 'advocated Minnesota, morality, and religion, from the beginning.' In the recent death of this gentleman St. Paul has sustained a great loss; and if he had been as successful in his advocacy of the two latter principles as of that of the territory, Minnesota would be a terrestrial paradise; for it began to shoot ahead thenceforward with a vengeance. There are now four daily, four weekly, and two tri-weekly papers, which is pretty well for a Far-West town only five years old, and more than Manchester and Liverpool put together. There are four or five hotels, and at least half-a-dozen handsome churches with tall spires pointing heavenward, and sundry meeting-houses, and a population of seven or eight thousand to go to them, and good streets with side-walks, and lofty brick warehouses, and stores, and shops, as well supplied as any in the Union; and 'an academy of the highest grade for young ladies;' and wharves at which upwards of three hundred steamers arrive annually, bringing new settlers to this favoured land, and carrying away its produce to the south and east. The navigation of

the river is closed during the four winter months, or from November to March. As the resources of Minnesota are developed, the trade upon the river must continue to increase. The saw-mills of St. Anthony, St. Paul, and Stillwater will supply countless feet of timber for the states further south; its prairies will furnish live stock *ad libitum;* and its cereal produce will, according to Colonel Goodhue, hold its own with the most favoured states. That gentleman thus compares its capabilities in this respect with its principal rival, Illinois: 'We will give Illinois May the start, and Minnesota shall come out ahead. Don't care what the crop is—any grain, any root—any thing, from a castor bean, or an apple or pear-tree, or a pumpkin, to a sweet potato or a tobacco-plant. Why, sucker, do you know you have frosts about two weeks earlier in Illinois than we do here? It is a fact! We will show these people *sights* who come up here in May, and go shivering back home, saying that Minnesota is too cold for *craps*.' And so on, in the same strain with regard to cattle."

There is one circumstance about St. Paul which stands in agreeable contrast to the rest of the western towns,—there is *some* difference between Sundays and week-days. Mr. Oliphant mentions it in his chapter on the "manners, customs, and political opinions of the St. Paul public," from which we shall make one more extract by way of conclusion.

"Some idea may be formed of the rapid increase of the value of town-lots in new cities, from the fact that Mr. Collins showed us one which he had purchased three years before for 150 dollars. He was allowed three years in which to pay his purchase-money. Upon the day he paid in the last instalment, and thus completed his title, he sold the same lot for 1600 dollars. The weather was frightfully hot during our stay in St. Paul: the thermometer stood one day at 95° in my bedroom. There is in consequence an immense consumption always going on at the bar of Red Lions and White Lions—cocktails, mint-juleps, gin-slings, cobblers, and other cooling drinks with as many different names as there are political parties in the United States, which is saying a good deal. On Sunday I was struck with a greater observance of the day than I had anticipated. The numerous churches are well filled, and St. Paul is rather celebrated for a more universal profession of religion than ordinarily characterises western towns, the inhabitants of which will tell you that the Sunday is 'just like any other day, or, indeed, rather more so.'

We were always roused to the labours of the day by a boisterous gong, which at six o'clock in the morning reverberated through the long passages of the hotel, rendering a renewed attempt at sleep utterly out of the question. Soon after, people began to drop in to breakfast, and eat hot rolls, soaked toast, buckwheat cakes, and hominy, and drink iced milk; then they grouped round spittoons, lighted their cigars, corrected their cold potations with 'nippers' of brandy, skimmed the papers, swore at the contents,

and finally strutted off to their respective duties. We 'put out' as well to shop and 'nose about the town wherever we've a mind to,' finding no difficulty in amusing ourselves until three P.M., when dinner is ready. This was the most unpleasant process at St. Paul. In the first place, the rush into the room at the sound of the gong was terrific, and excited and heated one in an atmosphere at 'blood-heat' to such an extent that, combined with the exertion of scrambling for dishes, and the rapidity with which their contents were necessarily bolted, we found ourselves at the end of ten minutes seated at the deserted tables, replete, panting, perspiring, and exhausted. The master of the hotel sat at an upper table, upon the sanctity of which 'unprotected males' were not allowed to intrude—much to our disgust; for the ladies have a private entry before the gong rings, and sit at least three minutes longer after dinner than the gentlemen, besides indulging in more elaborate preparations of corn, buckwheat, and other special delicacies. After dinner it is the correct thing to go out upon the steps in front of the hotel, unbutton your waistcoat, and make one of a row of tobacco-consumers, some of whom chew, some smoke, and some do both. Here we tilt our chairs well back, criticise the passers-by,—as this is in the main street,—talk politics, and drink cooling beverages; indeed, the object of hurrying through dinner at a railway pace is thus most satisfactorily explained. It is evident that the pleasures of the table consist in this country, not in the delicacy of the viands, or in the act of their consumption, but in the process of their digestion, which is certainly doubly necessary, and which is prolonged as much as possible, and enjoyed in a very epicurean manner."

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

An Exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul and of the Catholic Epistles. By the Rev. John M'Evilly, President of St. Jarlath College, Tuam. (Richardson.) Mr. M'Evilly's work consists of a "paraphrase" of the sacred text printed side by side with it, and of a "commentary" printed in the lower part of the page. The paraphrase is designed simply to put the meanings of the writers in a clearer light, by expressing what they say at a greater length. This is, no doubt, occasionally necessary; but, as a whole, a paraphrase of any part of the Bible always reads dull and heavy. When Mr. M'Evilly's first edition is sold, we take the liberty of suggesting to him that he should shorten this paraphrase considerably, and expand the original phrases only when it is absolutely necessary. We suggest, also, a smaller-sized page, as the imperial octavo is not so convenient as the octavo in common use.

The commentary, which is the chief part of the book, so far as we have examined it and are capable of judging, appears to us excellent, and we heartily rejoice to see such a book brought out. It is full of

matter, and clear and unaffected in style. Mr. M'Evilly has also the rare merit of not attempting to push the meaning of texts beyond their real force in the eagerness of controversy; witness, for instance, his exposition of the text sometimes cited as a scriptural *proof* that marriage is a Sacrament. The work is designed for both clergy and laity, and is certainly equally well adapted for both.

Occasional Prayers for People of the World and for Men in Business. Compiled and paraphrased from the Holy Scriptures. (Burns and Lambert.) The idea of this little book is very good, and the execution is satisfactory. There are few persons who do not at times feel the inexpressive and wordy character of too many of the prayers which are written for private use, and such will welcome the present compilation.

Ordo Administrandi Sacramenta, &c. Permissu Superiorum. (Richardson.) This is the edition of the ritual which has been prepared by the desire of the Synod of Westminster. It is of convenient size, and the type is clear.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

A History of the Christian Church during the Reformation. By C. Hardwick, M.A. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) This is one of a series of "manuals," of which we are told that, "the authors being clergymen of the Church of England, and the series being designed primarily for the use of candidates for office in her ministry, the books will seek to be in accordance with her spirit and principles; and *therefore*, in treating of the opinions and principles of other communions, every effort will be made to avoid acrimony or misrepresentation." This appears a special *non-sequitur*, when we remember that the Anglican Church has been always so bitter to those who dissent from her, that we believe there is a pretty general *consensus* of Nonconformist authorities in regarding her as the "star whose name was wormwood" of the Apocalypse. The present book may, for all we know, seek to be in accordance with history; but the writer certainly reproduces

"The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,"

with regard to Henry VIII., Catherine, Anne Boleyn, and Cranmer, to which we had fondly hoped Lingard had given the *coup-de-grace*.

Sermons in Stones, or Scripture confirmed by Geology. By Dominick M'Ausland. (London, Bentley.) What Mr. M'Ausland confirms by geology is certainly not Scripture, but a questionable explanation of it. We have our own very definite idea of the exact conformity of the cosmogony of Moses, rightly understood, with the results of modern science; but we do not think that persons can enter into the idea of the most ancient of all writers without a very profound study of the mythological remains of antiquity. The phraseology of Moses must be expounded by them, not by modern theories of geology.

The Third Yearly Report of the Cork Young Men's Society. (Cork, Roche.) The Cork Young Men's Society is one of the most gratifying "signs of the times." It seems made for work, and not for talk; and its progress has been proportionately solid. The present Report sets a good example to report-makers in general, by telling how many of the members observe the rules and how many do not. It is a hearty, but not boasting record of the successes of the past year.

Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy. By William Archer Butler, M.A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the (Protestant) University of Dublin. Edited by W. H. Thompson, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek, Cambridge. 2 vols. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) These two volumes, though very incomplete, are too important productions to be summarily dismissed; so we will only call our readers' attention to them, especially to the second volume, on the Platonic and Aristotelian philosophy. There is much that is hazy, and much that is buried under pompous altisonance, and also a very disagreeable trick of improving the occasion by making references to apparent analogies in Catholic philosophy, of which we give one specimen. In vol. i. p. 252, we are told that "the entire mass of speculation in India bears this common character, that it all professes to be exposition of ancient revelation;" and then he compares Indian philosophy with that of the Catholic schools, and says that the rivalry of Gótama and Kanáda is reproduced in that of Scotus and Albertus and Occam. Yet, seeing that these Indian sages teach all systems, from pantheism pure to materialism and atheism, their divergencies might find a much better parallel in the disagreements of Protestantism. School-theology was not a *mere* interpretation of Scripture, but Protestant theology is. It is, as Sir William Hamilton says, "little else than an applied philosophy and criticism" (*Discussions*, p. 333). Neither did school-theology ever extravagate into fatalism, antinomianism, socinianism, or any system which virtually denied the revelation it professed to expound. The Protestant theology is the real "Western echo" of the Indian philosophy. Once permit private interpretation of revelation, and, as in India, reflective inquiry and daring sceptical speculation will and must manifest themselves, however concealed under the prudent veil of exposition and theological commentary.

After Dark. By Wilkie Collins, author of "Basil," "Hide and Seek," &c. 2 vols. (London, Smith, Elder, and Co.) We can seldom speak in so high terms of a book of tales as of these two volumes; they are thoroughly artistic, have an originality and a style of their own, are neither theological and moral, nor irreligious and immoral, can offend no one, nor do harm to any. They consist of several tales, all but one republished from *Household Words*, and set in a most charming framework of leaves from a diary and prologues. Mr. Collins, as we said when speaking of *Hide and Seek*, is a thorough artist, and exhibits his details with the skill and the finish of a pre-Raphaelite painter. Our readers must positively make acquaintance with these volumes themselves.

A Constitutional History of Jersey. By J. Le Quesne, Esq. (London, Longmans.) This book is almost large enough to chronicle every event that could ever have happened in that little quart-pot of an island; —no offence to the Jerseyites, for the largeness of the liquid may more than balance the smallness of that which contains it. The Jersey people may be as strong ale in a weak vessel, while we are small-beer in a large barrel. It is said that a deputation which came from the island to demand some concession from William Pitt reminded him that they, the Normans, were the conquering race, we, the Saxons, the conquered. Howbeit, in days when we tolerate voluminous monographs on some microscopical moth, we have no right to complain of the prolixity of the present work; it is defensible on the principle, *fiat experientia in minimis;* the pure Norman character, its law, and its government, may, thanks to modern processes, be better examined in a specimen weighing half a grain than in a sample big enough to lade a waggon.

The blessings of the Reformation penetrated early, and made themselves severely felt in the Channel Islands. April 25th, 1573, Richard

Girard was flogged through the town of Guernsey for upholding Mass. In 1593 all strangers were ordered to profess the established religion within a given period, or to quit the island. In 1567 all persons found *en pélerinages* were for the first offence to be fined forty sols, and for the second to be punished *à la discretion*. All idolatrous and superstitious persons, who did not renounce the Pope and the Mass, and who would not hear the Presbyterian word or receive its sacraments, were to be presented to the court and punished. In Jersey, in 1567, Guillaume Fautrast was imprisoned for having heard Mass in Normandy, and for having brought to the island *un livre papistique et de l'eau bénite*. In 1562 it was ordered that legends and breviaries should be burnt by the hands of the owners themselves.

Nor does this extremely "little brief authority" exhibit its paternal care only towards the naughty boys who would be Catholics;—with genuine Protestant inquisitorial spirit, in 1576 it imprisons several persons for not having taken the Communion; and orders that they shall not be liberated till they can say the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer. All persons not communicating for a year and a day—not attending sermons morning and evening—not attending service on fast-days—were fined; a man who was heard swearing was fined if rich, and put in the stocks if poor (on the "popish" principle, *qui non solvit ex crumena, luat in cute*). There was a penalty if one from every household did not attend service on Wednesdays and Fridays; if shops were not shut during Wednesday service; and the absentee from Sabbath holding-forth was to be punished *à la discretion*. As these mild means do not seem to have been effectual, we soon find laws to banish from the island such as refused to "hear the word," or to communicate; other regulations compelled people to attend *pour rendre raisons de leur foi*. The same sapient authorities forced one Thomas de France to marry against his will; and, with the usual Protestant contempt both for the sanctity of the union and for the rights of the poor, on the 26th March 1647 they absolutely decreed that "persons of *basse condition* should not be allowed to marry!"

Mr. Le Quesne's book is long, but full of little details like those we have extracted; its arrangement is not very good, but there is an index. Finally, there may possibly be some among our readers who would wish to know something of the Normans of these islands; they will be glad to be told where they may obtain the required information. We may add, that the recent expulsion of Ledru Rollin and Co. has given us a more favourable opinion of the constitution of Jersey than any thing that we have seen in this volume.

Sinai and Palestine, in connection with their History. By A. P. Stanley, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. (London, Murray.) This book is a curious compound of a traveller's journal and a student's essay. It combines, however, to a certain extent, the merits of both plans, and gives us at once a geographical view of the history, and a graphic delineation of the topographical features of the Holy Land. Mr. Stanley unfortunately exhibits much of the sceptical spirit of a German neologian; but he also writes as if he had a heart to which unbelief was a pain, and which can appreciate the happiness of faith, though it has not the strength to embrace it. Hence, while controverting old ecclesiastical traditions, he very seldom speaks in an offensive tone. We do not know that this is religiously a very favourable symptom. Just as "*in foro scientiæ* there's no such thing as murder—it's only death,"* so our modern psychologists look upon all kinds of religious beliefs as so many mental hallucinations, no more to be chided than the vagaries of the

* Tristram Shandy.

inmates of Bedlam. *In foro scientiæ* there is no such thing as falsehood or superstition, heresy or infidelity—it is only a necessary secretion of a peculiarly formed brain.

We abridge the following account of the Greek Easter at Jerusalem from the chapter on the Holy Places.—On Holy Saturday morning, a spectator in the gallery of the dome of the Holy Sepulchre would see the whole space beneath him wedged with pilgrims, except where the shrine itself stands out in the midst, and where a strong guard of Turkish soldiers keeps a lane vacant. About noon the stillness of the crowd is broken by a tangled group of Arabs rushing round the sepulchre: they think that the fire will not come unless this ceremony is gone through; accordingly, these confused masses of twenty, thirty, or fifty men will at intervals start in a run, catch hold of one another, and leap on each other's shoulders or heads. Some of them are clothed in sheep-skins, some almost naked; the group generally preceded by a fugleman, who marks time by clapping his hands, while his followers respond by wildly howling, "This is the tomb of Jesus Christ—God save the Sultan!"—"Jesus Christ has redeemed us!" From these insulated groups the infection spreads, till the whole rotunda is filled with a racing torrent of wild figures, like the Witches' Dance in *Faust*, wheeling round the sepulchre.

This excitement continues till the procession emerges from the sacristy, and defiles thrice round the tomb. After the third circuit, one great movement sways the multitude from side to side; they rush on the soldiers, who, according to orders received, always consent to be driven out at this juncture; the procession is broken through—the banners stagger and waver and fall, amid the flight of priests, bishops, and standard-bearers hither and thither before the tremendous rush; a small compact band encircles the bishop who is to "make the fire," and conducts him to the sepulchre, and closes the door behind him. The whole church is now one heaving sea of heads, yelling with the most frantic uproar. By the aperture in the side of the tomb stands a priest to catch the fire; from him there is a narrow lane left for him to pass out of the church, and on each side of the lane hundreds of bare quivering arms hold tapers ready to be lighted. At last the moment comes: a bright flame appears inside the hole; slowly, gradually, the fire spreads from hand to hand, from taper to taper, through the vast multitude, till the whole edifice is one blaze of candles. The bishop is carried out fainting from the tomb, as if overcome by the glory of God who descended to kindle the fire; a mounted horseman gallops off to communicate the sacred fire to the Greek monks of Bethlehem; and then is the great rush to escape from the rolling smoke and suffocating heat, and to carry the sacred flame to every house in Jerusalem; whereby in 1834 hundreds were trampled to death. But the wild enthusiasm terminates from the moment that the fire is communicated; and one of the most extraordinary parts of the spectacle is the rapid subsidence of a frenzy so intense into the profound repose with which in the evening the same pilgrims await the midnight Mass.

This fire-kindling is a known cheat; all Greek priests who know any thing of the matter acknowledge it to be so. So Mr. Stanley does very unfairly in comparing it to the "juggle" of the blood of St. Januarius, which is certainly not acknowledged by any ecclesiastic to be such, and of which those who refuse to believe it have hitherto failed in giving any rational explanation, such as can remove it from the province of supernatural things.

The "Canon of Canterbury" does not scruple to affirm that our Lord passed an "unconscious infancy" in the cave of Bethlehem; and, in

accordance with the English principle of reducing every thing in religion to a great vague outline without any certain details, he tells us that the doubts which envelop the lesser questions about Palestine do not envelop the greater—"they attach to the Holy Places, not to the Holy Land. The clouds which cover the special localities are only specks in the clear light which invests the general geography of Palestine." So Christianity, we suppose, is a great blur of light, with no particular focus, no certain centre.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Le Correspondant. Nouvelle Série. (Paris, Douniol.) In a review of Macaulay's *History of England*, we mentioned the change that had taken place in the management of this old-established periodical. It is certainly greatly improved in ability, and is much more interesting than under its former editorship, and therefore ought to be taken by all who wish to be *au fait* on the subject of French Catholic literature. At the same time we regret some of its crypto-political tendencies. It seems to be the bane of religion in France, that so many devout people cannot let the government alone. Either they are vehement in connecting themselves with it, or they are its fierce opponents. The Bourbons did immense mischief in this way on their restoration, by forcing a sort of appearance of national Catholicism on the French people, when nineteen out of every twenty of them abhorred the very name. Just now there are many good Catholics who are far too demonstrative of their Imperialist or anti-Imperialist feelings. They will not treat the Emperor's régime *as it is*, namely, a great practical gain to religion and order; but they must needs either puff him to the skies as a man and almost a saint, or they must do their best to upset every thing and bring in red-republicanism, only because Imperialism has its disagreeable drawbacks. The *Correspondant* is too much of the latter school. Count de Montalembert has already brought down on it a sort of government warning. In the number before us is an article on the character of the religious polemics of the present day, by Prince Albert de Broglie, which will repay attention, and which indicates the tone of thought of an important portion of French Catholic society. The same number has also a clever and discriminating article on Brownson, and a paper on Oscar de Redwitz, whose *Amaranth* was reviewed some time ago in the *Rambler*. We hope the new management will prosper; but we take the liberty of entreating its writers to let the Emperor alone. He is too powerful to be meddled with, without getting the worst in the fray. We cordially sympathise with the annoyance that Frenchmen must feel at his severe censorship of the press; but clearly it cannot be helped in the present state of France. Let not M. de Montalembert and his collaborateurs turn such wistful eyes on England. We can assure them that if there was the smallest danger that any man's writings would render the government of Victoria insecure, he would be silenced with an instantaneous severity at least equal to that which the Emperor finds necessary for his *régime*. It is not many years since the editor of a London newspaper—Leigh Hunt—was put into prison for two years for calling George IV. an "Adonis of sixty."

Death.

On the 1st of March, at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Hammersmith, in her twenty-ninth year, Sister Mary of St. Jane Frances de Chantal (Charlotte Thompson), professed on her deathbed. R. I. P.

THE RAMBLER.

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THE BODY AND THE MEMBERS.

RUSSIA being disposed of, we Catholics must now "look out for squalls." The British Lion is not a simple leonine brute, but a compound creature, with two natures—one that of a lion, the other that of a jackass. Or rather perhaps we ought to believe, in his case, in a sort of chronic Pythagorean metempsychosis, whereby the leonine and the asinine natures take their turns in the corporeal frame, and the mighty mouth gives vent alternately to a stately roar and an ear-splitting bray. The donkey's time is now come again, and the soul of Spooner has taken possession of the formidable ribs and paws of the king of beasts. The mind of Spooner itself is a curious phenomenon. It has two chief horrors: gold, and the Catholic religion. Not that the class whom Spooner theologically and politically represents have the smallest objection to the former of these two good things, as far as possessing it goes; on the contrary, we have ever observed a remarkable affinity between a love for the good things of this life and a hatred of Popery. The Spooner hatred of gold is altogether of another kind. Our readers are perhaps not generally aware that this stanch antagonist of nuns and Maynooth is an equally stanch antagonist of the common sense of mankind on the subject of paying debts. He is one of the Birmingham currency-doctors, who hold that when the Government promises to pay a pound sterling to a creditor, it does not really bind itself to pay a certain fixed weight of the precious metal. These economists are of opinion—suddenly we are pulled up. *What* are their opinions? Nobody knows. They are pure Protestants on the subject of the currency. All they hold is, that Popery and Peelery are both detestable: that when Peel re-enacted the old laws that "a pound" shall be held *to be* what it was *meant* to be, viz. so many ounces' weight of gold, he did as wicked a thing to the pockets of mankind as the Pope

did to their souls when he promulgated the decrees of the Council of Trent. *What* ought to be the principle of debt-paying, in place of Peelery, Spooner and Co. know no more than they know what is to be believed in place of Popery.

Here, however, the parallel stops. The Birmingham geniuses pocket (literally) their inconsistencies in the case of gold, but they strive for a fatal consistency in the case of religion. The music of the jingling "sovereign" is sweet to the soul of Spooner, notwithstanding the predilections of his theory in favour of paper-money. "But Papists!—no, not even when all mankind cries out in favour of the nuns, that they at any rate are real gold—tolerate them not! Let them visit and nurse the sick in the Crimea; let them die in the hospitals; let Popish soldiers fight and die, let Popish priests die too at their side,—what of that? Endure them not. Rob their colleges; search their convents; insult their clergy; banish their monks; kick them out of society; away with them from the face of the land! Tell us not they are the real gold; we don't want it: we want paper-money—a paper religion. Our religion is a book, a printed book: it is the object of our worship. The Chinese burn paper to their idols; but we worship paper as our god; and as for these idolaters, the Papists, if we could, we would burn them in its honour."

We trust, then, that no Catholic will be surprised if he finds that the British Lion, which *in propriâ naturâ* helped to take Sebastopol, varies his exploits by occasionally kicking and lashing out in all directions, when donkey-inspired, against us. Granting the utmost that can be granted as to the gradual improvement of popular feeling towards us, it is undeniable that Puritanism and Nationalism are now combined in an alliance which must from time to time produce savage outbreaks against Catholics. One of the most striking illustrations lately to be met with of the influence which Puritanism has acquired, was to be found in Lord Palmerston's way of meeting a recent motion in the House of Commons for giving the Londoners a little amusement on Sundays. That crafty nobleman, who cares about as much for Sunday as he does for Mahometanism, actually thought it politic to make a speech verging as near Puritanism as he could without making himself the laughing-stock of every body who knows what his real notions are. Palmerston playing second fiddle to Shaftesbury! What a duet! what a combination of discords! What absurdities do the manœuvres of party present for the edification of the looker-on! Still, so it is. Puritanism *pays;* it is high in the market just now; and as long as it pays, we

poor Catholics may rest assured that we too must pay, in another sense of the word. It is useless to look for quiet and peace. We shall never have rest; and our wisest way is to be never surprised at mischief befalling us in any quarter. Let us go on with our work patiently; taking blows, and patching up the wounds; and hitting our enemies when we are sure that we do not hit a friend in the dark.

This being our prospect, it is not wonderful that Catholics often cry out for some more methodical, more organised, more effectual way of meeting opponents, of refuting slanders, and of defending our rights. To hear many people talk, one would suppose that it is our own fault that we do not hold such a position in Parliament, in the Press, and in Society, as would enable us effectually to silence the oratory of the Shaftesbury-Spooner school, and set all candid people right as to the real doctrines and morals of Catholicism. Why don't the Bishops do this? Why don't the Catholic peers do that? Why don't the M. Ps. do something else? Why don't you, Mr. So-and-so, with your friends, Mr. This, and Mr. That, or Mr. Somebody else,—why don't you do something or other to put an end, once for all, to these infamous falsehoods, this systematic misrepresentation, this cowardly bullying? Why doesn't somebody make our newspapers perfect? Why do we print so many ugly little useless books? Why do we translate so badly? Why do you, Mr. Editor, put this into the *Rambler*, and why don't you put that? In short, why don't Bishops, peers, M. Ps., literary men, organists, singers, architects, in short, every body;—why does not every body, or at least somebody, do every thing?

The answer is short, and to the point: We can't. Those who expect that the Catholic body, as an organised whole, ought to put all their affairs on a satisfactory footing, simply demand an impossibility. The organisation of Catholics, except in purely spiritual things, is a vision, which never existed except in the heads of a few Catholics and a great many Protestants. The latter, indeed, look upon us as the most completely organised body in the world for all purposes which are in any way incidentally connected with our religion. That any Catholic ever acts independently, is an idea which the Protestant mind can hardly realise. That private individuals, whether lay or clerical, should ever do any thing for which they alone are personally responsible, seems to the Protestant capacity inconsistent with the principles of our religion. Such a disciplined army as we are, with such soldiers, and such subalterns, and such regimental officers, and such generals, and such a commander-in-chief, and such pay to boot, is supposed

by our opponents to exist no where else among men. Whatever happens, somebody of the priestly or Jesuit species is held to be "at the bottom of it." Every body is a "tool," and every thing is an "organ." Our newspapers are "organs." We ourselves—the *Rambler*—are an "organ." Of course, it never strikes these believers in this marvellous discipline of Catholicism, that if we *were* thus organised, wealthy, and able, a vast deal more would result from our efforts than results in fact. It never occurs to them that the real state of the Catholic world is simply inexplicable on their hypothesis as to our capacities.

With them, however, we have not now to do. The point which we are anxious to press is to this effect, that at the present juncture the advance of our religion and the improvement of our social position depends upon ourselves, not as a body, but as individuals. It depends upon every man's doing his own work to the best of his capacities, and not expecting somebody else to do it for him. This is the only way in which Catholicism, as an organised whole, can be brought to bear upon the wants of the time. It is hopeless to think of doing things on a grand scale, except by beginning to do them on a small one. We cannot do things in concert, unless each man separately is determined to do his own work as zealously and as carefully as if he were the only person on whom the whole affair in hand depended. This, we may rely on it, is the great secret of success in all undertakings where many persons are concerned. It is the perfect action of the individuals which produces the perfect action of the entire body. And it is a want of sufficient comprehension of this truth that makes so many Catholic undertakings more or less fail. We are apt to rest too much on our neighbours; to be discontented with small results; to be restless and dissatisfied if we have to wait long for any result at all; and to despond because we are tried by frequent failures.

This erroneous feeling may be seen working in all sorts of forms. For a long time nothing was thought promising unless it had a duke, or at least an earl, at the head of it. Or a scheme is thought little of if it is purely local, and not likely to be known or valued beyond the place where it originates and to which it is adapted. Or every thing is thought to be in a way to success if it is just set going with a fine set of rules and regulations, and a dozen or two people are got to belong to it, not one of whom will take the smallest real trouble in the affair ever afterwards. Or a good work is held to be not worth attending to, when established, because some or many of its supporters fall off; and the defection of one is

held to be not only a valid excuse for the defection of the rest, but an actual reason for it. And so on in all sorts of varieties, still betraying our want of grasp of the great principle of human action, that the work of a body of men is nothing more than the aggregate work of individuals. It all shows that we are apt to hold that a great many times *nothing* amounts to *something;* or, what is nearly as untrue, that doing a thing ill twice over is equivalent to doing it well once.

We hold, then, that whatever may be the mode in which Protestant ill-feeling may now be shown to us, the first thing to be done is to realise the fact that nothing that Catholics can do, as a body, can prevent these attacks upon us; and the next thing is, to meet them in every practicable way, as they occur in individual cases, being satisfied that we have done our duty, and that our work is not thrown away when we have thus done our best, even though the work has to be done over and over again elsewhere, and by others, or even again and again in our own case. School-teaching and managing, periodical and book writing, church-building, the culture of music and art, the refutation of local attacks, the defence of the poor, and all those other duties which practically fall so much into the hands of the laity, must be gone on with from month to month and year to year, as if we had not yet made a beginning, and as if every thing depended on what each person does in his own sphere.

Again, in restoring Catholics to their rightful position in the country, it appears to us that no man, whatever his rank in life, should lose an opportunity of appearing before his fellow-countrymen in any kind of way that may make himself and his character known to them. Let it be ever borne in mind, that our grand difficulty is to make ourselves thoroughly understood by our non-Catholic friends and neighbours. They will not look at us. They will not hear us. They persist in thinking that we are what we are not. Pretending that our system is a dark device that will not bear the light, they resist all our efforts to make them better acquainted with it and with ourselves. We are looked on as a sort of monsters, with a tail concealed somewhere. Professing that we want to hide our wickednesses in secret places, they themselves fly from all knowledge of what Catholicism is, and what Catholics are. They will not hear our words, or read our books; and many of them feel their skin begin to creep the moment they know they are in the company of a "Papist."

Whatever, then, a man is capable of being or doing, as a member of the social body, which he would be or do if he were not a Catholic—provided, of course, that it is innocent—

by all means let him strive to accomplish being a Catholic, and being known as a Catholic. Every Catholic who convinces his neighbours that, though a Papist, he has not got cloven feet, does a benefit to his religion. Whether a peer in the Lords, or a member in the Commons, or a magistrate on the bench, or a lawyer in the courts, or a man of cultivation in the literary and artistic world, or a mere member of society, every man who is known to be a practical Catholic, helps to cut away some little bit of that monstrous boarding of prejudice which darkens the sight of the English public. It is not easy to believe that the man we take wine with at dinner is plotting the murder of his neighbours, and has got an indulgence from the Pope in his pocket to pardon him beforehand for committing the crime.

Of course this is far from implying that Catholics ought to be a forward, pushing, impudent race; thrusting themselves on people when they are not called to do it, and boring their neighbours when they ought to be holding their tongues. We had better say and do nothing as members of the social state than make ourselves disagreeable by doing things badly. This only makes matters worse. Observers sometimes wonder why we cut such a sad figure in Parliament; why our speakers are not on a par with Stanley and Lyndhurst in the Lords, and Gladstone, Bright, and Palmerston in the Commons. For ourselves, we confess ourselves gratified with the fact that so few Catholics rise to inflict speeches on their brother-peers and members; and we regret to perceive that all our representatives are not conscious of the fact, that a man may be a very worthy personage and a respectable member of Parliament, and yet a terrible bore when he gets on his legs to make motions that nobody will support, and ask questions that every body laughs at. So in other things also; a forward, ill-bred, impudent way of pushing ourselves on other people's notice does infinite mischief. The real good is done by avoiding both impudence and shyness. It requires sometimes not a little tact in a Catholic to take his proper place in the world with the least possible offence to others. Still, this is no reason why it should not be done. Because "brass" is more odious than *mauvaise honte*, that is no reason why a man should not be bold and courageous, and at the same time modest and self-respecting.

ON ORIGINAL SIN

AS AFFECTING THE DESTINY OF UNREGENERATE MAN.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

Dear Sir,—Last July you did me the honour to insert in the *Rambler* a letter of mine on the Immaculate Conception in connection with the doctrine of original sin; may I presume further on your kindness, and beg the insertion of the following thoughts on the doctrine of original sin as bearing on the destinies of the non-Christian world?

I understand that some persons objected to my former letter on the ground of its "rationalising" tendency; as if all exercise of reason on the mysteries of our faith must end in attempts to explain them away! As if the proper homage of the mind and thought to the truth were the total suppression of all thought about the truth! As if the true service of a slave to his master were to render himself impotent and useless, instead of devoting all his energies to his work! It was not in this way that St. Athanasius, or St. Basil, or St. Hilary, defended the doctrine of the Trinity, or St. Augustine that of original sin; it was not thus that those clear, pellucid, sharp-edged formulas were devised, in which the great mysteries of our faith are taught to us. Christian philosophy consists in something more than "copying fair what time hath blurred," as the Anglican Herbert describes it; in something beyond a mere reiterated assertion without further consequence, like the "great is Diana" of the Ephesian mob. Christian philosophy traces the internal organisation of the doctrines of the creed, or their relationship with human nature and wants, or the answer they give to the questions and difficulties which successively agitate society. Such are all the theological works which have gained the widest popularity in modern days; the *Symbolik* of Möhler, the *Études Philosophiques* of Nicolas, the *Conférences* of Lacordaire, the *Civilisation Européenne* of Balmez, and, I may add, the *Questions of the Soul* of Father Hecker. All relinquish, when arguing with Protestants, the cut-and-dry references to patristic authorities, which, in fact, modern society does not admit to be authorities at all, and argue the question from premises more congenial to modern habits of mind. *Tous chemins vont à Rome*, says the French proverb; truth lies at the end of every road of true argument.

The use of argument is to persuade, and the wise man uses those arguments which he thinks will persuade. When there is no more traffic on a line of road, the coaches cease to run; no one thinks of putting on extra trains from Dover to London because there has been a great arrival of passengers from the East at Southampton. If you wish to fill your carriages, you must start from the place where people are collected; if you wish to persuade them, you must begin from their mental stand-point.

In my former letter I tried to show that if we held the doctrine of original sin precisely as it is taught in the formulas of the Church, without allowing our imagination to interfere with our judgment, and discarding all unauthorised glosses and additions, however respectable the authority on which they rest, the Immaculate Conception is a fact which, so far from being an anomalous exception to the law, is, on the other hand, one of those exceptions which prove the rule, an exception which the mere terms of the rule would lead us to anticipate. In my present letter I propose to show that the Catholic doctrine of original sin in its consequences on fallen man is contrary neither to our natural conceptions of the justice and mercy of God, nor to the expectation of nature that the virtuous life of heathens and idolaters will have its own reward in a future state. I deny neither hell nor the fallen condition of man. I believe that there is a future eternity of torment for those who have rejected the supernatural grace of God, and I see and know that man is a spiritual and reasonable being, placed in the condition of an animal; a soul capable of the supernatural, yet limited to the natural; a creature absolutely incapable of receiving perfect satisfaction from the things around him, yet incapable of providing what he needs to satisfy him; a conscience haunted with the continual consciousness of fault, and with a perpetual feeling of the necessity of an expiation; a social creature, subject to a great scheme of moral government, wherein the mute doubts of the mind are more than confirmed by the actual decrees of Providence; where no real good can be purchased but at the price of sweat, or tears, or blood; where the career of genius is almost always beset with reverses and misfortunes; where national power and glory require a continual tribute of human life; where the practice of virtue is only possible in the midst of difficulty and disgust; where there is no heroism without persecution, nothing beautiful, grand, or sublime, that is not acquired and preserved at the price of sacrifice and pain. The law of chastisement and of expiation is written upon all sides in ineffaceable characters; such is the history of man, painful, but authentic; unhappy,

but undeniable; which has left its everlasting records wherever the children of Adam have passed by.

I should be a madman if I pretended to explain away such a fact as this. Still, it is allowable to try to harmonise it with the known attributes of God; we may attempt to construct upon it a theodicy, or vindication of the dealings of Providence with man. I wish to render my faith internally self-consistent; to trace the bond of connection between the separate *articles* of my creed, which, as the word implies, form an articulated and organised whole. I do not aspire to be one of those Catholics who confine their faith to that alone which in strictness they *need* believe; I would not say to a reluctant convert, You need only confess and communicate once a-year, you need not honour images, you need not invoke the saints, you need not worship the Blessed Virgin; you may be a very good Catholic without these things. Neither would I reduce the dogma of original sin to the smallest allowable modicum of dry formula; I have no wish to go as near denying hell as I can, consistently with the bare letter of ecclesiastical definitions; it is far from my desire to shock the orthodox believer by proving to him how much of his creed I can cut away, and yet remain within the letter of the formularies of the Church.

Why, then, it may be said, moot the subject at all? Because it is already rife in nearly every household in England. Because the great heresy of modern days is universalism, which asserts mercy, forgiveness, final happiness for all, without respect of creeds or conduct. The Calvinistic doctrine of reprobation has been so foolishly pressed, that a great reaction has set in against that of hell and damnation. Men refuse to believe that God created ninety-nine persons out of each hundred, only to make every one of them as miserable as he is capable of being for all eternity; they cannot bring themselves to think that the only difference between a sinner damned and a sinner saved is the sprinkling with a drop of water, the pronunciation of an absolution, or the sensation of that indescribable "experience" which the Evangelical calls "conversion." Men reject all "damnatory clauses," because, forsooth, they will have no share in condemning their neighbour to hell. Persons who do not attribute the slightest efficacy to the priest's absolution, behave as if their assent to an anathema would determine whether a sinner should be lost or saved.

But, however absurd and perverse, this movement of the popular mind, like all heresies, is founded on some truth; which, whatever it is, must be the natural specific remedy for the error. Catholics, therefore, should discover what this truth is, and should offer it to the benighted wanderer, telling

him, that what he strives against is not the doctrine of the Church; that what the Church really teaches contains all the truth towards which he waddles so obliquely, without his exaggerations or his blunders. Catholics should, though perhaps they do not always, act thus. Perhaps in general they are but too ready to note every one as a heretic who wishes to make a novel application of old truth to the refutation of a new error.

We are ready enough to deride the Calvinist who mounts the pulpit with the glad tidings of damnation to all the world but the few frequenters of his special Ebenezer. May not our mode of stating some doctrines expose us to similar derision? When, for instance, we couple the dogma of the non-salvability of those outside the Church with the extreme doctrine concerning hell, namely, that it is a place where there are degrees of punishment, but only depending on the capacities of the condemned; where each man is a vessel filled to the brim with the wine of God's wrath, no one fuller than another, though the larger hold more and the smaller hold less,—when we couple these two doctrines, do we not represent God in as forbidding a light as the dreariest preacher of reprobation? This is a grave error, unless the fact is as we represent it. We have no right to modify our doctrines for economical purposes, to paint the misery of the future world otherwise than we know it will be, in order to try to frighten people into virtue; truth is not helped by a lie in the long-run; the reaction comes, when it has to contend against a tenfold accumulation of prejudice. Now-a-days men will not be converted by terrors which they will not believe. There is no possible end to be gained by going beyond the literal teaching of the Church. To insist upon unauthorised opinions, however common, serves no purpose. Our neighbour is not damned or saved by our opinion of his destiny; but our notion of God, of His divine justice and mercy, is greatly modified by such opinions; and when we contrast our lax views of the probable salvation of Catholic suicides, and sinners who have only received the last sacraments in a state of speechless and moribund semi-consciousness, with our austere suspicions of the eternal misery of those who die out of the Church, we must own that we give some ground for the sneer, that our religion is a comfortable machine, which carries people to heaven on a feather-bed whether they will or no, leaving those without to their terrible fate with as little remorse as John Calvin himself.

I think, then, that there is reason, even at the risk of offending some persons, to inquire into the state in which the non-

Christian world is placed in this life and the next; for though the question may have no personal interest for those within the Church, yet its influence on persons who hold universalist notions, as well as on our own conception of God's attributes, may be very great.

Man is left by original sin, or the deprivation of the gift of original justice, in a state of nature; a state not substantially depraved and defiled, but such as it might have come forth from God's plastic hand, if He had originally decreed to make man a merely natural being, without the supernatural destiny of the beatific vision. The 55th of the condemned propositions of Baius is as follows: "Deus non potuisset ab initio talem creare hominem, qualis nunc nascitur." *All Catholics are bound to confess the contradictory of this, namely, that God might at first have created man as he is now born.* The infant, born in original sin, a "child of wrath," a "slave of the devil," has a nature such as God might have created when He "saw all that He had made, and behold it was very good." The evil that he inherits is not absolute, but relative; considering that God originally made man for a supernatural end, as now born he is a degraded being,—a being who has lost his birthright, and is sentenced to the same penalty of eternal banishment from God's presence which constitutes the essence of the pain of the devil and his angels. But, considered absolutely, there is nothing positively evil in the natural state of man; a rational soul in an animal body, maintaining a life-long struggle against the bestial propensities of the organisation, is a combination by no means derogatory to the purity of the Creator. Again, if God might have originally created man such as he is now born, he must have a natural end proposed to him; for God could scarcely have created an immortal reason without any end at all. I cannot therefore accept Dr. Brownson's dictum—"This much we think certain, that man, as we now find him, in the present decree of God, has, in fact, no natural destiny; and nothing natural, not even the natural vision of God, which is only a vision *per speculum*, not an intuitive vision of His essence, can satisfy the wants of the soul" (*Review*, July 1855, p. 293). Certainly the beatific vision is not due to man's nature, therefore it is not the natural end of man; but he is born with some natural end, or else God could not have originally created him as he is now born, unless He created man without any destiny at all. What, then, is this natural end?

To answer this question, I need only refer to the passages I quoted from St. Alphonsus in my former letter, concerning the future state of unbaptised infants. Excluded from glory,

they know not what they have lost, and therefore grieve not for it; but, on the contrary, they may take pleasure in the gifts of nature, and may even enjoy God by natural knowledge and natural love. "He will be happy in a natural participation of the divine goodness; he will be united to God by a participation of natural gifts, and so will be able to rejoice in Him by a natural knowledge and love" (St. Alphonsus, *On Prayer*, part ii. cap. 1, *ad fin.*). Such is the natural end of man, in spite of original sin: actual sin against the law of nature must cause him to forfeit this natural destiny, as sin against the law of Christ entails the loss of glory. For as there are two supernatural destinies, glory and eternal death, the essence of each of which is a supernatural knowledge,—of glory, the positive beatific vision; of eternal death, the negative damnatific vision (if I may so call it), by means of which the damned know what and how much they have lost, —so there are two natural destinies: of reward, the natural enjoyment of God, as described by St. Alphonsus; of punishment, the natural penalty of souls that perish. Both these states *materially* are states of punishment, for they partake of the *pœna damni;* but *formally* this penalty is modified by the fact, that the supernatural damnatific vision is withheld, and that in neither can men know what is the supernatural glory which they have failed to gain.

I repeat, then, the conclusion of my former letter, that mankind *in hac providentiâ*,—in the present scheme of Providence, —is divided into two great categories—those in a state of nature, and those in a state of grace; that both have their own destinies; and that in the natural order "great and noble ends" are proposed to virtue. I showed that St. Alphonsus deduces from St. Thomas a theory on the natural reward of unbaptised infants, and quotes St. Augustine, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Gregory of Nyssa, to prove that there may be "a middle sentence between reward and punishment." If very little is said on this subject by Christian writers, the omission is easily accounted for. Christians are taken out of the state of nature, and have no longer to look for natural, but for supernatural reward or punishment: for them the state of nature no longer exists; for them the one object to be desired is the beatific vision; the loss of this, the *pœna damni*, is their hell: all natural reward, power over the whole universe, insight into all the secrets of nature, would be mere misery to one who had once tasted of the heavenly gift, and had lost it for ever; the remembrance of what he had forfeited would embitter that which to a man who had never been favoured with a glimpse of the supernatural world might be the highest conceivable happiness.

No wonder, then, that the saint who has once had a foretaste of the vision of God should reckon all natural reward, since it lacks this one crowning jewel, to be no better than eternal death. It would be eternal death to the man who was aware of the miserable exchange he had made. Still the natural reward remains a true reward, a real happiness, to the man who never had the supernatural gift of faith in this world or of vision in the next: "No one," says St. Alphonsus, quoting St. Thomas, "feels pain for the want of that good of which he is not capable—no one grieves that he cannot fly, no private person is unhappy because he is not emperor."

Hence Christian writers, and notably the great popular theologian of mediæval Italy, Dante the poet, make no scruple of transferring the whole hades of Virgil, with its Elysian fields, as well as its torrents of flaming pitch, into the Christian Inferno. In the Dantesque hell all is not misery; the plains of asphodel and the garlands of amaranth, which constitute the joys of Elysium, are not wanting there. In its first circle we hear sounds not of mourning, but of sighs, of sorrow, not of torment,—of desire without hope, not of positive pain; but in this negative place there is an oasis, "a noble castle begirt with seven walls, enclosing a meadow of fresh verdure, where grave-eyed spirits speak weighty words of wisdom," and where all the notabilities of heathen and infidel lands are collected—"an open, luminous, and lofty place, a place of rest and of quiet; secluded from the tremulous sighs of the first circle, as well as separated from the torments of the lower depths." Dante's poem, let it be remembered, was the text-book of professors in universities, and the fount of philosophical learning for the people; though his book *De Monarchiâ* was placed on the index, this condemnation was never extended to the "Divine Comedy;" on the contrary, Bellarmine himself undertook to vindicate the orthodoxy of the poet.* Here, then, is a Christian admission that the Elysian rewards which the philosophers of paganism placed before the eyes of their disciples were real and substantial, were things actually attainable in the natural order, and were well worth the trouble of seeking. An admission which has been for centuries in all men's mouths, has been accepted as theological truth, has been taught in universities, and has never yet received the note of ecclesiastical suspicion or censure. I conceive, then, that I have perfect right as a Catho-

* See Ozanam, "Dante et la Philosophie Catholique au 13^{me} siècle, part iii. c. v., Orthodoxie de Dante." Dante identifies this place with the Limbus Patrum from which our Lord rescued the patriarchs; it is, then, the "Abraham's bosom" of Scripture, though Abraham has departed from it.

lic, not only to hold this opinion, but to blazon it to the universalist as *the* Catholic doctrine on the subject.

Dante, however, introduces an element of *unhappiness*, which St. Alphonsus eliminates when he supposes that the unregenerate infants desire no more than they have; he does not contemplate the idea, that at the Day of Judgment they will have a momentary glimpse of the Judge in His own Divine nature, and that this remembrance will embitter eternity with hopeless longing: for though then "every eye shall see Him, even those who pierced Him," yet only those who "are like Him" shall "see Him as He is." Rather he holds that, "in order to know what he has lost, the infant would require the gift of supernatural faith;" for supernatural faith in this life is the *sine quâ non*, the necessary training for even a momentary vision of God in the next. Hence the real damnatific vision is only possible to those who have received the supernatural grace of the Redeemer, and have abused it. Here then, again, I differ from Dr. Brownson, who holds that "man, as he is, has no complete natural beatitude, and the actual wants of his soul cannot be satisfied with any thing less than the beatific vision;" that he has, prior to faith, "desires both to know and to love which transcend the whole natural order." From this it would certainly follow, that man, having once attained his natural end, and having nothing more to gain, would for all eternity be beating his breast against the bars of his cage, in vain attempts to pass beyond. But then, this final perfection and eternal changelessness belongs to the supernatural, not to the natural order. Man, as long as he continues in nature, is mutable; once introduce immutability, and you have conjured in the supernatural.* In the natural

* In ancient paganism the celestial spaces above the sphere of the moon were supposed to be the abode of the unchangeable, the ever-identical, and were therefore peopled by eternal, immutable beings or gods; beneath the moon all was supposed to be mutable, and the mundane elements intrusted to the care of inferior demons. The language introduced and sanctioned by this philosophical idea finds its place in the Scriptures, in the formularies of the Church and in the writings of the Fathers. We read of the angel of the sun, of the angelic "morning stars," and the like; while the "powers of the air," the "rulers of this world, and of this darkness" (Eph. vi. 12), are devils banished from the face of God. The exorcisms of the Church presuppose that the whole mass of material nature is haunted by these; and it is eminently in accordance with ecclesiastical and patristical language to hold that God makes use of the ministry of banished spirits to conduct the wilder operations of nature, such as storm and earthquake. Now, is it not remarkable that this is the very end so much coveted by modern philosophers? Read any book of geology or astronomy, and you will probably find some expression of a hope to be more familiar with these matters after death. To look on God face to face is *not* the one cherished aim of the philosopher; but to be mixed up in the sphere of the mutable, to have power in the world of nature, and to have an insight into the mysteries of the machine of the universe.

order, therefore, the indefinite is, to all intents and purposes, equal to the infinite. Man can have no purely natural aspirations which may not be satisfied, if not finally, at least provisionally, successively, and progressively, by the indefinite, that is, by nature; which, though absolutely finite, is relatively to us illimitable, and therefore as good as infinite. Man's natural power is in action, not in passive enjoyment. "Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing," says Shakespeare. "Strength of mind is exercise, not rest," says Pope. Natural speculation ceases to be wisdom as soon as it has attained its object, and enunciated its results in a formula; when it has finished its business it is paralysed and dies. We exist only as we energise; we must use each end that we gain only as a mean towards a further end. Granting, then, that among our natural instincts and desires there is one tending to the supernatural, nothing prevents a wonderful natural happiness, though at any given moment it may be said that this, the highest and noblest of the natural instincts, remains unsatisfied. Till it is instructed, the so-called instinct of the supernatural is a vague and undefined desire; and the supernatural can only be taught by the gift of faith; previous to this gift, the instinct, though active, is blind.

But its blind action, instead of producing a passive apathy or a hopeless desire, only contributes, like the uneasiness caused by the vague impulses of other uninformed capacities, to the stock of our natural power; to that mass of formless energy which is always ready to be applied to any purpose. Every physiognomist knows that the marks of animal passions, the massive neck and jaw, and the heavy hind-head, become, in men who restrain their evil propensities, the characteristics of decision, firmness, and power. A man is not necessarily unhappy because his blind impulses drive him continually onwards, and compel him to feel dissatisfied with all that he has done, and to do something that as yet he has not been able to reach. So far from continual progress necessarily implying the idea of misery, it is the definition which naturalistic philosophers give of the happiness of the human race. Progress is their watchword, both for the individual and for society.

I do not imagine that what I have advanced is unauthorised by the symbolic documents of the Church. In them we find the state of nature most distinctly separated from the state of grace; we find it asserted that there is a natural law, which man partially, and for a time, fulfils without the supernatural grace of God; a natural knowledge of God, to which he can attain without the gift of faith, and a natural love of God, which he can exhibit without being made a partaker of the Holy

Spirit. We are bound to allow (otherwise we assert the 61st and 62d condemned propositions of Baius) that there is a two-fold way of fulfilling the law,—one by moral virtue, another by supernatural grace, which alone merits heaven; we are obliged to acknowledge that the words of the apostle (Rom. ii.), "The Gentiles, who have not the law, do by nature the things of the law," may be understood of the Gentiles who have not the gift of faith (22d prop. of Baius). We must allow that there is a natural knowledge of God which does not come from the grace of Christ (see the 41st prop. of Quesnel); and that there are two kinds of love: natural, whereby God is loved as the author of nature; and gratuitous, or of grace, whereby God is loved as the giver of beatitude (see the 34th prop. of Baius).

There is, then, for the state of nature a natural law, a code of natural virtues, the practice of which does not imperatively require the supernatural grace of God. Baius (prop. 36) was condemned for denying "a natural love which arises from the natural powers;" for saying that it was Pelagian (prop. 37) to acknowledge that natural virtues have their origin in the powers of nature only; and for affirming that all love of the rational creature is either sinful concupiscence or supernatural love (prop. 38); and again, for saying that every action of a sinner is sinful. Hence, every Christian virtue has its natural counterpart; there is a natural as well as supernatural love, hope, faith, trust, fortitude, justice; in substance the acts may be identical, in mode and motive they may differ; the Christian performs them by divine grace, and by them merits heaven; the Gentile performs them by his own powers, and merits—what?—Hell? God forbid!

"Not every action which the slave of sin commits is a sin." Let us, for hypothesis' sake, suppose the case of a man in the state of nature, therefore under the bondage of original sin, committing the minimum of sin, and performing the maximum of natural good works. What becomes of him? Do you say he goes to hell? You cannot say he goes to heaven, because it is of faith that no one can inherit eternal life except he is aggregated to the Church during his life here; that though he gave all his goods to feed the poor, and shed his blood for the Christian religion, he cannot enjoy the beatific vision unless he died in the communion of the Church (Bull of Eugenius IV., *Cantate Domino*). No good work, however great, done without the grace of adoption, is meritorious of a supernatural reward; the good works of the children of adoption receive their meritoriousness, not from their conformity to the law, but simply from the Spirit who inhabits the hearts of the faithful, and whose grace co-operates in the works. Mere

obedience to the law, however far carried, however perfect, is not even in the road to beatitude (*in ordine ad beatitudinem*). He that is not an adopted child of God cannot by his own works aspire to the inheritance of the adoption: the eagle cannot by its own strength lift itself above the atmosphere in which it flies; man cannot lift himself from the earth by the hair of his own head; nature cannot by its own powers aspire to the supernatural, but it can by its own strength aspire to the "great and noble ends" which the author of nature has proposed to its endeavours.

In using this language, I by no means subscribe to the Pelagian doctrine, that man can keep the law of nature without grace. When I say "nature, by its own strength," I mean nature without the supernatural grace of God, without the *gratia Redemptoris*, not absolutely without all divine assistance. The obscurity of this language comes from what may perhaps be an oversight of theologians. It is this: in the opening of tracts upon grace, "natural grace," such as that of "creation, preservation, and the like," is distinguished from "supernatural grace," that of "predestination, vocation, justification, glorification." Then the former member of the division is dropped, and the writer goes on to talk only of the latter, warning his readers that thenceforth whenever he uses the word *grace* he means this supernatural gift exclusively.

Hence it has become the fashion to talk of acts of moral virtue being performed without grace—that is, without the supernatural gift which renders them meritorious of eternal life; no other grace has been contemplated, and therefore the natural grace which enables a man to observe the law of nature in order to a natural reward only is called the power of nature, *vires naturæ*, even in the symbolic language of the Church. But still we must hold, I think, that even for acts of natural virtue a free and gratuitous co-operation on God's part is requisite; a co-operation which, though it does not raise the person above the state of nature, enables him to fulfil his duties in that state. "Every best gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, descending from the Father of lights." Pelagius was condemned for holding that man can by his own will fulfil the law of God, whether that written by nature in the heart or that revealed in Scripture. Yet, on the other hand, grace, in the usual theological sense, is not requisite for the acts of natural morality; which acts are performed, as St. Paul tells us, by the Gentiles who have not the law; therefore, besides the theological grace, the supernatural gift of God, there is a natural co-operation of God with the virtuous man, which enables him to fulfil the law of nature, and to attain to

the natural reward. To say that he cannot perform moral acts of virtue without grace, the *gratia Liberatoris*, is to assert a condemned proposition; and yet these acts are good. It is of faith that the virtuous acts of pagans are truly virtuous; it is heretical to maintain with the Anglicans that the virtuous acts of the unregenerate have the nature of sin. St. Augustine says (serm. 349, *de Charit.*), "Between divine love, which leads to the kingdom, and unlawful human love, which is condemned, we must allow lawful human love, which is not blamed." Here, then, is something morally blameless and good; here is something resulting not from the spontaneous action of our natural organisation, but from the struggle of the will and conscience against that organisation; here is a victory of the will over the recalcitrant passions, resulting in a great, perhaps an heroic, act of self-sacrifice at the altar of duty; and shall we give grace no share in it? Does He, in whom we live and move and are, absent Himself from this one conflict, of all possible human acts the one most worthy of His acceptance and co-operation? The idea is worse than Pelagian,—it is pagan. It is the doctrine of Cicero (*De Nat. Deor.* iii. 63), but not of any Christian teacher. "All men," says the Roman orator, "believe that external prosperity comes from the gods; but no man ever conceived his virtue to be a gift received from God; and rightly, for we deserve to be praised for our virtue, we take a proper pride in it, which could not be if we had it from God, not from ourselves; this is the judgment of all men, that they must seek fortune from God, and quarry their wisdom from their own minds." The pagan blasphemy of this position carries its own refutation to Christian intelligences. And in contradiction to it, I conclude that there is a natural grace, which, without raising a man to the supernatural order, enables him to conform to the law of nature, and to obtain his natural end.

Natural religion is therefore a reality; it has a theology of its own; it is of this that St. Paul speaks (Acts xv. 16): "God never left Himself without witness, doing good from heaven, giving rains and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and joy;" for this testimony is simply natural, gives no information of the supernatural end of man, and cannot raise him to the supernatural order. Again (Rom. i. 20), "His invisible (attributes), from the creation of the world, are beheld by means of the things that are made; as also His eternal power and divinity." Here again the testimony of creatures is no foundation for supernatural faith; therefore the theology which St. Paul speaks of is natural. And, as natural religion has its own evidence and its own creed, so it

has its own law, that of moral virtue, obedience to which is possible without supernatural grace, but not without some grace. And it has its own reward: an eternal natural contemplation of God, as St. Alphonsus allows, and a progressive insight into nature; perhaps an administration of some of the powers of the material universe.*

Objectively, the division between natural and revealed religion is most precise; subjectively, with regard to the persons in each scheme, the two systems communicate with each other.† One God presides over both; one Word is the light of men, who illuminates all; one Redeemer gives efficacy to repentance and expiation in the natural as well as in the supernatural system; natural and supernatural grace are streams from the same fountain, though they do not conduct to the same ocean. It is impossible to say of any given virtuous heathen whether he acts by the light of faith, by supernatural

* The "Limbus" for which I am contending is no other than "locus ille inferorum in quo animæ decedentium cum solâ originali culpâ, pœnâ damni, citra pœnam ignis puniantur," the assertion of which Pius VI., in his brief against the synod of Pistoia, art. 26, clears from the imputation of Pelagianism, and which he distinguishes from "locus ille et status medius *expers culpæ et pœnæ* inter regnum Dei et damnationem æternam, qualem fabulabantur Pelagiani." The place of natural reward is within the region of the *pœna damni;* therefore in hell, not between hell and heaven: it is not "without fault," for man there is degraded from the destiny for which he was originally intended, and, as applied to original sin, "fault" means "degradation;" nor "without pain," since it has the greatest of all penalties, the *pœna damni.* But this penalty, though materially present, is to all intents abrogated by the want of the supernatural knowledge which gives it its form.

† I do not mean that men can at pleasure migrate from the state of nature to the state of grace, or *vice versâ;* I only assert, that to us the boundary between them is uncertain. As we cannot tell but what a virtuous heathen may be in a state of grace, so we cannot tell whether a person who, though baptised in infancy, has been educated in ignorance of, or in hatred to, religion, may not be looked upon by God as in a state of nature. As to the assertion that the Blood of the Redeemer gives efficacy to repentance in the natural order, we know, in the first place, that His kingdom extends over many economics, over many worlds, that mankind is but as one sheep out of a hundred rational natures subject to this rich Shepherd (see St. Cyril and St. Ambrose on Luke xv. 4, apud St. Thom. Cat. Aur.). We know, too, that His blood has wider applications than to human beings only. "Heavenly things" are purged by it (Heb. ix. 23). Why may it not be efficacious downwards as well as upwards, in a lower order as well as in superior states? Even inanimate nature sympathised with the death of the Redeemer; the same persons who hold that the beasts became more bestial by the fall cannot refuse to admit that they may in some unexplained way receive a benefit from the redemption. Why, then, refuse to admit, that on men in the state of nature it has a direct special efficacy, which, though not transferring the person from the natural to the supernatural order, yet authorises and gives validity to natural sorrow and penitence? "Without blood-shedding there is no remission;" yet the voice of nature and of conscience teaches that sin is pardonable. To say that God cannot pardon sin in the state of nature without raising the sinner to the state of adoption, is to deny the reason and conscience of the whole pagan world, which distinctly affirmed the efficacy of penance and expiation, but which had no glimpse of the supernatural order.

grace, in order to the beatific vision, or only by the light of nature, by natural grace, in order to a natural reward. Here we touch on the mystery of God's predestination. Of two pagans, apparently equally virtuous, one is chosen, the other left. Of two infants, one dies baptised, the other unregenerate. But pagan virtue will not lose its reward, nor will the infant unstained by actual sin be tormented. There is no respect of persons, no unfair favour with God. All good, whether in the natural or supernatural order, will be rewarded far beyond its deserts, or even its wildest dream. God is just; He is not the hard-hearted father that Calvin represents Him to be. Though He does not call all to the adoption of the kingdom, He leaves none in hopeless misery, except after their proper probation. He is not a rich man who starves his children; but He uses His right, and brings them up to what state and profession He chooses, guided by His infallible judgment of the dispositions of each. God may leave His creatures in the natural order, or exalt them to the supernatural, without any one having the right to ask why He does it. But in these respective orders He is bound to give them whatever assistance they need for the attainment of their end. And this assistance I firmly believe that He does give with infinite liberality.

Here, then, I come to the conclusion at which I arrived in my former letter, that original sin comes not by propagation, is nothing positive residing either in the soul or in the flesh, but is caused by the decree of the all-merciful God, who places us on a level, because we should infallibly break our necks on the heights. If sin is propagated, why do we only inherit Adam's sin, not Noe's, or that of our immediate parents? St. Augustine (*Enchiridion*, c. 47) finds no reason in the thing itself; but ascribes it to the "tempering moderation of God's *mercy*, lest those on whom the grace of regeneration is not conferred should in their eternal damnation be oppressed by too heavy a burden, if they were obliged by their origin to contract liability for the sins of all their ancestors since the creation; but whether any other reason for a thing of so great consequence may or may not be found, after a diligent examination of the Scriptures, is more than I can take upon me to say." Ultimately the whole system must be referred to God's mercy; for it is a mystery quite inexplicable on any principles of nature or natural morality. But instead of bringing in God's mercy only when it is a question why we do not inherit the degradation of our immediate parents as well as that of Adam, I would bring it in from the first, and use it as the all-sufficient account of our being

made to inherit Adam's degradation,—that fall which *inest unicuique proprium*, which each individual partakes, inasmuch as he is a being with faculties originally formed for the supernatural, but forced to content himself with the natural.

Neither must we deny great excellence to the capacities of fallen man. All that theologians deny him is the ability to fulfil absolutely the law of nature: he may keep from each individual crime; but to continue steadfast in all good through his whole life they deny to be within the compass of man in the state of nature: that is, they only deny him the altitude of those rare Christian saints who have never since their baptism fallen into mortal sin. As for any amount of strength of moral virtue, they are ready to concede it. It was a pagan who gave the precept,

> "Phalaris licet imperet, ut sis
> Falsus, et admoto dictet perjuria tauro,
> Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori,
> Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas."

"Though the tyrant torture you to make you tell a lie, yet believe it to be the height of crime to prefer life to honour, and for the sake of living to forfeit all that makes life worth having." In fact, heathen virtue is so strong in fortitude, that I am sometimes reminded, when I compare the conduct of Christians with that of men of the world, of a monk's remark in reference to a person's vocation to the religious life: "I think he has a vocation; he is too weak to live in the world." We unquestionably often see more innate nobility of character in infidels than in Christians; and we only make ourselves contemptible when, with Jansenists like Tillemont, we refuse to allow the name of virtue to an act of Gentile heroism. A semi-arian bishop, Mark of Arethusa, delivered himself to the pagans to save his fellow-Christians. "The fact," says Tillemont (*Hist. Eccl.* vii. 370), "is too well supported to admit of a doubt; but it is no small difficulty to know whether this fortitude were a virtue purely human, like that of the Reguli, the Scævolæ, and other heroes of paganism, *which, in reality, was only an effect of pride;* or whether it were a Christian virtue, a gift of grace, and an operation of the charity that makes men saints. For the foundation of true virtue is true faith, without which it is impossible to please God: as likewise it is impossible that true virtue should not please Him." The historian would not acknowledge that a pagan might have true virtue, which deserved its natural reward.

Nothing that I have said will justify the conclusion that a man can blamelessly refuse to be raised from the natural to the supernatural platform when grace is offered him. While

man's instincts for the supernatural are uninformed and blind, he is obliged to content himself with the natural; but when these instincts are once illumined by supernatural grace, he *is* raised to a state above nature, and can only look forward to a supernatural destiny, whether of bliss or of torment. Moreover, the man in the state of nature, if he obeys the dictates of his reason, and his instinct for the supernatural, must be always inquiring, always seeking after truth. If he refuses to do so, or to listen to the man who can show probable credentials of a Divine mission, he commits one of the greatest possible crimes against the natural law in thwarting the highest natural instinct.

This view of original sin will also give us a consistent and reasonable view of the scheme of Divine Providence with regard to society. "Why," ask philosophers of a certain school, "did God place man on the earth, when He knew that he would fall? Is it not much more rational to suppose that he was introduced into the animal world—which up to the time of his creation had through myriads of ages been gradually progressing from the lowest to the highest types of animal life—not with a sudden jerk, not with such an immeasurable interval as is implied in the sudden introduction of the angel-like Adam and Eve, but with a slight step, an advance on the monkey little greater than that of the ape beyond the genus next below it? It would be more in accordance with analogy that man should come in as a link in a series, as natural science teaches, than as a magnificent solecism, a grand exception, utterly unlike any thing else in nature. Man, on this view, has only progressed, he has never fallen; he began as a naked savage in the woods, little removed from the ourang-outang; by his superior cerebral organisation he has gradually advanced to what he is. According to the Christian view, he was exceptionally introduced into a world that had for ages been governed by the most uniform laws, —introduced as an angel, wise, powerful, and good, only to become almost immediately more devil than angel, foolish, weak, and criminal."

Now so far as man is only animal, there is no reason for denying the progress here asserted. In the natural point of view, Adam is simply the highest link in the animal series; he was not a civilised man; he had no notion of mechanics, or cookery, or music, or painting, or sculpture; he only knew what God revealed to him. There is no reason for denying that natural acquirements, as distinguished from supernatural, were at their minimum in Adam, and have made enormous progress since his time.

Man, then, *quà* animal, was to follow the progressive law of the animal creation; but *quà* more than animal, as rational being, as a being made for the supernatural, he was not left gradually to discover in the course of generations the existence and the destiny of his soul. His creation was a miracle; it can hardly be called a separate wonder if his higher nature was from the first brought out by an abnormal method into prominence, in order that there might afterwards be no possibility of mistake concerning it. He had the supernatural gift, to show him what his nature was intended for; then he was allowed to lapse into the mere animal condition, in order that it might redound to the glory of God of such stones to raise up successors to the fallen cherubim. The paradisaic state was a primitive revelation, showing what man was meant for, what he might become. In after-ages all religion, all culture, and all civilisation, were founded on the tradition of this state, were the organised endeavours of man to recall the golden age. If Adam had never possessed the gift, such tradition would have been impossible; man introduced as an animal would have remained so; he would have resigned himself contentedly to his lot, would have used his reason for the sole end of fortifying and assisting his animal instincts, of circumventing his enemies, and pleasing himself. It would not have struck him that his miseries and subjection to mortality imported degradation, any more than the natural sufferings of other animals, their hunger and thirst, their ferocity and bloody passions, implied that they had fallen from a higher state. He would have accepted his subjection to starvation, to labour, and to chance, as patiently as the elephant or the sheep. It was only the tradition of a better state that made man perceive the evils of the present, and set himself to amend them.

Without an original supernatural state and a subsequent fall, no material or moral progress would have been possible; no great exhibition of God's power, mercy, and goodness, in raising man from an animal to an angelic condition, and, above all, no redemption. *O certe necessarium Adæ peccatum, O felix culpa*—O happy fall, out of whose rotten carcass God has produced such sweetness! Why should God have withheld His hand from creating man because He foreknew his fall, when He intended to use his fall to such great ends, unless, as the Calvinists and Jansenists teach, the creation involved such a mass of hopeless misery as to make it an act of injustice to build the happiness of a few on the tortures of so many?

But this idea is obviated by the present view of original

sin, and of the natural end of man. The extremity of supernatural punishment is confined to those who have abused full knowledge and supernatural grace; to the devil and his angels, to Judas, for whom it would have been better never to have been born; for apostate Christians, for sinners against the light. But the regions of the *pœna damni*, where God is not seen, contain all grades, from this depth of despair to the Elysian happiness of the inmates of Dante's seven-walled castle. For most it will be better to be than not to be—

> "That knowledge which as spirits we obtain
> Is to be valued in the midst of pain;
> Annihilation were to lose heaven more:
> We are not quite exiled where thought can soar."

Thus says Dryden; and the reason of humanity goes with him. The human heart does not acquiesce in *infinite* pain, simply because the offender is infinitely removed from the person offended. It does not accept the dictum that "the disorder of a finite being lifting itself against the Infinite demands an infinite chastisement." My reason tells me the reverse. If I am insulted, I do not feel myself growing more angry in proportion to the folly or ignorance of the person who insults me. A king would overlook a gesture of disrespect in a low fellow, which he must punish in a courtier. It would be the most fantastic absurdity to maintain the reverse. Therefore I make bold to say, that when Adam, who was a courtier of God, committed an outrage upon Him, He removed him from His court, He degraded him to be a peasant, in order that in this low state it might not be necessary to animadvert upon all his breaches of good conduct; and that infinite purity might be able to wink at ignorance and depravity. Sin is not an infinite offence, because of the nothingness of him who commits it; on the contrary, sin is the greater the nearer the sinner is to the Infinite. The higher the tower the deeper the fall; the greatness of the sin is not measured by the distance, but by the proximity of the sinner to the person sinned against. The ratio of its magnitude varies inversely, not directly, with the distance. Sin is only infinite when by grace the sinner has been made partaker of the Divine nature. It is the rebellion of the child against the father, not that of the nothing against the Infinite, which constitutes the *gravamen* of sin.

I have, dear sir, in these pages addressed myself to some very difficult subjects which I have not found professedly treated in the books which I have read. I do not suppose that I have been happy enough to escape errors in my argu-

ment—perhaps not in my conclusions; but I hereby profess myself ready to retract any thing which is contrary to the decision of the Holy See, or that of any competent Catholic authority.

I am, dear Sir, very truly yours,

R. P. S.

THE WHITE DEER:

A Catholic Legend

TRANSLATED INTO HEXAMETERS.

Low in a lonely valley there lay an abbey in ruins,
Like a wreck on the shores of time, thrown up from an ocean of ages,—
Ages murmuring still of injuries many and mournful.
There was the grass-grown nave, unroofed, and shattered in fragments:
There were the chapiters shrouded in masses of evergreen ivy.
Walls still stood,—and yet tottering,—rifted up to their windows;
Where through the hollow casements none looked out but the night-owl,
Soul of a monk, as he seemed, when he sat alone in the moonlight.
Sad was the scene to all but the lovers of nature and silence;
Yet to them most grateful,—when prayer or deep meditation
Craved communion with heaven in uninterrupted seclusion.

Close to an archway neglected,—where once an altar of Mary,
Mother of God, and Immaculate, thrilled a thousand affections,
Years had spared her image,—though stained and worn were its features.
There it remained, to many a slighted memento of mercy;
Dear alone to some faithful few,—the children of fathers
Mouldering in dust around beneath the grass and the harebells.
Ah! it was fair to behold, when at sunset one and another
Stole to the spot with their beads, and invoked the glorious Virgin,—
Scorned as she was by a puritan, prim, and proud generation;
Cromwell then ruling the land with his rod of vengeance and iron.
Many a holy pile had his myrmidons sacked in their fury:
Many a goodly cross had they cast down crushed on the pavement:
Many a pictured shrine had their hands defaced without pity.

Part of a rich estate, these ruins had for their master
Richard, Lord Delaroche, from the Catholic creed an apostate;
Oliver sparing his farms as the price of his guilty secession.
Long had he wandered abroad to soothe the scourges of conscience,

Lost in the arms of luxury, drunkenness, women, and wassail ;
Weary at length, come back to live on his numerous manors.

Where is the skill that can lull to rest the writhings of conscience ?
Where is the charm that can silence the hiss of the serpent remorseless
Coiled in the soul of a sinner unshriven and lost in transgression ?
Lord Delaroche would have bartered his wealth for the peace of a swineherd !
Brave and bold was his brow, as he walked in his power and glory,
Envied, and feared, and flattered by menials earning their wages :
Horror involving his heart, amidst the stillness of midnight,—
Fearfulness then unveiling the flames of the hell that consumed him.

Nothing remained but to plunge into seas of excess and excitement,—
Harlotry, revel, and song,—when the sun sank below the horizon ;
Horses, and hounds, and horns, so soon as he rose o'er the mountains.
Thrice in one season the huntsman had sworn that he saw in a coppice,
Feeding alone on the flowers, a deer of exquisite whiteness,
Fleet as the winds when it fled and shook its magnificent antlers.
Lord Delaroche then declared he would give a full guerdon in guilders
Down on the field to the knave who should ever discover the white deer.
Boys and men were always watching,—and watching for nothing ;
All had tried, and failed, for in vain the covers were beaten ;—
They could only say they had seen the swains who thought they had seen it.

Thus went the winter away; and the spring had breathed on the winter,
Buds on the boughs appearing, and verdure clothing the valleys.
Noon had reminded the baron to cool his steed at a fountain—
Far as he was from his party thrown out in the chase, as they rode on,
Making the hills resound ; for the loiterers summoned each other.
Just ere they came in sight,—lo ! fresh from the bowery thickets,
Free and fair, like a flash of light, there darted the white deer,
Arrow of snow, as it seemed, in vanishing down the valley.
"Onward for life, and a thousand merks for the beautiful white deer!"
Shouted the Lord Delaroche, as the rocks re-echoed his summons :
"Onward for life, and a thousand merks for the beautiful white deer!"
Answered at once the throats of a troop of galloping horsemen.
On they rushed, like a torrent, over the hedges and meadows,—
Over the briers and brakes,—or along the slippery margin
Where the rivulet murmured its song of silvery music,

Gleaming and glancing through foliage framed in a shower of sunbeams.
Onward the hunters poured pell-mell,—hounds, horses, and riders,—
Swift as an avalanche down the steep;—none drew in his bridle;
"Onward for life, and a thousand merks for the beautiful white deer!"
Now were the dogs on his haunches; and now were they thrown out of order
Baffled and blown, one saw not how; when, at last, near the abbey
Breathless he sought the ruins,—and disappeared in a moment.
Homeward the hunters hied, with imprecations and curses:
Lord Delaroche was himself abashed, and inwardly marvelled
How on earth the game had escaped; but he pondered it deeply,
Fixed in his silent mind that at night he would seek for the secret.

Day had withdrawn in twilight, and labour was buried in slumber;
High in the firmament shone the crescent of Cynthia cloudless,—
Radiant, lovely, alone,—arrayed in the softness of beauty,
Hallowing the ruins around, and gilding their tips as she touched them.
Emblem of Mary! his soul would have said; but he had forsaken,—
He, the Lord Delaroche,—that dear and Immaculate Mother!
Yet he looked upward and sighed; for surely some heavenly feeling
Stole o'er his heart of stone as he stealthily entered the abbey.
Where was the faith of his fathers, which he had disgraced and abandoned?
What were his hopes of heaven, but, like this abbey, in ruins?
So he advanced, and wept; for there in the sheen of the moonbeams
Stood the statue of Mary, Immaculate Mother of Mercy;
Just as though, wrapt in love, it had come from the glory supernal,
Lighting the prodigal home to the shrine of peace and salvation:
So he fell down on his knees, and murmured an *Ave Maria!*

Then from the thickets around there bounded into the ruins
Gently, with footsteps so soft that they only seemed like a shadow
Falling on dewy harebells, the white deer, full in his beauty.
Peerless his outline appeared, as to purity more than a mortal,
Essence of symmetry, seen in the magical mirror of fancy;
Antlers adorned his brow, with lofty and wonderful branches
Blending their summits within the bloom of an Iris celestial,
Arching from one to the other; and in the fair centre suspended
Glowed a crimsoned cross, with the Crucified dying upon it!
Then and there did the moonlit hand of Immaculate Mary
Point to the pensive vision; as, prostrate in penitent sorrow,
Lord Delaroche had fallen, for ever to wonder and worship.

Soon as the morning arose, the baron assembled his people
Declaration to make of his plans resolved for the future.

Owning each past transgression, he meekly withdrew that denial
Which from the Church of God had severed his soul as apostate.
Then to a bishop he hastened, from whom, in lowly confession
Humbled and sweetly repentant, he sought and obtained absolution.
Then did he sell his estates; and so far as wrongs could be mended,
Pardon he sued for from all, and amply made restitution;
What remained went abroad, to be spent in founding a hospice.
Penances sharp he endured through many a lingering twelvemonth,
Scourges, and girdles, and chains, with haircloths and fastings unnumbered.
Lastly, in peace he expired, anointed, and buried in ashes.

M. B.

MEDIÆVAL LATIN.

Sir,—So Mr. Macaulay thinks that Ecclesiastical Latin is very bad; that the authors were very contemptible writers, and uttered gibberish highly offensive to all cultivated ears. I am aware that *de gustibus non est disputandum;* but as Mr. Macaulay has begun the dispute, perhaps we may go on with it. Let us grant, then, that "Ambrose and Gregory" were very foolish persons; yet, after all, they were not so bad as they might have been; they were Italians, whereas they might have been Scotchmen; they were priests, when they might have been lawyers;—and if they had been both Scotchmen and lawyers, and if they had been translated to the Stuartian and Jacobite paradise of correct diction, what sort of Latin, I pray you, would they have written? I am afraid that their "Latin in the last stage of decay" would have found that below the lowest depth there is still a lower deep, and that it was reserved for English and Scotch lawyers to fathom this wonderful profound. As I suppose very few of your readers are aware of the curious stuff, "not merely bad writing, but senseless gibberish," which such learned limbs exuded, perhaps you will allow me to exhibit a few authentic specimens. Let us suppose some presentment at a court baron, temp. Jac. I. "Presentatum est," we might read, "quod A. B. yeoman consultavit, provocavit, procuravit, incitavit et abettavit quendam C. D. unam equam de catallis cujusdam E. F. adtunc et ibidem inventam verberare, vulnerare, et fugare, ac cum quodam cane, valente x. solidos, mordere, ita quod ratione prædict. verberationis, fugationis, vulnerationis, morsus ejusdem equæ, adtunc et ibidem interiit pred' equa, et alia enormia ei intulit, ad grave dampnum pred' E. F., et contra pacem domini regis, coronam et dignitatem suas."

Again: Presentatum est quod constabularius hundredi de A. et ballivus manerii B. levaverunt magnum hutesium et exclamationem (*Ang.* a hue and cry) post quendam C. D. felonem domini regis; et quod in vico X deprehenderunt eum, sed quod predict' C. D., cum magno comitatu communium bibonum, tipulatorum, et aliorum infamosorum characterum, fecit affraiam contra predictos constabularium et ballivum, traxitque sanguinem de naso predic' ballivi. Nihilominus predict' ball. et constab. seizaverunt predict. C. D. et hancuffiaverunt eum; sed quod supervenit quidam E. F. et ex malitiâ prepensatâ vi et armis rescussit predict' C. D. et largum ire permisit, contra pacem, &c.

Another: Præsentatum est quod A. B. incrochiavit super vastum domini manerii de C., et nuper erexit unum cottagium super unam peciam terræ quam abstraxit de vasto predict. absque titulo sive clameo; item quod est quædam guttera ducens a cottagio predict' sive coquina ejusdem A. B. per quam sordida sive fetosa aqua a dict. coquina est conducta in regiam viam ad grave nocumentum regiæ viæ et omnium carriagiarum ultra eandem carriandarum per populum dni. regis. Item quod predict. A. B. quasdam arbores super vastum predictum crescentes loppavit, et loppas abscarriavit; item quod erexit quoddam sterquilinium adversus domum suam prope regiam viam, ad nocumentum populi domini regis et abstoppationem regiæ viæ prædictæ; et quod cum barganizasset abscarriare predictum sterquilinium et super se assumere, &c. On this point, however, A. B. ponit se super patriam.*

* It was presented that A. B., yeoman, advised, persuaded, procured, incited, and abetted a certain C. D. to beat, wound, drive, and with a certain dog, value ten shillings, to bite one mare of the chattels of a certain E. F., then and there found, so that by reason of the aforesaid beating, wounding, driving, and biting of the said mare, the mare aforesaid did then and there die, and other grave evils did unto him, to the grievous loss of the aforesaid E. F., and against the peace of our lord the king, his crown and dignity.

It was presented that the constable of the hundred of A. and the bailiff of the manor of B. raised a great hue and cry after a certain C. D., a felon of our lord the king; and that in X Lane they caught him; but that the aforesaid C. D., with a great company of common drunkards, and tipplers, and other infamous characters, made an affray against the said constable and bailiff, and drew blood from the nose of the bailiff aforesaid. Nevertheless the aforesaid constable and bailiff seized the said C. D. and handcuffed him; but that a certain E. F. supervened, and out of malice prepense by force of arms rescued the aforesaid C. D., and permitted him to go at large, against the peace, &c.

Presented that A. B. has encroached on the waste of the lord of the manor of C., and has lately erected one cottage upon a piece of land which he has abstracted from the waste aforesaid without title or claim. Also that there is a certain gutter leading from the aforesaid cottage or kitchen of the same A. B., by which foul or fetid water is brought from the said kitchen to the king's highway, to the grave damage of the said king's highway, and of all carriages to be carried across it by the people of our lord the king. Also that the said A. B.

This, we imagine, is almost enough of this Macaronic Latin; the only difficulty is to imagine that it was seriously meant to be Latin at all; this, however, is *the* Latin which English and Scotch lawyers thought good enough for their purpose till very recently, in which Mr. Macaulay himself would have written if he had lived about 150 years ago.

But now suppose "Ambrose and Gregory" had nourished the same reverence for Cicero, Lucretius, Terence, and Virgil which Mr. Macaulay professes, and had written in the style of these classical luminaries, how would they have expressed the dogmas of the Church? In this we are not left quite without evidence; we have ecclesiastical writings by people who could write Ciceronian and Virgilian Latin quite as well as Mr. Macaulay can write English; let us see what kinds of things they have written, and then let us compare this style with the genuine ecclesiastical manner which so much rouses the canny Scot's bile.

At the beginning of the Roman Pontifical there is a copy of verses which, for all I know, may be by Bembo, or Picus Mirandola, or Politian, or Desiderius Erasmus, or any other of your great scholars of the *renaissance*. It begins—

"Vos o pontifices, vos o sacra nomina mystæ,
Atque sacerdotes, vario quos ordine Divûm
Mancipat obsequiis ultro jurata voluntas"—

You, O pontiffs, you, O mystics, sacred names! and priests, whom, in various order, a will voluntarily sworn binds to the service of the Gods—

By which, literally understood, we learn that there are three orders of Christian priests—pontifices, mystæ, and sacerdotes—engaged in the worship of a plurality of Gods.

"——Vobis hæc sancta laborat
Religio, et Latii sancit decreta senatus"—

For you this holy religion labours, and the senate of Latium sanctions your decrees—

Hence we learn that it is not the decrees of the Church, but those of the Latian senate, which we obey.

"Multa docens, et quos præscribit Romula ritus
Infula, et antiquum templorum insistere morem—"

Teaching much, the rites which the tiara of Romulus prescribes, and to adhere to the ancient customs of temples—

As if the Pope derived from Romulus, not from St. Peter,

lopped certain trees growing on the waste aforesaid, and carried away the lops. Also that he, the said A. B., erected a certain dunghill against his house by the king's highway, to the injury of the people of our lord the king, and the stopping-up of the highway aforesaid; and that when he had bargained to carry away the aforesaid dunghill, and to take it upon himself, &c. But on this A. B. puts himself on his country.

and had to insist on the worship not of the churches, but of the temples;—to teach that it is the office of an exorcist to expel truculent genii with lustral incantation—"truces genios exturbare lustrali carmine"—carmen in classical language meaning magical incantation, and nothing else. To teach also that when a "mysta" dedicates a temple, "silicem inscriptum faustis pro more sequetur ominibus"—he is to follow the writing on the stone with lucky omens,—such as the flight of carrier-pigeons, or the inspection of the entrails of a pig. To teach also the "præsul" "verba potentia dicere," mighty magical words, if we are to translate according to classical rules.

Again:

> "At cum templa scelus, sævique licentia ferri
> Polluit impulsu tetro, furiisque nefandæ
> Tisiphones, cessitque animo reverentia Divûm,
> Concipit ille preces, offensaque numina terris
> Conciliat, redditque sacræ sua munia sedi,
> Atque profanatos delubro instaurat honores"—

But when wickedness, or the license of the cruel steel, has polluted the temples with nasty assault, or with the furies of the impious Tisiphone, and the reverence of the gods has gone from the mind, then he (the præsul) conceives prayers, and reconciles the offended deities to the lands, and restores its office to the sacred seat, and renews the profaned honours of the fane.

The præsul also sprinkles "rore"—with dew—the "simulacra sancta Deorum"—the sacred images of the gods; while the crusader, more wonderfully still, throws blest darts among the infidels, "superis præeuntibus"—the gods going before him, and giving him a lucky omen of victory. Again, the man who fasts is not to eat till Sol directs his chariot downwards. If this Sol is one of the gods that went before the crusader, I only wonder how he could have shot so straight under the circumstances. Finally, I can only express a hope that the scholar who first called a Bishop a præsul, did not thereby seriously intend to call him the coryphæus of the Salii and Lupercales of the college of Mars; that he had in his eyes no reprehensible vision of peaceable and comfortable ecclesiastics with sacred shields on their arms, and those "lanigeros apices," or woolly things on their heads, which have led some critics into the erroneous notion of their nigger extraction, performing their gyrations through the streets of Rome with the Bishop at their head on a hot summer's day.

Well now, with all deference to Mr. Macaulay, in church I would much rather hear the mediæval Latin, which offends his ears so much, than this absurd classical jargon, which dresses up the Phidian Jove in the habit of a monk, puts

a mitre on the head of Silenus, and sets Pan to play the organ. These gods are only devils after all, and they writhe and grin and leer with horrible demoniac countenances when you force them to talk as if they were Christians. I would as soon attempt to baptise Beelzebub as to make Cicero preach a homily, or Ovid sing a hymn.

I must say that I prefer for this purpose a medium Latinity, unencumbered with pagan allusions, expressive of Christian ideas and modern turns of thought, yet carefully steering clear of the Macaronic rock against which the lawyers have run their comical craft.—I am, &c.

RICHARD AP WILLIAM.

Reviews.

MRS. FITZHERBERT AND GEORGE IV.

Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert. By the Hon. Charles Langdale. Bentley, London, 1856.

WE were once present at an interview between a Protestant lady and her son, when he informed her for the first time of his intention to become a Catholic. She immediately rang the bell and ordered a fly, with the exclamation, "My dear, you are leaving the Church by law established, and I insist on your going with me to consult our family lawyer." We were talking, on another occasion, with a Protestant about some scamp or other, whose conduct in money-matters had been more than questionable; and in the course of conversation he made the remark, that he could not call him a scamp till it was clearly proved that he had transgressed the law of the land. These two cases seem to us to typify the very general inability to distinguish between positive human law and the natural law of morals. Indeed, in countries where religion has ceased to exist, as was the case in France during the great revolution; or where it becomes a mere function of the state, as it is now in England and was in most pagan nations of antiquity, where the sovereign is both chief of the state and head of the religion,—men's minds become so accustomed to the supremacy of the state in every question, both moral and political, that they receive its dicta without any idea of resistance or objection. In old pagan nations men were consistent, for they deified the head of their state and religion—the only logical conse-

quence it is possible to arrive at on such premises; so was the National Convention in France, at least till Robespierre set up the worship of an *Etre Suprême*. Then was seen the folly of this *Etre Suprême* ruling the world according to the decrees the Convention was obliging enough to make for him. An amusing anecdote is told apropos to this in a French Life of Robespierre, published at Arras, his native town. Robespierre and Couthon were once taking a walk in the country, and in the course of it saw a countryman weeping bitterly. They went up to him, and the following colloquy took place between the three. *Robespierre:* "Qu'as-tu donc à te lamenter, citoyen?" *Le Paysan:* "Ma mère se meurt." *Couthon:* "Elle mourra demain, ta mère." *Le Paysan:* "Que dites-vous? ma pauvre mère!" and he burst into tears. *Robespierre:* "Tranquillise-toi, citoyen; l'immortalité de l'âme est décrétée; tu la rejoindras un jour." Now, if any English Protestant should peruse this article, he perhaps might exclaim, "We do not do any thing so absurd as that in England." The only answer we can make is: Indeed you do; *mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.* You believe in God; you receive the Bible as your rule of faith, and you declare yourself able and qualified to interpret it; you proclaim the Pope a tyrant for daring to assert his authority in respect to the interpretation of those Holy Scriptures, although he shows you that authority, as we think, clearly defined in the very word of God in which you profess to believe; while, with the most glorious inconsistency, you submit to a far greater tyranny than you can say any Pope ever imposed on mankind. You allow your sovereign and legislature to make laws altering at their pleasure the law of God, without any authority, or shadow of authority, from Him for so doing—laws which no Pope, from St. Peter to Pius IX., have ever presumed to make: for they never *altered* the law of God; the only accusation even you can make against them is, that they have added to it. And mark your further inconsistency; for while proclaiming the right of every man to judge for himself what should be the rule of his faith and conduct by the word of God, most illogically do you deny him the right of acting upon that judgment when formed. Now what right have you to step in with your tyrannical laws (for laws are tyrannical when they are logically inconsistent with the first principles of the government that made them), and prevent him so doing? That you do so, the following is an instance. Two or three years ago a man was brought up before the magistrates for bigamy; he justified himself by saying that he had read in the Bible that David and other holy patriarchs had more wives than one, and he consi-

dered it his duty to follow their example. Now that man was consistent; not so the legislature that punished him. A law which at once does this, and proclaims the right of private judgment, is most unjust. And while on the subject of marriage, let us take it as a case in point as to the power your government pretends to exercise over you, and as to what you submit to from it—you, who reject God for your parliament, as the Jews of old rejected Him first for Saul, and at a more recent period for Cæsar. Now, if there is one thing more insisted on than another in the Holy Scriptures, it is the sanctity of the marriage-vow: "whom God has joined together, let not man put asunder." You certainly have not YET a general law sanctioning divorce, though your legislature passes private acts allowing it in particular instances, in other words, legalising what God has forbidden—adultery. Again, you contemptuously declare to be living in concubinage those who before God and His Church have solemnly made themselves one, unless all your petty tyrannical regulations have been complied with. Now, do you really think Almighty God will acknowledge your laws in heaven? or that He will judge mankind according to the decisions of your parliament? This is what you really do; you blasphemously make God a constitutional monarch, who has nothing else to do but register your decrees. You think, for instance, that He will acquit Princess Caroline of Brunswick of adultery with George IV., and condemn Mrs. Fitzherbert, because such is your law (the princess herself, however, was not of your opinion; for she one day said, "The only sin of adultery she had ever committed was with the husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert"). If, on the contrary, that should happen which we Catholics know must happen, that God will impute no sin to Mrs. Fitzherbert for living with the Prince Regent as his wife, and will hold the Princess Caroline guilty of adultery with him—for we know He will ratify the decisions of that Church which He has said shall not err—how impotent and absurd, were it not for their blasphemy, will then appear the decrees of your English legislature!

You may say then, If this is the belief of Catholics, do you consider the Princess Charlotte of Wales illegitimate? and would you therefore not have acknowledged her right to the throne had she lived? "Yes," we answer, "we do consider her illegitimate; and yet we should have acknowledged her right. England has, since 1688, been really an elective monarchy, whatever certain people may say; for no sovereign can oppose hereditary right as a successful plea against English law, or the will of a majority of the English people; and we,

with this view, would respect the will of the majority of our fellow-citizens—the strange jumble of hereditary and elective right that exists in their minds notwithstanding, which we don't understand, and consider as inconsistent as the rest of their opinions."

But we forget that we are reviewing the life of Mrs. Fitzherbert. We hope our readers will excuse us the long preface we have been led on to write, and can only plead the necessity there seems to us of explaining certain views which most Protestants appear determined not to understand, and which even some Catholics are ignorant of. But before we begin with her, we must say a few words about the first amour of George IV., or, as he was in his younger days, the Prince of Wales.

The first time the prince appears before the world as a lover was in the character of Prince Florizel, making love to a Mrs. Robinson, an actress, who was married to a scamp of a lawyer's clerk, whom she supported by her profession. After a first interview, at which the Protestant Bishop of Osnaburg was present by way of propriety, and sundry other meetings between the pair alone afterwards, poor Perdita, as she was called from her celebrated character in the *Winter's Tale*, was undone, and Florizel gave her a bond for 20,000*l.*, to be paid when he came of age; but when he did come of age he was both too tired of the lady to cultivate any longer her acquaintance, and too fond of his money to part with the 20,000*l.*

The next time the prince appears on the stage as a love-stricken swain was at the age of twenty-three years, when the subject of our present article was the object of his desires; and while engaged in his pursuit of her, the ardent lover for the first time discovered that it was possible for a virtue to exist that could resist the will even of princes.

When the prince first became acquainted with Mrs. Fitzherbert she was living on Richmond Hill, and was the heroine of that popular ballad,

> "I would crowns resign to call her mine,—
> Sweet lass of Richmond Hill."

She was a Catholic, her maiden name Mary Anne Smythe, daughter of Walter Smythe, Esq. of Brambridge in the county of Hants. She was born in July 1756, and married in July 1775 Edward Weld, Esq., of Lulworth Castle in the county of Dorset, who died in the course of the same year. She married, secondly, Thomas Fitzherbert, Esq., of Swinnerton in the county of Stafford, in the year 1778, who lost his life three years after in consequence of his exertions during Lord George Gordon's riots, by bathing whilst he was heated. She thus became a second time a widow before she had attained the age

of twenty-five years, with an independent income of 2000*l.* a year.

It is not surprising that a susceptible young prince, living so near her as Kew is to Richmond Hill, should have remarked and been captivated by the extraordinary beauty Mrs. Fitzherbert is said to have possessed even at a period late in life, or that this admiration should have led to an acquaintance, which first took place three years after the death of her second husband, namely, when she was twenty-eight years of age. Nor was this her first attention from royalty. Lord Stourton, whose narrative is quoted by his relative Mr. Langdale, and who, with Lord Albemarle, was named by Mrs. Fitzherbert as guardian of her papers, and to whom she intrusted all the history of her life, that he might vindicate her honour from any attack that might be made on it after her death, gives us the following anecdote:

"Attentions from royalty, as I have heard Mrs. Fitzherbert say, as if to prognosticate her future destinies, commenced with her at a very early age. Having accompanied her parents, while yet a child, to see the King of France at his solitary dinner at Versailles, and seeing Louis XV. pull a chicken to pieces with his fingers, the novelty of the exhibition struck her fancy so forcibly, that, regardless of royal etiquette, she burst into a fit of laughter, which attracted the royal notice, and his majesty sent her a dish of sugar-plums by one of his courtiers."

Surrounded as she was by so many personal advantages, and sincerely attached to the memory of her late husband, she shrank from the splendid offer of marriage made her by the prince. She knew the difficulties to which this marriage would give rise, very much increased by her profession of the Catholic faith, and the penalties of *præmunire* that would therefore hang over all those implicated in the affair. She knew also that a law was in existence which deprived any prince who married a Catholic of his claim to the throne of England. But the attack was continued by the prince with such importunity, that she felt herself at last compelled reluctantly to yield:

"Keit the surgeon, Lord Onslow, Lord Southampton, and Mr. Edward Bouverie, arrived at her house in the utmost consternation, informing her that the life of the prince was in imminent danger; that he had stabbed himself; and that only *her* immediate presence would save him. She resisted, in the most peremptory manner, all their importunities, saying that nothing should induce her to enter Carlton House. She was afterwards brought to share in the alarm; but still, fearful of some stratagem derogatory to her reputation, insisted upon some lady of high character accompanying her as an indispen-

sable condition: the Duchess of Devonshire was selected. They four drove from Park Street to Devonshire House, and took her along with them. She found the prince pale and covered wth blood. The sight so overpowered her faculties that she was deprived almost of all consciousness. The prince told her that nothing would induce him to live unless she promised to become his wife, and permitted him to put a ring round her finger. I believe a ring from the hand of the Duchess of Devonshire was used upon the occasion, and not one of his own. Mrs. Fitzherbert, on being asked by me (Lord Stourton) whether she did not believe that some trick had been practised, and that it was not really the blood of his Royal Highness, answered in the negative, and said she had frequently seen the scar, and that some brandy-and-water was near his bedside when she was called to him on the day he wounded himself."

In spite of Mrs. Fitzherbert's belief in the reality of the wound, we remain incredulous as to the attempt at suicide. We don't see what the brandy-and-water has to do with the matter at all; and Dr. Doran tells us that the prince, when he wished to engage the attention of any lady he was attached to for the moment, used to bleed himself, or to be bled, in order to look pale and interesting; and this version we think the more probable of the two.

After their interview with the prince, the party returned to Devonshire House, where a deposition of what had previously occurred was drawn up, signed, and sealed, and perhaps still remains there. The next day, after sending a letter to Lord Southampton, protesting against what had taken place, and that she was not a free agent, she retired to Aix-la-Chapelle, and afterwards to Holland; and the prince, on his side, to Lord Southampton's, to recover from his "wound," and for change of air. In Holland she received the greatest attention from the stadtholder and his family, one of whom, the Princess of Orange, who was at that time the object of negotiation from the royal family for the Prince of Wales, could she have known every thing that had taken place, must have considered her a most dangerous rival. As Mrs. Fitzherbert, however, was most sincere in her endeavours to break through her engagement, she was not the hypocrite she might have appeared to be in the confidential communications between herself and the princess touching the Prince of Wales. "She afterwards saw this princess in England, and continued to enjoy her friendship; but there was always a great coolness on the part of the stadtholder towards her."

She left Holland for France and Switzerland, and for another year continued to "fight off" a union fraught with such dangerous consequences to her peace and happiness.

The prince, however, was a most ardent lover, and sent her letter after letter (one of which contained thirty-seven pages, informing her, among other things, that his father would connive at their union) by couriers, who were so constantly on the road, that they excited the suspicion of the French government, and three of them were in consequence cast into prison. He even employed the Duke of Orleans as a medium of communication, to whom a sum of 25,000*l.*, deficient in the accounts rendered by the prince to his father, is supposed to have gone, though the actual service given for it had never been suspected before.

The love-letters, joined to the eloquence of *Egalité*, produced the desired effect. "Wrought upon, and fearful from the past of the desperation of the prince, she consented, formally and deliberately, to promise she would never marry any other person; and lastly, she was induced to return to England, and to agree to become his wife, on those conditions which satisfied her own conscience, though she could have no legal claim to be the wife of the prince." She came to England; and, having first insisted on those conditions being fulfilled, abandoned herself to her fate.

"Immediately after her return she was married to the prince according to the rites of the Catholic Church in this country; her uncle Harry Errington and her brother Jack Smythe being witnesses to the contract, along with the Protestant clergyman who officiated at the ceremony. No Roman-Catholic priest officiated. A certificate of this marriage is extant in the handwriting of the prince, and with his signature and that of Mary Fitzherbert. The witnesses' names are added; but at the earnest request of the parties, in a time of danger, they were afterwards cut out by Mrs. Fitzherbert herself with her own scissors, to save them from the peril of the law."

This is of the less consequence, as a letter from the prince is still extant, in which he thanks God that the witnesses to their union were still living; two other documents are also preserved, one the letter of the officiating clergyman, and the other with the signature and seal, but not in the handwriting of the prince, in which he repeatedly terms her his wife.

We must here break off our narrative to say a few words to our readers on the difficulty there is of making Protestants understand the real doctrines of the Catholic Church on marriage, or, indeed, on any other subject. Hear, for instance, what Lord Holland says in his memoirs: "She," Mrs. Fitzherbert, "knew the marriage to be invalid in law. She thought it nonsense, and told the prince so. In proof that such had been her uniform opinion, she adduced a very striking

circumstance, namely, that no ceremony by a Roman-Catholic priest took place at all,—the most obvious method of allaying her scruples, had she had any." Let our readers mark what scruples these are—the scruples of living with a man who was not her husband. And so the fair fame of a lady is to be taken away, because a Whig nobleman don't choose to take the trouble to understand what he is writing about. How often have Catholic writers explained the doctrine of the Church on the subject in what seems to us the clearest terms! An article in the *Dublin Review*, written before Lord Holland wrote, says, "The doctrine of the Catholic Church regarding marriage is plain and simple: she teaches that the marriage-contract itself, which is perfected by the words, 'I take thee for my wife,' on the part of the man, and 'I take thee for my husband,' on the part of the woman, or by any other words or signs by which the contracting parties manifest their intention of taking each other for man and wife, is a sacrament." Now Mrs. Fitzherbert must have known this; is it not, therefore, manifest that what Lord Holland put into her mouth must be an invention?

A contemporary reviewer of this work seems to have as confused an idea of the subject as he had before he read it; for he not only puts into italics the words "no Roman-Catholic priest officiated," as if he still inclined to Lord Holland's belief, but congratulates the Anglican clergy on the proof furnished by this book that the Catholic Church holds them to be valid ministers of the rite of matrimony. We are surprised that the accomplished reviewer has so far forgotten his *Don Quixote* as to be oblivious of the fact that in Catholic Spain Don Ferdinand marries Dorothea by the ministry of the lady's-maid. The truth is, that Catholics hold the lady's-maid in question, the blacksmith of Gretna Green, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be equally valid ministers of the rite in places where the Council of Trent is not published, as in England, or Spain in the days of Cervantes, and equally invalid where the publication of the council has taken place. If the Anglican ministers can derive any consolation from this association, they are quite welcome to it.

We must make an honourable exception to the general wrong-headed stupidity on this subject in the person of the reviewer of this book in the *Times*, who very satisfactorily explains the Catholic doctrine on the subject, and goes on to say that "Mrs. Fitzherbert was aware of the doctrine of her Church with respect to matrimony, and contented herself with a ceremony which was perfectly valid in the eyes of its authorities."

A little before the marriage had taken place, or a little after,—for its exact date is not given us,—Mr. Fox, having heard the current report of the day, and getting alarmed at the idea of the serious consequences that might ensue, writes to the prince a letter, dated December 10, 1785, in which he dissuades him with the greatest possible energy from the rash step he is about to take.

We are sorry to shock the feelings of our moral Whig friends by quoting the following extracts from this precious epistle:

"I was told before I left town yesterday that Mrs. Fitzherbert was arrived; and if I had heard only this, I should have felt the most unfeigned joy at an event which I knew would contribute so much to your royal highness's satisfaction; but I was told at the same time that, from a variety of circumstances, which had been observed and put together, there was reason to suppose that you were going to take the very desperate step (pardon the expression) of marrying her at this moment.

If there was no marriage, I conclude your intercourse would be carried on, as it ought, in so private a way as to make it wholly inconsistent with decency or propriety for any one in public to hazard an opinion.

If I were Mrs. Fitzherbert's father or brother, I would advise her not by any means to agree to it (a marriage), and to prefer any other species of connection with you to one leading to so much misery and mischief."

In answer to this letter, which Dr. Doran does not blush to call "very long, very strong, sensible, and manly," coming from "a bold man and honest friend" of the prince, and which Lord Holland, with the most admirable indifference to the exposure of his relative Mr. Fox's moral character contained in it, publishes,—"George P." returns the following answer:

"My dear Charles,—Your letter of last night afforded me more true satisfaction than I can find words to express, as it is an additional proof to me (which I assure you I did not want) of your having that true regard and affection for me which it is not only the wish but the ambition of my life to merit. Make yourself easy, my dear friend. Believe me, the world will now soon be convinced, that there not only is,* but never was, any grounds for these reports which of late have been so malevolently circulated. . . . *Dec.* 11, 1785."

We must say, we think that of this precious pair, Charles James Fox and George Prince of Wales, the former deserves up to this point far the greater amount of obloquy. The

* *Sic*: is this mistake made on purpose?

prince was twenty-three years old, and must have been a silly, mean, heartless young man; for would any other than a mere fool, when in love, have exhibited himself in such a state of farcical despair as this: he "cried by the hour, testified the sincerity and violence of his passion and despair by the most extravagant expressions and actions, rolling on the floor, striking his forehead, tearing his hair, falling into hysterics, and swearing he would abandon the country, forego the crown, sell his jewels and plate, and scrape together a competency to fly with the object of his affection to America."

But this "bold man and honest friend," as Dr. Doran calls him, is to us nothing more than an abject flatterer, who "rejoices at the arrival of a new mistress," and would be most happy to accommodate the prince with one of his own daughters for a concubine; and who gives this advice to the prince, not in any consideration for his character, but because he knows that any evil consequence that happens to him must be reflected back on himself and his party.

From the extract of the prince's letter above given,—and it is the only part of it that has any thing to do with the matter in question,—no greater charge, in our opinion, can be inferred against him than that he was a silly fellow, who did not know his own mind from one day to another; and on the supposition that it was written *before* his marriage (and there is no evidence of the contrary), we do not see that the charge of falsehood and deception, which some of our contemporaries bring against him for writing it, can be sustained. Certainly there is nothing in it to justify Mr. Fox rising up in the House of Commons sixteen months afterwards, namely, on the 20th April 1787, and denying that any marriage had taken place. "His royal highness had authorised him to declare," continued Mr. Fox, "that as a peer of parliament, he was ready in the other House to submit to any, the most pointed questions; or to afford his majesty, or his majesty's ministers, the fullest assurances of the utter falsehood of the statement in question, which never had, and which common sense must see never could have, happened." In reply to Mr. Rolle, whether what Mr. Fox had said was to be understood as spoken by direct authority, Mr. Fox replied, "that he had direct authority."

We can easily conceive the chagrin and surprise this denial caused Mrs. Fitzherbert when it came to her ears. This public degradation of her so compromised her character and religion, and irritated her feelings, that she determined to break off all connection with the prince; but she was advised, on receiving repeated assurances from her husband that he had never authorised Mr. Fox to make the assertion, that it was

her duty to give him the benefit of the doubt. Whether the prince really authorised Mr. Fox to make the statement to get his debts paid (and, as we shall presently see, he was guilty of further villany than this for the same purpose); or whether Mr. Fox invented the denial for party purposes; or whether it was an affair concocted between the two, and both knew it was false; or finally, whether it arose from some mistake or misapprehension,—we do not believe will ever be correctly ascertained: all we know and believe is, that they were both fully capable of lying, if they could have derived any advantage from it.

The prince is said to have been the first to inform Mrs. Fitzherbert of the part taken against her by Fox in the House of Commons. She was on a visit, so Lord Stourton told Mrs. Bodenham, "with the Hon. Mrs. Butler, her friend and relative, at whose house the prince frequently met Mrs. Fitzherbert. The prince called the morning after the denial of the marriage in the House of Commons by Mr. Fox. He went up to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and taking hold of both her hands and caressing her, said, 'Only conceive, Maria, what Fox did yesterday. He went down to the House and denied that you and I were man and wife. Did you ever hear of such a thing?' Mrs. Fitzherbert made no reply, but changed countenance and turned pale."

The prince must have felt himself in a very awkward predicament; for Lord Holland tells us, he sent for Mr. Grey the morning after Fox's statement, and pacing in a hurried manner about the room, exclaimed, "Charles certainly went too far last night; you, my dear Grey, shall explain it;" and then, in distinct terms, and with prodigious agitation, acknowledged that a ceremony had taken place. Grey told him no other person but Mr. Fox could do that, without questioning Fox's veracity. The prince, chagrined, disappointed, and agitated, then threw himself on the sofa, muttering, "Well, then, Sheridan must say something."

Mrs. Fitzherbert having felt it her duty to take the word of her husband against that of Mr. Fox, would, of course, never speak to the latter; and when he, some time afterwards, during his administration, made some overtures to her to recover her good-will, she refused, though he offered her the title of duchess as the fruit of their reconciliation. She said she would not be another Duchess of Kendal. To resume our quotation:

"Her first cause of separation from the prince was preceded by no quarrel or even coolness, and came upon her quite unexpectedly. She received, when sitting down to dinner at the table of William IV.,

then Duke of Clarence, the first intimation of the loss of her ascendency over the affections of the prince; having only the preceding day received a note from his royal highness, written in his usual strain of friendship, and speaking of their appointed engagement to dine at the house of the Duke of Clarence. The prince's letter was written from Brighton, where he had met Lady Jersey. From that time she never saw the prince; and this interruption of their intimacy was followed by his marriage with Queen Caroline; brought about, as Mrs. Fitzherbert conceived, under the twofold influence of the pressure of his debts on the mind of the prince, and a wish on the part of Lady Jersey to enlarge the royal establishment, in which she was to have an important situation."

It was now that the real character of the prince burst forth in all its full-blown wickedness. It was now he maintained in the post of favourite Mrs. Crouch, the actress, on whom he settled 1400*l.* a year, and whom the Scarronic Dr. Doran insultingly couples with Mrs. Fitzherbert as the "Lucy and Polly to whom this light-of-heart prince gaily sang his 'How happy could I be with either,'" and afterwards, as alternately coquetting to obtain the post of favourite; made love to the Duchess of Devonshire, who was separated from her husband, but did not therefore regard the prince; and began his intercourse with Lady Jersey, the most shameless and intriguing woman of all he had to do with.

It was this latter, who was the favourite at the time, who induced him to have to do with one more woman, the Princess Caroline of Brunswick; for her we have no pity whatever—she was punished for her crime by the just judgment of God. The prince could not have associated so long with Mrs. Fitzherbert and not know that the law of God would judge him as an adulterer, and the princess as an adulteress; and he is said to have written as much to her. She, however, replied that she would run all risks: she did run all risks; she bartered her honour for a crown, and lost both her honour and the crown. It may be true, and very likely is, that, to use the words of her own confession, "she committed adultery with but one man, and he the husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert;" we have no concern in the dispute between the Whig and Tory factions about her after-conduct, we only look at her as the paramour of the Prince of Wales. Justly, and with merited contempt, did the prince treat her, by appointing Lady Jersey to attend her,—a fit lady-of-honour for such a woman. In short, with such thorough disgust did the prince view her whole conduct, that he is said to have called for a glass of brandy to settle his stomach after his first interview with her; and, whether from dislike or remorse we know not, to have gone through

the farce of the marriage-ceremony in a state of intoxication. Nor can compliance with the law of the land be held as any excuse for her conduct; for we don't see that the same excuse would not equally hold good for a man who exposes his children in China, or for those English consuls in Asia Minor, Dr. Sandwith tells us of, who seize Christian women for their harems, and flog their relations who come to demand their deliverance.

But bad as was the conduct of the princess, it was nothing compared to that of the royal Don Juan. At the instigation of the worthless Lady Jersey, he sank to the lowest depths of infamy. Her jealousy of the fair face of Mrs. Fitzherbert was the cause of their separation, and her wish to have a respectable establishment in his household one of the causes of his union with the princess, whom Lady Jersey is said to have selected, as having a face not sufficiently handsome to be jealous of. To this cause was joined the weight of his debts, which amounted to 400,000*l.*, in which was a bill of 40,000*l.* to his farrier. He entered into a compact with the king and parliament to commit bigamy for the payment of his debts and receipt of a larger income; and a pretty squabble arose in the House afterwards, as to how large those debts were, and how much further income he was to receive.

We cannot absolve the king, queen, and parliament from all blame in promoting this legal, but immoral and unchristian union. The prince had over and over again told them he could and would not marry; they knew he was married to Mrs. Fitzherbert; they had received her at court; and their majesties had paid a visit to Mr. Weld of Lulworth, the brother of her former husband, at which she was also present; and Queen Charlotte had ungenerously shifted the blame from her shoulders to the prince's by saying to him, "You best know, George, whether you can conscientiously marry or not." They took advantage of his necessities by promising to pay his debts if he would comply with their demands; and reading, as they could, in their Bible, "whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," they could not plead ignorance as an excuse.

We have often thought a comparison might be made between the first Napoleon, Josephine, and Maria Louisa of Austria, on one side, and the Prince of Wales, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the Princess Caroline of Brunswick, on the other. Both were married to their first wives by the Christian law, neither of them had any children, and both wished to seek another alliance. The only difference was, that the Prince of Wales, living in a Protestant country, set the law of God at

once at defiance; whilst Napoleon was obliged to deceive the judges of the ecclesiastical courts at Rome with false testimony: knowing full well that the Pope has no power to grant a divorce, he sought to render his former marriage null *ab initio*. Our readers are all aware, that besides the marriage-ceremony, a consummation of the marriage is necessary to render it perfectly valid; in other words, if this is morally or physically prevented—

ἡ ἐστὶν θέμις ἀνδρῶν ἠδὲ γυναικῶν—

either party can enter an action in the ecclesiastical courts to obtain, not a divorce, but a declaration of nullity of marriage on account of an impediment allowed by the divine law.

Napoleon sent, therefore, two medical officers to Rome, who swore that Josephine was physically unable to marry; besides other persons, who swore to certain observations of his when he was first married. We believe their testimony was false, and that they were bribed to give false evidence; but still the ecclesiastical court felt compelled to accept their oath. If the testimony was false, then the declaration of nullity pronounced by the Pope was of no avail, and the King of Rome was, in spite of all, illegitimate. And now let us compare the two second marriages: to both marriages was one child born; both heirs to a crown, to which neither succeeded. Separations took place in both instances soon after marriage, and both were unfortunate. Maria Louisa did not feel any obligation to follow her husband into exile, as Josephine would have done,—perhaps she suspected she was not his real wife; and the English marriage ended with a mutual hatred between the parties. The power, too, of Napoleon began to decline from the beginning of the second marriage. It shows that even the greatest cannot transgress God's law with impunity. We have been led to make these remarks partly in answer to the taunts of Protestants, that the Pope granted the French divorce in spite of his declaration of the sanctity of marriage, which view we have now shown to be erroneous.

"Upon Mrs. Fitzherbert's speaking to me of this union" (of the prince with Caroline), continues Lord Stourton, "confiding in her own desire that I should disguise from her nothing that I might conceive to be of doubtful character as affecting her conduct to the prince, I told her that I had been informed of some proposals which had been made to her immediately preceding the marriage of the prince, of which her uncle Mr. Errington had been the channel, offering some terms upon which his royal highness was disposed to give up the match. She told me there was no truth whatever in the report that a day or two preceding the marriage he had been

seen passing rapidly on horseback before her house at Marble Hill; but that his motive for doing so was unknown to her, and that afterwards, when they were reconciled, she cautiously abstained from alluding to such topics, as the greatest interruptions to their happiness at that period were his bitter and passionate regrets and self-accusations for his conduct, which she always met by saying, 'We must look to the present and the future, and not think of the past.' I ventured also to mention another report, that George III., the day before the marriage, had offered to take upon himself the responsibility of breaking off the match with the Princess of Brunswick, should the prince desire it. Of this, too, she told me she knew nothing; but added, that it was not improbable, for the king was a good and religious man. She owned that she was deeply distressed and depressed in spirits at this formal abandonment, with all its consequences, as it affected her reputation in the eyes of the world."

We must here remark the hesitation between right and wrong in the mind of the good old king: it is a pity he did not exhibit equal *firmness* in this as *obstinacy* in other trying occasions in his life.

Lady Claremont was the great friend and adviser of Mrs. Fitzherbert on her desertion by the prince. She adopted her advice against her inclination, and opened her saloons. All the fashionable world, including the royal dukes, attended her parties; and with the Duke of York in particular she maintained the most friendly and confidential relations. The queen and royal family acted with the greatest kindness towards her, and the king, from the time she set foot in England till his death, treated her as a father. She made it a rule to have no secrets from the royal family—a rule which saved her from many embarrassments, which must otherwise have occurred in her position. The influence of Lady Jersey with the prince, however, was on the wane; and when she fell, she drew down with her the princess of whose elevation she was the cause, and of whom she was the chief support. To the prince, thus freed from the machinations of the conspiracy between these two women, repentance was once more granted. He pursued his wife in the same earnest and desperate manner as during the first interval of his attachment. "Numbers of the royal family, both male and female, urged a reconciliation even upon a principle of duty."

"However, as she was by his marriage with Queen Caroline placed in a situation of much difficulty, involving her own conscience, and making it doubtful whether public scandal might not interfere with her own engagements, she determined to resort to the highest authorities of her own Church upon a case of such extraordinary intricacy. The Rev. Mr. Nassau, one of the chaplains of Warwick-

Street Chapel, was therefore selected to go to Rome and lay the case before that tribunal, upon the express understanding that, if the answer should be favourable, she would again join the prince; if otherwise, she was determined to abandon the country. In the meantime, whilst the negotiation was pending, she obtained a promise from his royal highness that he would not follow her into her retreat in Wales, where she went to a small bathing-place. The reply from Rome, in a brief which in a moment of panic she destroyed, fearful of the consequences during Mr. Perceval's administration, was favourable to the wishes of the prince; and, faithful to her own determination to act as much as possible in the face of the public, she resisted all importunities to meet him clandestinely. The day on which she joined him again at her own house was the same on which she gave a public breakfast to the whole town of London, and to which he was invited."

She had great difficulty in summoning resolution to meet this severe ordeal, but nevertheless went through it. The next eight years she spent with the prince were the happiest in her life; they were extremely poor, but as merry as crickets —so poor, that, at one time, in journeying from Brighton to London, they could not muster 5*l.* between them; and an old servant once endeavoured to force 60*l.* on them he had saved in their service. This period was, however, embittered by political difficulties, especially the "delicate investigation" in which her husband and Princess Caroline were concerned. She was also engaged in healing jealousies between different members of the royal family, though the Duke of York had always acted "beautifully" towards his brother, and had once said, in allusion to Mrs. Fitzherbert's marriage, "Thank God, he never could wish to raise any claim in contravention of the rights of his brother."

As Lady Jersey was the cause of the first rupture between the prince and his wife, so Lady Hertford, an equally bad woman, was the cause of the second. And as Lady Jersey was the tool of the Whig party and Lady Hertford of the Tory, his connection with her fully accounts for the disgrace of his old Whig friends in after-life. The fact is, the chief cause of his abominable conduct seems to us to be his great weakness under the control of his mistresses; so that the conduct of the prince was but a reflection of the will of the mistress for the time being. The period of his two unions with Mrs. Fitzherbert, when not under such control, and when under her influence, was the only time he conducted himself with respectability. Lady Hertford had so led captive this weak-minded prince, and both together heaped such insults on the wife, that Mrs. Fitzherbert was frequently on the point of

that separation which afterwards took place; but was prevented by the influence of the royal family from carrying her resolution into effect. And we may remark, that as the first royal notice she received was from a French king, seated at his table, so at the table of another French king she received that crowning insult which caused her final separation from her worthless husband:

"A dinner given by Louis XVIII. brought matters at last to a conclusion; and, satisfied of a systematic intention to degrade her before the public, she then at last attained the reluctant assent of some of the members of the royal family to her determination of finally closing her connection with the prince, to whom, in furtherance of this decision, she never afterwards opened the doors of her house. Upon all former occasions, to avoid etiquette in circumstances of such delicacy as regarded her own situation with reference to the prince, it had been customary to sit at table without regard to rank. Upon the present occasion this plan was to be altered, and Mrs. Fitzherbert was informed, through her friends at court, that at the royal table the individuals invited were to sit according to their rank. When assured of this novel arrangement, she asked the prince, who had invited her with the rest of his company, where she was to sit. He said, 'You know, madam, you have no place.' 'None, sir,' she replied, 'but such as you choose to give me.' Upon this she informed the royal family she would not go. The Duke of York and others endeavoured to alter the preconcerted arrangement, but the prince was inflexible; and, aware of the peculiar circumstances of her case, and the distressing nature of her general situation, they no longer hesitated to agree with her that no advantage was to be obtained by further postponement of her own anxious desire to close her connection with the prince, and to retire once more into private life. She told me she often looked back with wonder that she had not sunk under the trials of these two years. Having come to this resolution, she was obliged on the very evening, or on that which followed the royal dinner, to attend an assembly at Devonshire House; which was the last evening she saw the prince previously to their final separation. The Duchess of Devonshire, taking her by the arm, said to her, 'You must come and see the duke in his own room, as he is suffering from a fit of the gout; but he will be glad to see an old friend.' In passing through the rooms she saw the prince and Lady Hertford in a *téte-à-téte* conversation, and nearly fainted under all the impressions which then rushed upon her mind; but, taking a glass of water, she recovered and passed on."

Thus terminated her connection with the prince; save only that, while he was lying on his deathbed, she wrote him a letter offering her services. The king seized it with eagerness and placed it under his pillow, but sent no answer. The Duke of Wellington told her, that more than once the prince

had desired to be buried with her picture round his neck. And Dr. Carr, Bishop of Worcester, in allusion to the subject, one day said, "O, Mrs. Fitzherbert was very amiable, my faithful friend. Yes, it is very true what you have heard. I remained by the body of the king when they wrapt it round in the cerecloth; but before that was done I saw a portrait suspended round his neck; it was attached by a little silver chain." Surely there must have been some little remnant of good feeling left in him, when not under the control of his mistresses.

Thus died George IV., "that ornament of humanity; whose only fault," according to a celebrated Italian preacher, "was, that he was once heard to mutter in a moment of anger, *Sia dannato da Dio O'Connell*,—G—d d—n O'Connell;" and of whom it is reported, that when he was told by Bishop Carr to repent of his sins, he replied, "that he did not remember he had committed any."

Soon after the king's death she went to Brighton; and on receiving a message from William IV. to come and see him, she begged him to honour her with an interview at her own house.

"The king kindly complied with her request without delay, and she told him that she could not, in her present circumstances, avail herself of the honour of waiting upon his majesty without asking his permission to place her papers before him, and requesting his advice upon them. Upon her placing in his hands the documents that have been preserved in justification of her character, and especially the certificate of her marriage, and another interesting and most affecting paper, this amiable sovereign was moved to tears by their perusal, and expressed his surprise at so much forbearance with such documents in her possession, and under the pressure of such long and severe trials. He asked her what amends he could make her, and offered to make her a duchess. She replied that she did not wish for any rank; that she had borne through life the name of Mrs. Fitzherbert; that she had never disgraced it, and did not wish to change it; that therefore she hoped his majesty would accept her unfeigned gratitude for his gracious proposal, but that he would permit her to retain her present name. 'Well, then,' said he, 'I shall insist on your wearing my livery;' and ended by authorising her to put on weeds for his royal brother. He added, 'I must, however, see you at the Pavilion;' and I believe he proposed the following Sunday, a day on which his family were more retired, for seeing her at dinner, and spending the evening at the Pavilion. 'I shall introduce you myself to my family,' said he; 'but you must send me word of your arrival.'"

She continued in the greatest intimacy with William IV. at Brighton. She was not an interested person: she was in-

debted to the Duke of York and Queen Charlotte for an income of 6000*l.* a-year: and when the Duke of Wellington asked her, as executor to George IV., if she had any thing to show, she told him "she had not even a scrap of paper." She consented to the destruction of most of her papers, to the great relief probably of many then living; and she added, she believed "she might have obtained any price she chose to ask for the correspondence which it was in her power to have laid before the public; that she could have given the best private and public history of the transactions of the country, from the close of the American war down to the death of the Duke of York, either from her communications with the duke, or her own connections with the opposite party, through the prince and his friends."

The health of Mrs. Fitzherbert rapidly declined after the death of her husband. She died at Brighton in 1837, and was buried in the Catholic church there, where a handsome monument erected to her memory may be seen with three rings on her finger, in allusion to her triple marriage. It should be mentioned, that a correspondence took place respecting Mrs. Fitzherbert's history between Lord Stourton, Mr. Langdale, Mr. Keppel, and the Duke of Wellington; and that Mr. Keppel refused to submit Mrs. Fitzherbert's papers at Coutts's to Mr. Langdale's inspection. We suspect there must be something in the background which certain persons would not like published. As it is, however, the result of the present volume may be summed up in the remark of its reviewer in the *Times:* "A fair fame will be henceforth associated with the fair face which has become dust; and Mrs. Fitzherbert, absolved from the suspicion of frailty, will be remembered for her worth and the wrongs which she suffered."

THE FISH AS A SYMBOL IN EARLY CHRISTIAN ART.

RECENT DISCOVERIES IN THE CATACOMBS.

De Christianis Monumentis IXΘΥΝ *exhibentibus Epistola G. B. de Rossi ad J. B. Pitra.* Ex Spicilegii Solesmensis tomo iii. pp. 545-577 extractum. Parisiis, Firmin Didot, via Jacob, 56. 1855.

ANY one who is interested in the symbolism of Christian art will hail the publication of the third volume of Dom Pitra's

Spicilegium Solesmense with especial satisfaction, more particularly if he desire to lay a thoroughly good foundation for his studies by commencing them from their earliest antiquity. For, amongst other treasures, the learned Benedictine has here given us the *Key* of Melito, Bishop of Sardis, a work of the second century never before published, but which, by explaining the types and figures of the Old Testament, and in other ways more or less direct, supplies no little information as to the principles which lie at the bottom of the subject, and a knowledge of which is essential to the right understanding of all Christian monuments. At present, however, we do not propose to give a critical account of this valuable work, nor, indeed, of the general contents of the volume before us, but to direct our readers' attention to a letter of some thirty pages in length, which occurs towards the end of the volume, and which especially concerns—what, since the publication of *Fabiola*, has become an object of so much interest and attraction to the travelling portion of our fellow-countrymen—the Roman catacombs.

The Cavaliere G. B. de Rossi, the writer of the letter in question, has on former occasions been mentioned more than once in our pages as the indefatigable collector and learned commentator on early Christian inscriptions, the result of whose labours in that vast and fruitful field the antiquarian world has been long anxiously expecting. One cause of the delay is doubtless to be found in such letters and other literary *brochures* as the present, three or four of which are now lying before us on various subjects; and which would be still more numerous, were he not to turn a deaf ear to most of the solicitations he receives. And, however much we may regret the consequences, as indeed we do most sincerely, yet these short essays are so excellent in themselves, and so valuable, both as pledges of the care and accuracy with which the whole work will be accomplished, and as proofs of its great interest and importance, that the critic cannot find it in his heart to censure what is at once so useful and so pleasant.

The subject of the present letter is the use of the *fish* as a mysterious sign or symbol by the early Christians. That it *was* so used, and that even from the earliest times, is well known to every body; and that it sometimes denoted our Blessed Lord Himself—"Christ figuratively called the fish," says Origen (in Matt. xiii.)—sometimes the members of His Church: "we are little fish," says Tertullian (de Baptism. c. i.), "after the example of our fish Jesus Christ, we are born in water, &c." But not every one is aware that the use of this symbol was confined to a particular period of the Church's

history, and that it is ordinarily found in connection with certain other symbols, giving it another and a more special signification. To the elucidation of these two points the first and second parts of the present dissertation are respectively devoted; and the merits of both are such, that it would be hard to say whether we have been most gratified by the intrinsic interest and importance of the information contained in the one, or most struck with admiration at the industry, patience, and critical acumen displayed in the other. The general reader will probably be tempted to give the preference to the second part, in which the signification of the symbol is discussed and defined; the scientific antiquarian, however, will set an equal value on the first; and since the truth of the interpretations suggested in the second part receives no mean confirmation from the chronological conclusions established in the first, we cannot altogether absolve ourselves from the obligation of giving some account of both.

The conclusion, then, which De Rossi has established is this, that the ordinary use of the fish as a Christian symbol belonged exclusively to the earliest ages of the Church, so as to have become almost or altogether obsolete about the middle of the fourth century. We do not say that the fish can never be met with in monuments of a later date, as in the mosaic ornaments of churches in Ravenna, Pesaro, and other Italian cities; but we say, that when used thus sparingly in later times it was always with other adjuncts, and under circumstances which at once suggest another and a different sense. Confining ourselves, therefore, to what has been found in the Roman catacombs, it seems certain that the symbolical use of the fish does not extend beyond the first 350 years of the Christian era. The proofs of this proposition are so various and so minute, that it is scarcely possible to do them justice, except by translating that portion of De Rossi's dissertation as it stands: our limits, however, not allowing of this, we must be contented to select one or two by way of specimen of the whole. First, then, it appears that there are only about 1100 of the inscriptions taken from the ancient Christian cemeteries of Rome to which a distinct and certain date is affixed by means of the names of the consuls. Of these not more than thirty belong to the period antecedent to the conversion of Constantine; yet amongst them is one of A.D. 234, on which the fish and anchor are represented in the ordinary manner. In the 1050 which remain, there is, in like manner, only one representation of the fish; and this has none of its usual accompaniments, nor is it in an ordinary inscription, but is found with the sepulchre of Lazarus, the seven-

branched candlestick, a house, and other symbols of rare occurrence in Christian monuments, and causing the inscription to be altogether *sui generis*, a singular exception to the class to which it belongs.

But although it is not possible to know the precise year of more than this small number of Christian inscriptions, yet it is by no means difficult to distinguish, even with certainty, the age or century of a far larger number of them. In the cloisters of St. Paul's *fuori le mura*, for instance, are more than 500 inscriptions which are certainly later than the fourth century; and in *none* of them is there either the *word* (fish) or its representation. And the same may be said of *all* other collections of inscriptions belonging to the same epoch. On the other hand, of the seventy-five inscriptions in which either the word or the symbol is seen, five have upon them that most undoubted mark of antiquity, the letters D.M., which are never found on Christian monuments later than the fourth century; nine others have certain peculiarities of names, or are characterised by such extreme brevity and simplicity of diction as to be liable to be mistaken at first sight for heathen monuments; of eight or nine more, we are certain, either from the places in which they were found, or from the character of the letters, or from the coins which were attached to the same graves, that they are older than the time of Constantine; and in none, excepting the instance which has been already named, and possibly another, are there any indications of an age much posterior to his.

These are some among the proofs adduced by De Rossi to show that the common use of the fish as a religious sign or symbol belongs to those times in which Christians were obliged to hide themselves and their doctrines under the veil of darkness and silence, or at least to speak of them only in a language which should be scarcely more intelligible than silence to all but the initiated; but that when this state of things had passed away, and there was no longer the same necessity for the *disciplina arcani*, the use of this symbol was gradually abandoned. We are conscious that we have given but too meagre a sketch of this portion of De Rossi's letter; but we believe we shall best consult the tastes of our readers by devoting more space to the consideration of his second subject, namely, the adjuncts which are generally found with the symbol of the fish, and the true meaning of them all.

Every body who has had an opportunity of studying the monuments of Christian antiquity, and all writers who have commented upon them, can at once suggest two symbols of continual recurrence in immediate connection with the fish,

viz. an anchor and a ship; but to these our author has added a third, the dove, and a fourth, far more important than either, loaves of bread. We will speak a few words of each in its turn; and first of the dove. It appears that the fish and the dove—this latter generally bearing the olive-branch in its mouth—are found together in some twenty ancient epitaphs taken from the catacombs; and this number is quite sufficient to warrant a conjecture that the combination was not fortuitous, but expressed some Christian signification. Nor is it difficult to see what this signification was; for, in truth, the signs and symbols which we find upon the tombstones of the early Christians only represent in hieroglyphics, as it were, the same prayers or dogmas, or other *formulæ* of our religion, as were engraved on other tombstones of the same period in the more ordinary characters of the alphabet. Hence Bottari, Muratori, and others, have always understood the dove with the olive-branch to be equivalent to the phrase *in pace*, or rather, to speak more correctly, *spiritus* (*tuus*) *in pace;* for the dove, taken by itself, is the emblem not only of the Third Person of the ever-blessed Trinity, but also of the soul or spirit of a departed Christian, and the olive-branch, as is well known, has ever been received as the emblem of peace. "Pax perpetua significatur oleo ramusculo," says St. Austin; and again, "Olivæ fructuosus surculus in ore columbæ tanquam in osculo pacis," and, in fact, the very word *pax* is written upon the dove bearing an olive-branch in one of the Christian inscriptions in the Vatican museum. When, therefore, we find the fish in addition to the dove and the olive-branch, why should we not at once interpret the one on the same principles as the other, and say that we then have before us a symbolical representation of the more extended formula, which (as a matter of fact) is of very frequent occurrence in the catacombs, *Spiritus in pace et in Christo;* or, if the olive-branch be wanting, *Spiritus in Christo* only? Our author, with characteristic modesty, has set forth this interpretation with diffidence, nobody, as far as we know, having suggested it before him; it is so simple, however, and obvious, and so thoroughly in harmony with the whole spirit of these Christian hieroglyphics, that we venture to predict for it amongst candid antiquarians universal acceptance.

The anchor was still more commonly united with the fish in ancient Christian symbolism; not only in sepulchral inscriptions, but more especially on rings, seals, and other gems, from which indeed it is rarely absent. Of the anchor St. Paul himself gives us the true interpretation, that it denotes the strength and firmness of a Christian's hope (Heb. vi. 19);

and it is for this reason that we find it represented in several instances on the tombs of persons whose names either expressed or contained an allusion to the same virtue, as, for instance, Spes, Elpidius, Elpizusa. When, therefore, this anchor is accompanied by a fish, who can fail to recognise in the combination that most common of ancient formulas, *Spes in Deo, Spes in Christo, Spes in Deo Christo?* And when the head of the anchor is so formed as almost necessarily to suggest the figure of the cross,—a peculiarity which has attracted the notice of most writers on the subject,—we shall scarcely be accused of fancifulness or exaggeration if we interpret it of the Christian's hope being founded only upon his Saviour's cross.

Of the ship in immediate connection with the fish the examples are not so numerous; the meaning, however, is not less certain. It matters not whether we attribute the original source of the metaphor to the ark of Noe, to which Christ's Church is compared by St. Peter (1 Ep. iii. 20), or whether to the fishing-boat of that same apostle, into which our Lord entered when He would teach the multitudes upon the shore of the lake of Genesareth (St. Luke v. 3); the fact at least is notorious, that, both in the writings of the early fathers, and even in our own language at the present day, the ship is an acknowledged figure or type of the Church. We need no Œdipus, then, to explain why it should be found with the name of Jesus on some of the ancient monuments we are considering, or why upon others it should rest upon the back of a fish,—that fish being, in truth, no other than the same Jesus, on Whom alone the Church depends, Who is its Life, its Head, its all.

We come now to the last and most important of the monuments of which we proposed to speak, those, namely, in which the fish is found in connection with bread. It will not improbably at once occur to our readers that we ought to give these an historical rather than a symbolical interpretation; that they contain no hidden mystery, but merely represent historically the miraculous multiplication of the loaves and fishes recorded in the Gospels; and the assertion may be confirmed by pointing to one of the monuments in question, where the five loaves and two fishes exactly correspond to the number in the evangelical narrative. Nevertheless, we do not hesitate to say that this conjecture, so far as it is intended to be not only affirmative but negative—so far, that is, as it is intended to exclude all idea of a secret sacramental meaning veiled under the historical representation—would be in the highest degree erroneous.

It has been somewhere asserted, though we are unable at this moment to verify our quotation, that "perhaps there is no one miracle of our Lord recorded in the Gospels that is not therefore selected for recording because it was the type of something to happen in the Church:" but whatever may be thought of this assertion, we believe that there is no one who has ever studied with attention the monuments of the Roman catacombs, and at all succeeded in apprehending their spirit, who will not acknowledge that there are few, if any, historical facts represented there, either in painting or in sculpture, that were not therefore selected for representation because they were the types of something either then happening in the Church, or at least very necessary to be taught and kept before the minds of the faithful just at that time. This is a very important subject, to which it is impossible to do justice within our present limits. Since, however, the truth and value of De Rossi's interpretation of the symbols now before us is very intimately connected with it, it is equally impossible to pass it by altogether. We say, then, that the representations in early Christian art, even of historical facts, are used for the most part not for their own sake, not for their own intrinsic importance as actual facts in the history of the world, but rather for their moral, typical, or allegorical meaning, shadowing forth truths of deeper import and more universal application; in other words, that historical facts were used as types and symbols rather than symbols used to denote historical facts, which is what the authors of the interpretation we are now combating are obliged to maintain. Who can doubt, for instance, that just as the great Apostle of the Gentiles applies the history of the children of Israel in the wilderness to the Christian Church, and says distinctly that "all these things happened to them only in figure, and that they are written for our correction" (1 Cor. x. 11), so the histories of Daniel in the lions' den, of Jonas in the belly of the fish, of the three children in the fiery furnace, and of the resurrection of Lazarus, which are perpetually reproduced upon the graves or over the altars of these subterranean chapels, were intended to read to the hearts of those who saw them lessons of hope and confidence under the severity of the pagan persecutions, and at the same time to strengthen their faith in the doctrine of the resurrection from the dead? This, as far as we know, is acknowledged on all hands; and so of other representations also, which refer to dogmas upon which the whole Christian world is agreed. But when we proceed to apply the same principle to histories typical of doctrines which have been made the subject of dispute, we

are sometimes met not only by critical objections as to the correctness of this or that particular interpretation,—which may, of course, be reasonable, and require to be answered,—but also not unfrequently by an absolute denial of the principle itself, and a stubborn resolution to admit no meaning in the painting beyond the bare historical fact which it manifestly represents. For instance, in the course of a tolerably extensive experience in guiding strangers in the catacombs, we never remember to have met with any who doubted as to the hidden meaning of those representations which have been enumerated above; on the other hand, we have known several who could see absolutely nothing in the figure of a man striking a rock whence water gushes forth, beyond the history recorded in the 17th chapter of Exodus, even though this figure be found strangely out of place among events in the life of St. Peter, not of Moses, or even though it be immediately preceded, or accompanied, by the representation of some other event in the life of Moses, where the figure of Moses is altogether different from the figure of him who strikes the rock. And so, in like manner, in the representation of the fish and bread which we are now to consider, there are those who can see nothing but the past miracle,—no hidden sacrament of present and perpetual significance. It behoves us, then, to proceed cautiously in this matter; to advance nothing on our own mere authority, but carefully to confirm what may be said either by the internal evidence of the monument explained or by the direct testimony of ancient writers. For it may not unreasonably be objected, that to admit these hidden and mystical meanings of paintings which represent historical facts is to open the door to the most unbridled license of interpretation, whereby, as by a sort of intellectual alchemy, gold, or at least tinsel, may be made out of any thing. And we do not deny but that there may be those who have carried it to an excess; at the same time, it is obvious to establish certain laws and limits whereby these interpretations should be regulated; as, for instance, those which we have already indicated, viz. to build nothing on the faith of a single monument nor on the unsupported conjectures of our own imaginations, but to compare one monument with others of the same class, and all with the written records of the ancient Church. For if it be just to say that these paintings are a kind of language in hieroglyphics, we all know how much light can be thrown on the meaning of one hieroglyphical monument by the study of others of the same epoch, and it is obvious that the Christian paintings would not speak a different language from that which was in use among the doctors and writers of the day. Let us apply

these laws to the examples which have been already adduced, and we shall at once recognise their importance. There scarcely needed, indeed, any corroboration of the interpretation which we have given of the pictures bearing reference to the great doctrine of the resurrection; yet even this, perhaps, it may be worth while to produce. A single passage from the so-called Apostolical Constitutions furnishes us with more than we require. "We believe," they say, "that there will be a resurrection, even on account of the resurrection of our Lord. For He it is who restored Lazarus to life, who brought forth Jonas still living from the belly of the fish, who delivered the three children from the furnace of Babylon, and Daniel from the lions' mouth. He, therefore, will not be wanting in strength to raise up ourselves also." This is an instance of symbols receiving, we might almost say, their *authoritative* interpretation from the testimony of a contemporary writer; we see that the artist in the catacombs did but express in his own fashion the thoughts and language current in his day. The other symbolical painting which we mentioned was St. Peter in the character of Moses striking the rock; and this can be thoroughly explained by reference to other monuments of the same class. We believe, indeed, that there are not wanting testimonies from early Christian writers which would also explain it, though none happen to occur to us at the moment we are writing. Indeed we need not go beyond the New Testament itself to learn that the rock was a figure of Christ, and the waters which flowed from it typical of the grace and truth which came by Him, as the law had been given by Moses; and neither St. Bernard in the twelfth century, nor St. Bruno of Asti in the tenth, were the first to compare St. Peter, as the leader of the *new* children of Israel, to Moses, as the leader of the old. Be this as it may, however, we can afford to set all such testimony aside; for we have an irrefragable proof of the identity we are anxious to establish in some of these ancient monuments themselves; for in several *sarcophagi* we have this same scene carved among other actions of St. Peter's life, with the face of St. Peter distinctly reproduced; and the bottom of an old glass chalice of the second or third century gives us the same enamelled in gold, with an inscription over the head, PETRUS. Surely nothing but wilful blindness can refuse to recognise in these facts demonstrative proof that this fact of the Old-Testament history was represented in the catacombs not for its own sake, as a fact in the past history of the Jews, but rather as symbolical of something in the New Testament still living and present among Christians.

Other illustrations tempt us, but we have already wandered

too far from our symbol of the fish and loaves of bread; let us proceed, then, under the guidance of De Rossi, to assign to this also its full Christian signification.

Christian antiquarians have been of one mind in interpreting the loaves of bread as symbolical of the Holy Eucharist, and we have already seen that the fish was the recognised representation of our Blessed Lord. How obvious, then, to interpret the two when taken together as denoting the real presence of Christ in the adorable Sacrament of the Altar! Yet no one, as far as we know, has insisted upon this before the Cavaliere di Rossi, who, by means of some recent discoveries in the catacombs, is now enabled, we may almost say, to demonstrate it. Through the pages of *Fabiola*, it has probably become known to all our readers that within the last four or five years, under the superintendence of a commission of sacred archæology appointed by Pope Pius IX., most important excavations have been made in the cemetery of San Callisto; and it is scarcely too much to say, that the pictures which have been thus brought to light surpass all with which we were previously acquainted both in interest and antiquity. Their age is ascertained, not only by the internal evidence of style, the peculiar form of dress, and other similar tokens, but also by the locality in which they are found. Thus, the first painting we shall speak of is in a *cubiculum* close to the tomb of St. Cornelius, and probably of a date anterior to his pontificate; in other words, it belongs to the first half of the third century. The larger paintings represented on the walls of this chamber have unfortunately been destroyed; but one precious monument remains, repeated as a kind of ornament on either side of one of the principal subjects which has thus disappeared. It is a fish, bearing on its back a basket of bread,—bread, not of the ordinary kind, in small loaves—*quadrati*, as they were called—or divided into four equal parts by the sign of the cross upon them, but bread of a gray ashy colour, such as was used by Eastern people, and particularly the Jews, as an offering of the first-fruits to the priests. In a word, it was the sacred bread, known to the Romans by the barbarous name of *mamphula;* and, found in this place, it at once suggests to a Christian the idea of the Holy Eucharist. What, then, is the meaning of the fish? It is impossible here to imagine any allusion to the miracle of the loaves and fishes; for there is but one basket of bread and one fish, and that fish not cooked, but alive and on the waters. The words of St. Paulinus manifestly explain the whole, when, writing to Pammachius, he speaks of our Lord in one and the same place as "the true bread and the fish of living waters." Both are types of Christ; but, as a closer ex-

amination of the fresco will show us, with especial reference to His presence under the species in the Blessed Sacrament; for we have here not only the sacred bread, but also within the basket what seems evidently to denote a glass chalice full of bright red wine. Thus the whole painting brings vividly to our recollection, and, as it were, places before our very eyes, that summary of the sacerdotal treasures mentioned by St. Jerome, when, after praising the apostolic poverty of Exuperius, Bishop of Toulouse, he suddenly exclaims, "But what can be more rich than he who carries in a basket of wicker-work the Body of our Lord, and His precious Blood in a chalice of glass?"—*Corpus Domini in canistro vimineo;* and the basket in the painting exactly corresponds to this description —*et Sanguinem in vitro;* and it is precisely because the chalice is of glass that we are enabled to see what it contains.

But this is not all. Another chapel of this same cemetery was the burial-place of several Bishops of Rome, from St. Pontianus in the year 235, down to Melchiades in the year 314; and in its immediate neighbourhood is a series of chambers designed only for purposes of sepulture, and ornamented with paintings of the same high antiquity. Two of them in particular are invaluable representations of the Sacraments of Baptism and the Holy Eucharist. In one, the first Sacrament is administered in the usual way; and the second is shadowed forth by a table on which lie two loaves and a fish. But in another adjacent chamber the Sacrament of Baptism is represented both typically, under the figure of a man drawing a fish which he has caught out of the water, and also literally, in the figure of a man actually pouring the waters of Baptism over a naked youth standing before him. In like manner, the Holy Eucharist is again introduced under the figure of a feast where fish and bread are the only food provided, and also the very act of consecration itself. In this last representation there is the same table as that which we have mentioned in the paintings of the first chamber; on it is a loaf of bread and a fish, over which a priest is stretching forth his hands as for the purpose of blessing, whilst on the opposite side of the table stands a woman with uplifted hands in the attitude of prayer. It may be doubted whether this last figure were intended symbolically to represent the Church, or only the particular individual buried in the adjacent grave: that the whole picture refers to the Holy Eucharist is plain when we compare it with the others in this and the adjoining chambers.

Our author, however, not content with this, has brought together a number of authorities from various ancient and

independent sources, showing that not only was the fish an acknowledged symbol for our Lord, but in a more especial manner for our Lord as present in the Holy Eucharist. The Sacrament of the Altar is continually spoken of by the early Christians under this figure of a fish; in an old sepulchral inscription, for instance, written in Greek and discovered at Autun in France, which bids us "receive the sweet food of the Saviour of the Saints, to eat and drink, taking into our hands *the fish;*" by St. Austin in his *Confessions*, who describes the Eucharistic feast as that solemnity in which "*Piscis* ille exhibetur quem levatum de profundo terra pia *comedit;*" and by the author of the work *De Promissione et Prædictione Dei*, commonly attributed to Prosper Aquitanus, who says that "Christians are daily illuminated and *fed* by the internal remedies of the *fish of Tobias.*" But—what is more especially to our author's purpose—the *piscis assus* of the Gospels is commonly explained by the Fathers as *Christus passus;* and in particular, the last writer whom we have quoted gives this mystical interpretation of the fish wherewith our Lord fed those seven disciples on the shore of the Sea of Tiberias (John xxi. 13); he calls Christ that great Fish which fed the disciples on the sea-shore *ex seipso*, and offered Itself to the whole world as food; and St. Austin in like manner, in his commentary on the same passage, says, "Our Lord made a dinner for those seven disciples of the fish which they saw laid on the hot coals and of bread. The broiled fish is Christ; He too is that Bread which came down from heaven, and in Him the Church is incorporated for the enjoyment of everlasting happiness, that all we who have this hope may communicate in so great a sacrament and share in the same bliss." Following the clue thus given him by the Fathers, De Rossi recognises in the feast which, as we have already mentioned, is represented more than once on the walls of these chambers, precisely that very feast recorded by St. John in the last chapter of his Gospel; and he does this the more readily, because the food and the number of the guests exactly correspond to the historical narrative, viz. seven men—in other pictures where the joys of heaven are represented under the figure of a feast, women as well as men are introduced, but here seven men only—are partaking of fish and bread; that is, they are partaking of Christ under the appearance of bread.

To ourselves the proofs which De Rossi has accumulated in support of his interpretation of these symbols appear most convincing; and though we are well aware that, in our desire to be brief, we have presented them to our readers under

great disadvantages, yet we think that even this imperfect sketch will be sufficient to establish their high probability to those who have had any experience in such studies; and to all good Catholics it cannot fail to be a matter of interest to see how here, as in a thousand other instances, the science of archæology offers itself as a useful handmaid of the Church. In this dissertation De Rossi has opened a wide field, in which but few labourers have gone before him: indeed, until we have a more perfect account of the monuments of early Christian art than we at present possess, and more especially until De Rossi's own collection of all the *res lapidaria* of ancient Roman Christianity is made public, the materials for such dissertations are scarcely within reach. It is earnestly to be hoped that neither of these works may be long delayed; for it is easy to judge from the present specimen how rich a harvest both of profit and pleasure they cannot fail to afford, when commented upon by persons bringing to the study of them the same combination of learning, diligence, and moderation which so eminently characterise the writer of the letter we have been examining.

DORAN'S KNIGHTS AND THEIR DAYS.

Knights and their Days. By Dr. Doran. London: Richard Bentley. 1856.

Knights and their days! We seized the book with avidity. What a rich prospective field of interest lay open before us! Deep researches into history, from the mystic mazes that surround Arthur's knights and their wonderful doings to the time when chivalry may fairly be said to have passed away in the presence of a civilisation which, if it adds some comforts to the creature part of our being, certainly does not tend to elevate that which prompts to deeds of knightly daring and fearless courage; rich gems of poetry, remembrance of the far-famed days of the troubadours; recitals of soul-stirring interest, from the annals of the knights of the Temple, St. John, and other religious military orders;—here was matter surely at once rife with interest, and capable of being blended with most valuable instruction. We were doomed to be somewhat disappointed. Dr. Doran is a writer who has attained a literary reputation more upon the strength of a certain interest, conveyed principally by means of amusing anecdote in which the scandalous pre-

dominates, profane wit, and an off-hand manner of relating, than upon the real value of the historical facts that he details. Indeed, he says himself, "I am not sure Scarron was wrong when he said the best way of writing history was by writing epigrams pointed so as to prick every body;" and this is certainly *his* way of writing it: nevertheless he sometimes presents to us, although mixed up with a deal of irrelevant matter, some interesting anecdotes of mediæval life. He relates a touching incident of this description from the chronicles of De Joinville. After giving us from this author an account of the death and burial of Sir Hugh de Baudricourt, and the supposed retribution that befel the six irreverent jesters at his bier, he says,

"I must add one more incident, to show how, in the battle-field, the human and Christian principle was not altogether lost. The poor priest, whom the wicked and wedded knights had interrupted in the service of the Mass by follies, at which De Joinville himself seems to think that men may perhaps be inclined to laugh, became as grievously ill as De Joinville himself; and 'one day,' says the latter, 'when he was singing Mass before me as I lay in my bed, at the moment of the elevation of the Host, I saw him so exceedingly weak, that he was near fainting; but when I perceived he was on the point of falling to the ground I flung myself out of bed, sick as I was, and taking my coat, embraced him, and bade him be at his ease, and take courage from Him whom he held in his hand. He recovered some little; but I never quitted him till he had finished the Mass, which he completed; and this was the last, for he never celebrated another, but died. God receive his soul!' This is a pleasanter picture of Christian chivalry than any other that is given by this picturesque chronicler."

We are not often indebted to Dr. Doran for the insertion of a story like this one, free from disagreeable reflections on religion, and therefore we have given it to our readers before we turn to the many pages in his book which to the Catholic reader must appear most objectionable and profane. We have no wish to quarrel with the bantering tone in which he treats his subject, but we have frequently noticed in our course through the book a certain offensive flippancy even in the relation of the most serious incidents, sometimes combined with a spirit of untruthful satire, which is, to say the least, unbecoming an historian; and this he particularly delights in when it is at the expense of the Catholic Church, or some person or thing which she holds venerable and holy; as, for instance, when he speaks of St. Abraham of Chiduna being "clapped into the Roman calendar of deified men." The whole history of this Saint (knight, Dr. Doran calls him),

better known to our Catholic readers as the Abbot Abraham of the desert of Thebais, is too long for insertion here; but the latter part of it, relating to St. Mary of Egypt and her repentance, is at once so exceedingly novel and suggestive, that we must submit it for perusal:

"I have said, this knight, in assuming his monkly character, had caused himself to be walled up in his cell; I have my suspicions, however, that it was a theatrical sort of wall, for it is very certain that the Saint could pass through it. Now there resided near him a lady-recluse who was his 'niece,' and whose name was Mary. The two were as inseparable as the priest Lacombe and Madame Guyon, and probably were as little deserving of reproach. This Mary was the original of little Red Riding-Hood. She used to convey boiled milk and butter and other necessaries to her uncle Abraham. Now it happened, that the ex-knight used also to be visited by a monk whose name was Wolf, or who, at all events, has been so called by hagiographers, on account of his being quite as much of a beast as the quadruped so called. The monk was wont to fall in with Mary as she was on her way to her uncle's cell with pleasant condiments under her napkin in a wicker basket. He must have been a monk of the Count Ory fashion, and he was as seductive as Ponchard, when singing 'Gentille Annette' to the 'Petit Chaperon Rouge' in Boieldieus' opera. The result was, that the monk carried off Mary to a neighbouring city,—Edessa, if I remember rightly; and if I am wrong, Mr. Michell Kemble will perhaps set me right in his bland and gentlemanlike way. The town-life led by these two was of the most disgraceful nature; and when the monk had grown tired of it, he left Mary to lead a worse without him. Mary became the 'Reine Pomare,' the 'Mogadore,' the 'Rose Pomponne' of Edessa, and was the terror of all families where there were elder sons and latch-keys. Her doings and her whereabouts at length reached the ears of her uncle Abraham; and not a little astonished were those who knew the recluse, to see him one morning attired in a pourpoint of rich stuff, with a cloak like Almaviva's, yellow buskins with a fall of lace over the tops, a jaunty cap and feather on his head, a rapier on his thigh, and a steed between his legs, which curveted under his burden as though the fun of the thing had given it lightness. At Mary's supper this cavalier was present on the night of his arrival at Edessa. He scattered his gold like a Crœsus, and Mary considered him worth all the more penniless knights put together. When these had gone, as being less welcome, Abraham declared his relationship, and acted on the right it gave him to rate a niece, who was not only an ungrateful minx, but who was as mendacious as an ungrateful niece could well be. The old gentleman, however, had truth on his side, and finally so overwhelmed Mary with its terrible application, that she meekly followed him back to the desert, and passed fifteen years in a walled-up cell close to that of her uncle."

Now where can Dr. Doran possibly have picked up this very creditable version of the story of St. Mary of Egypt, of which the skeleton certainly is true? As he has not furnished us with his authority, we feel utterly at a loss as to what records he has consulted, or what historian has supplied him with the materials of this edifying episode; for there were no St. Simons in those days. We can think of but one, and he is a very old fabricator of histories—the oldest we have on record—one to whom Dr. Doran himself distantly alludes, as we shall have occasion to remark as we pass further on into his book; and we feel the more inclined to give him the credit of the suggestion, as we are somewhere told, on very indisputable authority, that he is not only a liar, but the father of lies. Indeed there is no mistaking the tendency of some of Dr. Doran's sarcasms. He tells us with wonderful relish that St. Francis of Sales cheated at cards; that St. Francis Borgia "passed his age in wonderful innocence and piety among his domestics—the only part of his life so passed." He ridicules St. Louis for "calling upon God and His Saints, and especially St. James and St. Genevieve, as his intercessors;" and he goes out of his way to turn the story of Joan d'Arc against the Church, by saying "she was hellishly betrayed by the Church, under whose benediction she had raised her banner."

We offer an extract from his chapter on De Rancé and the Trappists, which teems with ill-directed sarcasm, particularly against the virtues of obedience and humility. Speaking of a young marquis and chevalier who took pleasure in performing the meanest offices in the community—

"This monk," he says, "was the flower of the fraternity; he was for ever accusing himself of the most heinous crimes, not one of which he had ever committed or was capable of committing. He represented himself so ingeniously, said De Rancé (who on this occasion is the biographer), 'that without lying, he made himself pass for the vile wretch which in truth he was not.' He must have been like that other clever individual, who lies like truth."

His history of the Guise family, we need scarcely say, is completely one-sided. While he lauds the Huguenots as pious champions of their religion, ever ready to defend with their swords the belief that they cherished, and lets fall no hint of blood shed recklessly by them, he omits no opportunity of casting a slur not only on their opposers, but through them on Rome. We were astounded at the variety of anecdotes based on no higher authority than a precursory "it is said," contained in these two chapters on De Rancé and the Guises; anecdotes which we nowhere find mention of in history, and

for which Dr. Doran quotes no authority; but which, we suppose, are cooked up by that "clever individual" from the pages of Voltaire, St. Simon, Sully, and other "scandalous individuals" of the period. Indeed he does not seem to be alive to the possibility of there being more than one clever individual who, to borrow his own words, "lies like truth." Of Claude of Lorraine and his brother the Cardinal of Guise, he tells us, "the Church beheld in him and his brother two of those champions whom it records with gladness, and canonises with alacrity." What alacrity means, or rather what meaning Dr. Doran attaches to it, we are perfectly unable to understand, some three centuries having elapsed since the Duc de Guise and his brother played their part on the vast theatre of the political world, and we have yet to see the effects of this wonderful alacrity. We have well looked through what Dr. Doran so irreverently styles "the Roman calendar of deified men," and we nowhere find "recorded" a saint of the surname of Guise.

Let us now see what are his ideas of the massacre of St. Bartholomew:

"Ranke is puzzled," he says, "where to find the principal author of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. There is no difficulty in the matter. The Guises had appealed to the chances of battle to overcome their chief adversaries in the kingdom; but for every Huguenot father slain, there arose as many filial avengers as he had sons; the causes of quarrel were individual as well as general. A Huguenot had slain the second duke, and his widow was determined to be avenged. The cardinal was wroth with the king for retaining Protestant archers in his body-guard; the archers took an unclean vengeance, and defiled the pulpit in the chapel-royal, wherefrom the cardinal was accustomed to denounce the doctrine of their teachers. His eminence formed a confederacy by which it was resolved to destroy the enemy at a blow."

Does Dr. Doran really mean to assert that the Cardinal de Guise thought it necessary to wipe away in the blood of thousands a paltry insult offered to his pulpit?

"To the general causes I need not allude"—(no, Dr. Doran, *you* need not; they are too well known in history to afford scope for successful speculation in the production of epigrams)—"The plot itself was formed in Oliver Clesson's house in Paris, known as the Hotel of Mercy; but the representatives of Rome and Spain, united to those of France, met upon the frontier, and there made the final arrangements which were followed by such terrible consequences. When the stupendous deed was being done, the cardinal was absent from France; but he fairly took upon himself the guilt when he conferred the hand of his illegitimate daughter Anne d'Arne on the

officer Besme, whose dagger had given the first and mortal stab to Coligny, the chief of the immolated victims of that dreadful day. And Rome approved."

Where did Dr. Doran find that out? But the question is superfluous; he has already shown us how easy it is for him to dispose of questions which puzzled Ranke. One more remark on this chapter, and we must pass on. We are told that the knife with which Henry III. was killed is "still preserved as a precious treasure at Rome;" where or by whom it does not suit Dr. Doran to let us know. But enough of this.

We turn gladly now to the record of Rambouillet, to find there the history of one on whom even the pen of Dr. Doran can cast no slur, one who knew how to preserve his virtue in the midst of the contamination of the most licentious court of that most licentious monarch Louis XV., the father-in-law of the ill-fated princess De Lamballe, the Duc de Penthièvre. We cannot resist giving our readers the following anecdote, illustrative at once both of the manners of the court and the character of the man:

"It was by permission of the duke, who refused to sell his house, that Louis XV. built in the adjacent forest the hunting-lodge of St. Hubert. An assemblage of kings, courtiers, knights, and ladies there met, at whose doings the good saint would have blushed, could he have witnessed them. One night the glittering crowd had galloped there for a carouse, when discovery was made that the materials for supper had been forgotten, or left behind at Versailles. 'Let us go to Penthièvre!' was the universal cry; but the king looked grave at the proposition. Hunger and the universal opposition, however, overcame him. Forth the famished revellers issued, and played a reveillé on the gates of Rambouillet loud enough to have startled the seven sleepers. 'Penthièvre is in bed!' said one. 'He is conning his Breviary,' sneered another. 'Gentlemen, he is probably at prayers,' said the king; who, like an Athenian, could applaud the virtue which he failed to practise. 'Let us withdraw,' added the exemplary royal head of the order of the Holy Ghost. 'If we do,' remarked Madame du Barry, 'I shall die of hunger; let us knock again.' To the storm which now beset the gates the latter yielded; and as they swung open they disclosed the duke, who, girt in a white apron, and with a ladle in his hand, received his visitors with the announcement that he was engaged in helping to make soup for the poor. The monarch and his followers declared that no poor could be more in need of soup than they were. They accordingly seized the welcome supply, devoured it with the appetite of those for whom it was intended, and paid the grave knight who was their host in the false coin of pointless jokes. How that host contrasted with his royal guest, may be seen in the fact told of him when a poor woman kissed his hand, and asked a favour, as he was

passing in a religious procession. 'In order of religion before God,' said he, 'I am your brother; in all other cases for ever your friend.' The order of the Holy Ghost never had a more enlightened member than he."

The Duc de Penthièvre expiated in the Revolution, if not in his own person, in those of his nearest and dearest relatives, the crimes which brought that fearful curse on the French nation; one of the few innocent in that crowd of turpitude and guilt. At the death of his wife, Dr. Doran tells us, he had spent weeks among the Trappists, praying and sleeping on the bare ground. But let us pass on.

We must now, with great deference, if not to the sounder information, to the superior assurance of our historian, venture to ask him where he has obtained the knowledge that so rejoices him, that it was not Sir Walter Tyrrel that killed William Rufus in the New Forest, "although," he says, "I am sorry an attempt has been made to fix it on the Church." We *do not* sympathise in his sorrow; we know of no writer of any moment with such "an unblushing disregard for truth" as to make the assertion in question, and we do not think the friends or well-wishers of the Church have any reason to feel sorry that it has been made by Dr. Doran.

He likewise informs us that, in the dissensions between Henry II. and St. Thomas of Canterbury,

"Nothing could possibly be more disgraceful than the conduct of the Pope and the diplomacy of the Roman government. Throughout the continuation of the quarrel between A'Beckett and the king, double-dealing, atrocious deceit, and an unblushing disregard for truth, marked every act of him who was looked upon as the spiritual head of Christendom. Comparing Beckett with the king, it is impossible to avoid coming to the conclusion, that in many of the requirements of knighthood he was superior to the sovereign. His death, that is, the way in which he met it, was sublime."

This is a good example of what we have observed all through Dr. Doran's book, namely, that he sometimes spares Catholic bishops and laymen, as game too small for him to fly his hawk against, nay, he even praises them, when by so doing he thinks he can come down with double force against the Church or the Popes, whom he never spares, but always attacks, and that in the most opprobrious language. The real history of the contest in question, and the conduct of the Pope in the transaction, is now so perfectly well known, at least by all Catholics, that to make us reopen the narrative of the dispute we must have a more serious adversary than Dr. Doran.

As Dr. Doran has written a work entitled *Lives of Queens*

of the House of Hanover, in speaking of which in public the *v* of the first word is now constantly omitted, we can scarcely expect that he should deal more truthfully with the character of James II. He says of him,

"He was coarsely-minded, and neither practised fidelity himself nor expected it in others. Whatever he may have been in battle, there was little of the refinement of chivalry about him in the bower. It was said of Louis XIV. and his successor, that if they were outrageously unfaithful to their consorts, they never failed to treat them with the greatest politeness. James lacked even this little remnant of chivalrous feeling, and he was barely courteous to his consort till adversity taught him the worth of Mary of Modena."

As a slight contrast to this very unpleasing picture, we must turn to the other side of the page for the account, taken from Dodd's *Church History*, of the last days of this most unfortunate, most conscientious, and ill-used monarch:

"James was never once heard to repine at his misfortune. He willingly heard read the scurrilous pamphlets that were daily published in England against him. If at any time he showed himself touched, it was to hear of the misfortunes of those gentlemen who suffered on his account. He would often entertain those about him with the disorders of his youth; but it was with a public detestation of them, and an admonition to others not to follow his example. The very newspapers were to him a lesson of morality; and the daily occurrences both in the field and the cabinet were looked upon by him, not as the result of second causes, but as providential measures to chastise both nations and private persons according to their deserts. He would sometimes say, that the exalted state of a king was attended with this great misfortune, that he lived out of the reach of reproof; and mentioned himself as an example. He read daily a chapter in the Bible, and another in that excellent book, the *Following of Christ*. In his last illness he publicly forgave all his enemies, and several of them by name, especially the Prince of Orange, whom he acknowledged to be his greatest friend, as being the person whom Providence had made use of to scourge him and humble him in the manner he had done, in order to save his soul."

We observe that Dr. Doran has every now and then written several whole pages together without indulging in sarcasm, or "pricking any one with his epigrams." We can account for this phenomenon only on the supposition that he has been more free on these occasions from the usual overflow of bile that troubles him. In this case he becomes a very good Joe Miller, and that is all. We give two or three specimens of these stories:

"When Ulderich, count of Sicily, sought an interview with Hunniades, governor of Hungary, the latter bade him come to the

Hungarian camp. The offended Ulderich, in a great chafe, replied, that it was beneath him to do such a thing, seeing that he was descended from a long line of princely ancestors, whereas Hunniades was the first of his family that had ever been raised to honour. The Hungarian very handsomely remarked, 'I do not compare myself to your ancestors, but to you.'"

"George III. was asked to knight Judge Day. 'Pooh! pooh!' remonstrated the king, 'how can I change day into night?' The ministerial application being renewed, George asked if he were married; and on an affirmative reply being given, he immediately rejoined, 'Then let him come to the next drawing-room, and I will perform a couple of miracles,—I will not only turn Day into knight, but I will make Lady Day at Christmas.'"

"There was a patron, an old Chevalier de St. Louis, with a small cross and large *ailes de pigeon.* The parish-priest resided under his roof, and was the friend of the family. The parish was a poor one; but it had spirit enough to raise a subscription in order to supply the altar with a new ciborium. With the modest sum in hand the knight of St. Louis, accompanied by the priest, repaired to Metz to make the necessary purchase. The goldsmith placed two vessels before them. One was somewhat small, but suitable to the funds at the knight's disposal; the other was large, splendidly chased, and highly coveted by the priest. 'Here is a pretty article,' said the chevalier, pointing to the simpler of the two vessels. 'But here is a more worthy,' interrupted the priest. 'It corresponds with the sum at our disposal,' remarked the former. 'I am sure it does not correspond with your love for Him for whom the sum was raised,' was the rejoinder. 'I have no authority to exceed the amount named,' whispered the cautious chevalier. 'But you have wherewith of your own to supply the deficiency,' murmured the priest. The perplexed knight began to feel himself a dissenter from the Church, and after a moment's thought, and looking at the smaller as well as simpler of the two vessels, he exclaimed, 'It is large enough for the purpose, and will do honour to the Church.' 'The larger would be more to the purpose, and would do more honour to the Head of the Church,' was the steady clerical comment which followed. 'Do you mean to say that it is not large enough?' said the treasurer. 'Certainly, since there is a larger which we may have if you will only be generous.' '*Mais*,' remonstrated the knight in a burst of profane impatience, and pointing to the smaller ciborium, '*cela contiendroit le diable.*' 'Ah, Monsieur le Chevalier,' said the priest, by no means shocked at the idiomatic phrase, '*le bon Dieu est plus grand que le diable.*' This stroke won the day; and the goldsmith was the most delighted of the three at this conclusion to a knotty argument."

We are already exceeding our limits, and must therefore pass over Dr. Doran's chapters on Stage-knights and Stage-ladies, on the stupid romances of the Seven Champions of

Christendom, and Guy Earl of Warwick, to which we were surprised to see three or four whole chapters devoted, whilst the deeds of the Crusaders, and of the military orders of the Church, are passed without the slightest notice. Speaking of the knighting of Spielman by Elizabeth: "This was done," says he, "at a time when printers and paper-makers were considered by Romanists as any thing but angels of light." This, we must remark, is written of the times when the papal chair was occupied successively by a Medici, under the name of Paul IV.; by that Ugo Buoncampagni who, as Gregory XIII., founded and endowed more than one college in Rome for the promotion of education, and who has earned a world-wide reputation as the reformer of the Julian calendar, which reform Protestant England was centuries in adopting, and which Russia has not accepted yet; by Sixtus V., of whose encouragement of the arts and liberal sciences it would be impossible here to enumerate the instances; and Ippolito Aldobrandini, known as the publisher of a new edition of the Vulgate, as a zealous promoter of knowledge, and the patron of Bellarmine. In a phase of his old spirit he calls Leo X. an infidel; and when he mentions the publication by Ulrick von Hutton of his *Vadiscus, sive Trias Romana*, he says, "never had arrow of such power stricken the harlot before." We will not dwell on this very euphonistic phrase. Dr. Doran has quoted in a part of his volume a learned dissertation on the gentle-gentle, the gentle-ungentle, and the ungentle-gentle. We do not feel called upon to discuss Dr. Doran's claims to any of these titles; but before we have done with *Knights and* their *Days*, we would remind him that in these days we expect to hear such expressions only from such gentles as Dr. Cumming, or in such places as Exeter Hall. We forget; there is one other place associated in our minds with such little expletives, and that place is Billingsgate.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

Breviarii Sarisburiensis Fasciculus Secundus. Edidit C. Seager, A.M. (Whitaker.) We are glad at length to see the second part of Mr. Seager's very valuable contribution to the liturgical literature of Catholic England. If the Salisbury Breviary has not *all* the interest which attaches to the ancient Eucharistic liturgies of the eastern and western Churches, it has an interest only inferior to that of those venerable rites in the eyes of us who are the legitimate successors of the

Englishmen of other days. It is at least some consolation to remember, that if those who robbed us of our rights have seized the fabrics and revenues belonging to our religion, they cannot take from us those prayers and that faith without which York Minster is but a glorious meeting-house, and Westminster Abbey a private appendage to parliament and royalty. Salisbury Cathedral is in the hands of the spoilers; but the Sarum rite can never be other than ours. The Church discipline, which has gradually substituted the Roman Breviary for those local offices which became a symbol of Gallicanism, has wisely placed the Sarum office in the same category with others of equal antiquity; but it still calls forth the admiration of every one who studies it. Mr. Seager's edition is very carefully and elaborately done; the text is collated from the original manuscripts, and ample notes elucidate all the most interesting points.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

A portion of the Journal of T. Raikes, Esq. from 1831 *to* 1847, *comprising Reminiscences of Social and Political Life in London and Paris during that period.* 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) Mr. Raikes, though of mercantile extraction, mixed very much with the governing circles both here and in France; and his reminiscences therefore afford a much more important, perhaps even a more "indiscreet" series of *ana* than those which Mr. Dyce picked up as crumbs under Rogers's table. Mr. Raikes was a thorough Tory, desirous to allow the people all necessary personal liberty, and to deny them all possible political power; which he wished to keep in the hands of the noble spendthrifts, rakes, duellists, suicides, gourmands, and triflers, among whom he cast his lot. The only story that redounds to the credit of any body which we have found in the book is the following:

"On Sunday last two young men, students, repaired to the Bois de Boulogne to settle an affair of honour of so serious a nature that it was resolved that one should die. After a vain attempt at reconciliation, one of the seconds demanded that the delay of one hour should take place before the combat commenced. This being agreed to, he returned with all speed to Paris, and informed a priest (the Abbé Bertin), who had been chaplain to the college of the students, of what was about to occur. The worthy ecclesiastic hurried to the spot, and after a vain endeavour to bring one of the adversaries to listen to reason, who insisted on blood being shed, the clergyman said to him, 'If you must have blood, let it be mine; I willingly offer myself as a victim; for I may say, without presumption, that I am better prepared at the present moment to quit this world than the young man whose life you seek.' This touching appeal had the desired effect, and a reconciliation took place, all parties doing honour to the venerable peacemaker."

Mr. Raikes can afford an insulated homage to an individual; but when he has to notice the acts of spoliation of the ecclesiastical order which were taking place in Spain and Portugal, he cannot find words strong enough to condemn the laziness and uselessness of monks and priests; his language is quite altered again when he has to speak of O'Connell and the "Irish-Church spoliation." Mr. Raikes was as illogical an old gossip as the rest of his party.

Cuzco and Lima. By C. R. Markham, F.R.G.S. (London, Chapman and Hall.) We have nothing to say against this gentleman's investigation of the geography, history, and language of the portions of

South America he undertakes to describe—they are worthy of a member of the Geographical Society; but we protest against his way of speaking of our religion. Like Mr. Raikes, he can praise individuals; but his panegyric is soon modified by a *but*, and ends in rigid censure. "If we forget for a moment," he says, "the ungenerous hatred with which Protestant English are accustomed to pursue the name of a Jesuit, and calmly consider the privations and misery they underwent, their banishment from society, their cheerful sacrifice of self, all undertaken for the glory of God,—then, &c." But, in spite of this "calm consideration," Mr. Markham coolly assumes that the destruction of the old "sun-worship," and establishment of the Catholic religion in its place, has been a sad thing for Peru. He visits the ruins of the old sun-temple and its dependencies, over which a poor church is now erected, and utters a lament over the change—"standing amid these saddening relics of former greatness, I could picture the change, &c. Where now stands the church of San Domingo, then rose that glorious fane, the temple of the Sun, with its massive cornice of pure gold. The interior was decorated with a magnificence suited to the holy uses for which it was dedicated. A large golden sun, studded with emeralds and turquoises, covered the side facing the door; a sacred flame constantly burned before the representative of the Deity." And as Popish buildings make but a poor substitute for the destroyed temples of heathenism, so also are the Popish feasts and fasts, which are only inventions of lazy monks, unable to compete with the importance of pagan fasti, "the complicated system of feasts and fasts of the worship of the sun, which was observed most religiously throughout the empire, and gave occasion for many happy gala-days to the Indians."

Of the modern Peruvian literature, Mr. Markham cannot say much: it consists chiefly of "pamphlets full of scurrility and libel;" the "surface is polluted by such productions, but there are some political writers who redeem it from contempt." Then follow two examples: Col. Espinosa, who thus addresses the Pope: "Pius IX., enter, enter Rome; enter, as did Sylla, proscribing your fellow-citizens. Enter, like the cholera, destroying. Enter, surrounded by a staff of strangers, &c. . . . . Pius IX., Pius IX., you, who might have been the first man of the age, are its disgrace; you, who might have been the liberator of Italy, are its oppressor, &c. . . . . God preserve your life, O most holy Father, that you may be the last of your line. Amen! amen! amen!"

Another hero of Peruvian literature is a "priest named Vigil," who has written a book in six 8vo vols. to prove that the priesthood should be married. On receiving the news of his excommunication, he writes of the Pope in words that might have been written by Col. Espinosa.

When this is the gold, silver, and jewelry of a literature, what may be its chaff, straw, stubble, and mud? We may return, for some illustrations of it, to Mr. Markham, in our next number.

The Life and Adventures of Jules Gérard, the Lion-killer. (Lambert and Co.) A book of marvellous adventures, truly French in tone of thought, but none the less entertaining, and reading very agreeably in their English dress. M. Gérard is decidedly not deficient in his appreciation of his own heroic courage; but his stories seem true; indeed, if they were otherwise, the circumstances in which he is placed would have led to exposure. The volume is certainly one of the best that has appeared in any of the many cheap Railway Series.

A Narrative of the Siege of Kars, and of the Six Months' Resistance

of the Turkish Garrison, under General Williams, to the Russian Army, &c. By H. Sandwith, M.D., chief of the medical staff. (London, Murray.) No one has had a better chance than Dr. Sandwith, and no one could have frittered it away more completely. As a writer, he has a most unfortunate facility of commanding inattention to what is well worth the hearing. We are sorry for it; for this siege has been one of the grandest episodes of the war, and in the hands of a competent person its records might have been most interesting. As it is, it is a labour to read it. The following is the author's appreciation of the effect of the loss of Kars:

"That the loss of Kars is a blot on a year otherwise successful for the arms of the allies cannot be denied; and injury has been thereby inflicted on the prestige of England which we must all regret. Sevastopol was doubtless a grand triumph, calculated to produce a vast political effect throughout Europe and the West; but Asiatics scarce knew of its existence, whereas scores of wandering dervishes and fakirs from central Asia, Persia, and northern India have visited Kars, and are thoroughly aware of its importance. These men take the place of newspapers in the East, and their reports must exercise a damaging influence on the reputation of England."

The accounts given of the conduct and bearing of General Williams point to him as the representative of the real military talent of the nation in this most unscientific war.

Sevastopol: our Tent in the Crimea, and Wanderings in Sevastopol. By two Brothers. (London, Bentley.) This is the work of two educated men, non-combatants, one of whom was compelled by ill-health to quit the Crimea before the final bombardment, and to leave the most important share of the work to his brother. The book abounds in details, and is well written. Towards the end some characteristic anecdotes are inserted, which are amusing enough. Altogether it is one of the best of the ephemeral books on the war.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. By W. L. Alexander, D.D. (Edinburgh, A. and C. Black.) Both the subject and the author of these memoirs are much more able men than usually write or are written about in the strange volumes of Protestant hagiology which "the elect" devour with so voracious an appetite. Both the reverend divines are scholars; both quote Latin and Greek; both have read abstruse authors; both know well enough the meaning of words, and yet both use them in that unctuous, slip-slop, indefinite manner which is familiar to all who have ever looked into the productions of Evangelical penmen. "We got a charming repast on Sabbath forenoon from the 67th Psalm; it was truly a feast of fat things." If a child dies, her death is described as that "of a singularly engaging and precious little girl of two years and two months of age, who was taken from them by measles." If a brother divine does a neighbourly act, we are sure to hear of his "lovely and generous spirit;" if a man improves in preaching, he "makes great advances in acceptability as a preacher" (as Dr. Wardlaw did long before he was "ordained"); and preachers of the "persuasion" are characterised by such very superlative epithets; thus we have "the thrice-venerable John Newton," and innumerable similar instances: but the Independents seem always to have had a higher notion of the "saints" of their order than most other Protestant sects. When the news of Oliver Cromwell's death was brought to those who were met to pray for him, Mr. Sterry, his chaplain, stood up, and desired them not to be troubled: "for,"

said he, "this is good news; because if he was of great use to the people of God when he was among them, now he will be much more so, being ascended to heaven, to sit at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us upon all occasions" (*Ludlow's Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 611). But to return to our mutton.

Dr. Wardlaw was a Scottish Independent minister of considerable reputation beyond the bounds of his own sect, born in Glasgow in 1779, settled as a "pastor" in the same town, and finally dying there in 1853. There was not much to chequer his life beyond his marriage, and the births of eleven children; so that there is no external interest in his memoirs. From them we gather that, for a Calvinist saint, he laboured under what we always supposed to be a serious defect—he was ignorant of the hour and minute, the day, month, and year of his "conversion." "At what time he underwent the great change, without which there can be no true piety, it is impossible to say:" it was, as he wrote, "of dateless origin, and of imperceptibly gradual development" (this clothing of essentially prosaic ideas in very sublime language ought to be Cervantic, but somehow it misses the true Quixotic vein). Still his co-religionists thought none the worse of him for it; the proprietors of chapels placed them at his disposal, invited him to take possession of them and to set up his church, leaving him "at liberty as to order and formation of the church in the way he shall judge best." He might dress like a dandy, and indulge in puns and sharp repartee, but his unctuousness as a preacher restored him in the eyes of the half-scandalised spinsters; a consummation, as his biographer says, "creditable to all parties."

The fifth chapter of the memoirs gives an amusing picture of what we may call in physiological language the "fissiparous reproduction" of congregational churches. Such phenomena only take place in the polyps and infusoria of ecclesiastical zoology. A cleft or fissure appears in some part of the body, either a misunderstanding between the pastor and deacons, a quarrel on some doctrine, or an idea in the head of some oratorical lay member that he can preach as well as his parson. This fissure constantly increases in depth, the two sides separate more decidedly, the contained organs are divided and become double, and two individuals are formed of one, so similar to each other, that it is impossible to say which is the parent and which the offspring; nevertheless "cavils and backbiting" supply the place of radical differences, and the "churches" come to abuse one another as prettily as the best Christian could desire.

This equivocal mode of generation explains the vitality of the English and Scottish sects. A celebrated Anglican divine has affected to wonder at their tenacity of life beyond the second generation, on the ground that "among the brutes, a mule, whose sire is an ass, leaves no posterity, and is the last of his family." But Jortin has drawn his illustration from too high a department of zoology; he must descend from the pachydermata to the regions of malacology, and seek among the *acalephæ* or stinging-nettle molluscs, or among worms and maggots, for the real types of the sects he is speaking about, as well as of his own.

A good example of the way in which the reproduction in question is conducted may be found in chap. xviii., where we read of an attempt of Mr. Porter, Dr. Wardlaw's colleague, to get him ousted from his pulpit. The first thing to be done was to assail the rev. doctor's character; we are therefore told how it was reported that one widow Connell first lent him money at a low rate of interest, and then made him a present of it, hinting, in her letter of gift, that as Philemon owed himself to St.

Paul, so she owed herself also to Dr. Wardlaw; how, in acknowledging the receipt (of the gift, not of the "I. O. U.—one widow—value received"), he said that in accepting the money his "feelings were of a peculiarly humbling, yet interesting description." How thereupon one Higginbotham (who doubtless read "interested" for "interesting") charged him with being "worse than a felon, and with resorting to the worst practices of the confessional;" how the deacons and the church met and sat in judgment, and acquitted Wardlaw; but dismissed his "co-pastor," Porter, for taking part in the "atrocious libel" against the doctor, for his "shameful insinuations against the deacons," and last, not least, for giving "obtrusive and ill-timed advice to the members of the church."

We believe that our Irish friends call these or similar sectarians "swaddlers:" so far as relates to their abuse of the Queen's English, we fully accept the word, which well expresses the unnatural, forced, constraining dress in which they envelop the infantine limbs of the "calves of their lips," as we may very properly term their ceremonial language.

Nevertheless, we are constrained to own that there is a great deal that is good, self-denying, and earnest in the conduct of such men as Dr. Wardlaw, whose life, if his biographer tells the truth, might put to shame that of many a votary of a better faith.

A History of the Christian Church during the three first Centuries. By the Rev. J. J. Blunt, B.D., late Margaret Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. (London, Murray.) We were struck at not finding St. Peter's name in the table of contents of this volume, though that of St. Paul is mentioned several times; but our suspicions were not justified by the text, where more is allowed to St. Peter than is generally conceded by Protestants, and where ground is assumed, which, if logically followed out, would lead to the recognition of the Papal Supremacy. Nevertheless, of course we do not recommend the book, which has all the faults of the "*via-media* theory;" the assumption that Popery *is* an extreme; and the anxious endeavour to keep clear of it by stopping short of the conclusions of admitted premises.

Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey. Edited by J. Wood Warter, B.D. In 4 vols.; 2 published. (London, Longmans.) Southey was a hardworking, painstaking domestic man, of great talents, but little genius; his one fault was conceit; in his estimation of himself he was "over-proud and under-honest; in self-assumption greater than in the note of judgment." This pride is the salient characteristic of the correspondence before us; wit, or anecdotes, or views, are almost wanting; and if, as the motto of the volumes tells us, "Southey's letters show his true character," that character must have been a very boring one. The rev. editor has risen from their perusal "a sadder and a wiser man:" sadder probably, wiser perhaps; for there are degrees in wisdom from zero to bloodheat. In them Southey seems to have worked up the chips and rubbish of his studio—the scraps that were useless for his published works. Those who think that worth publishing which a publicist of such matchless fecundity passed by, must have a very hazy and dissipated notion of literary value.

The poet's jocularity comes out in these volumes in a very ponderous form; "he jesteth as adroitly as a camel danceth." The chief attempt at wit is a parody on the opening chapters of Genesis, at which, we are assured by his rev. son-in-law, "those who knew Southey and his deep-grounded religious faith will not be offended."

His ideas do not seem to have been very steady either in religion or politics; at one time a good Anglican, then a Quaker in all but dress and non-combativeness; now a Radical, now a Tory; sometimes his ideas "ran into license:" of his opinions, "many were modified, many were changed." "On one point only would he have remained immovable to the last, and that is, on the concessions to the Romish Church *as at present constituted*" (perhaps he had a project for remodelling our system); "on this head there are very many now aware of his long-sighted wisdom." We should consider such wisdom rather long-eared than long-sighted.

Of architectural books there are two lately published which we must recommend to our readers; one is Street's *Brick and Marble Architecture of Italy*, and the other Fergusson's *Illustrated Handbook of Architecture*. We had intended to notice them more at length, but till we have time to do so, we must content ourselves with this cursory reference to them.

Correspondence.

MEDIÆVAL HYMNS.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

Dear Sir,—Allow me to correct a blunder in the translation of the last hymn quoted in the article on "Mediæval Hymns" in your April No. Was it "sheer ignorance," or ecstatic astonishment at the word "quitaris," which made the translator suppose it was subjunctive and not indicative? The following is the correct translation:

Because I was born poor for thee, thou *art enriched* with merits.
Because I was tortured for thee, thou *art quit* of thy debts.
And *because* I was glorified, thou *art crowned* with rewards.
What givest thou, O man, to me for this?

Let me add a translation from a Greek hymn of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, written by some member of the schismatic Church, whose work may prompt Catholics to pray during this month for the reconciliation of a body which has always been so devout to the Mother of God.

I have found thee a place of refuge, O all-holy one,—
A covering, a bridge, and a harbour of smooth water;
I have found thee a comfort of my soul, O Virgin,
And a joy, and breath, an enlarging of heart:
Well for me that I have thee an invincible champion!
I have found thee a protection from my enemies, and strength;
I have found thee a wall and a castle, O city of God!
A rudder of salvation, an anchorage of calm,
And an anchor of hope, have I in thee, O Virgin!
What, then, is left but to run to thee, O sweetness of my heart,
And thine accustomed championship from my soul
To ask thee to afford me? Overlook me not, O venerable one,
But stretch forth quickly thy helping hand
To redeem me from dangers of the soul,
From spiritual enemies, malicious, violent;
And crush them by the divine strength.
And cover me with thy wings, O my joy;

And keep me above the reach of all sin,
That of thought, of deed, and that so cheaply
Perpetrated, O all-immaculate Throne of Christ.
For I have thee as a wall, thee as a patronage;
Thee also as dew, a refreshing delight,
As sweet ambrosial manna, O Virgin;
As nectar-drink, and a chalice of immortality,
The land of life, a vine hung with bunches of grapes;
And all my hope have I fixed on thee,
Who hast strangely subdued all my thought.
Mother, Throne, Vessel, Couch of the Lord,
Spiritual Mountain, and all-holy City:
Throne, placed far above the cherubim;
Couch, far nearer than the seraphim;
Vessel of manna, golden candlestick,
Spiritual spring, place of joy,
Adorable habitation of the Most-Highest Word,
Ineffable glory of light, grace of the sun,
Most venerable chamber, Virgin-gate of the Bridegroom God,
Which He passed through ineffably,
And, as He knew how, strangely preserved it inviolate,
Holy, unopened, sealed.

This is only about a third part of the hymn; but I give it to show that the Western Church has scarcely yet exhausted the litanies of the glorious attributes of the Blessed Virgin.

The following are additional specimens of the rare beauties of these ancient hymns:

Gloss on the Ave Maria, by Robert, Bishop of Lincoln; ob. 1253.

Ave Dei genetrix, et immaculata
Virgo, cœli gaudium, toti mundo nata
Ad salutem, hominum in exemplum data;
Dignare me laudare te, Virgo sacrata!

Maria, miseria per te terminatur,
Et misericordia per te revocatur;
Per te navigantibus stella maris datur,
Lumen viæ panditur, portus demonstratur.

Gratia te reddidit, Virgo, gratiosam;
Te vestivit lilio, sparsit in te rosam;
Te virtutum floribus fecit speciosam,
Intus et exterius totam luminosam!

Plena medicamine, abundans unguentis,
Audi preces pauperis coram te plangentis;
Respice in faciem, lacrymas fundentis,
Et livoris vulnera sana, plagas mentis.

Dominus, Rex omnium, ex te nobis fecit,
Cellam pigmentariam, et in te confecit
Medicinam omnium, quæ Sibi subjecit,
Morbos ægrotantium saluti refecit.

Tecum tota Trinitas fecit mansionem,
Plenitudo, sanctitas, tecum stationem,
Eligerunt intra te, ad perfectionem
Præbendo te omnibus vitæ lectionem.

Benedicta, benedic te benedicentes,
Ut in tuis laudibus semper sint ferventes;
Infunde dulcedinem in eorum mentes,
Ut in sanctis moribus sint proficientes.

Tu in mulieribus optima figura,
Angelorum omnium regem paritura;
A Creante omnia singulari curâ,
Dignior es condita omni creaturâ.

Et benedictus Deus, qui cuncta creavit,
Et in matris utero te sanctificavit;
Et beatus genitor, qui te generavit;
Et beata ubera matris quæ lactavit.

Fructus tuus, Domina, fructus angelorum,
Quo fruuntur, cibus est omnium sanctorum,
Ipsa delectatio, dulcedo eorum
Qui suorum ambulant viam mandatorum.

Ventris habitaculum Rex regum intravit;
Quasi tabernaculum hoc inhabitavit;
Regnaturus propter nos ibi se armavit
Armis condecentibus, quibus hostem stravit.

Tui ergo Filii redempti cruore,
Quam in crucis prælio fudit cum liquore;
Hac peruncti gratiâ te laudamus ore,
Ut in tuis laudibus simus et amore.

I append a translation:

Hail, Mother of God, and immaculate
Virgin, joy of heaven, born for the salvation
Of the whole world, given as the example of men;
Make me worthy to praise thee, O sacred Virgin!

Mary, our misery is ended by thee,
And mercy by thee is renewed;
By thee is the star of the sea given to mariners,
The light of our way is shown, our harbour is manifested.

Grace has made thee graceful, O Virgin;
Has clothed thee with the lily. has showered the rose upon thee;
Has made thee beauteous with the flowers of virtue,
All full of light within and without!

Full of healing balsam, abounding in odours,
Hear the prayers of the poor one who mourns before thee;
Look on his face, streaming with tears,
And heal his livid wounds, the bruises of his soul.

The Lord, the King of all, of thee has made for us
The storehouse of balm, and in thee has composed
That Medicine of all, who subjected to Himself,
(And) restored to health the diseases of the sick.

With thee the whole Trinity made His mansion;
Fulness, sanctity, with thee; and within thee
Chose their abode, and exhibited thee to all
As the lesson of life in the way of perfection.

Blessed one, bless those who bless thee,
That they may always be fervent in praise of thee;
Pour sweetness into their minds,
That they may progress in holiness of life.

Thou amongst women art in form most beautiful,
Predestined to be Mother of the King of all the angels;
By the peculiar care of the Creator of all,
Thou art created more noble than all creatures.

And blessed be God, who created all things,
And in thy mother's womb sanctified thee;
And blessed is thy father who begat thee;
And blessed the breasts of the mother who gave thee suck.

The fruit of thy body, O Lady, is the fruit of angels,
Which they enjoy; is the food of all saints;
Is joy itself; is the sweetness of those
Who walk in the way of His commandments.

Of thy womb the King of kings entered the habitation;
It was as it were the tabernacle where He dwelt,
When He was to fight our battles; it was there He armed Himself
With arms of proof, wherewith He slaughtered the enemy.

Of thy Son, therefore, by the blood redeemed,
Which, mingled with water, on the wine-press of the cross He shed:
Anointed with this grace, we praise thee with our mouth,
That we may be steadfast in thy praises and thy love.

The following was written by some French author of the thirteenth or fourteenth century:

The conception of Mary the Virgin, Who has washed us from the stain of guilt, Is celebrated to-day— A day of joy!	Conceptio Mariæ Virginis, Quæ nos lavit a labe criminis, Celebratur hodie— Dies est lætitiæ!
From the root of Jesse's plant Her did the Sun of true light draw forth, With the hand of His wisdom, To be the Temple of His own glory.	De radice Jesse propaginis Hanc eduxit sol veri luminis, Manu sapientiæ, Suæ Templum gloriæ.
A new star newly arises, With whose rise our death dies. Now is the fall of Eve restored In Mary. As the rising dawn, she goes forth; Fair as the moon is her form; Like the sun, over all is she raised, This gentle Virgin.	Stella nova noviter oritur, Cujus ortu mors nostra moritur. Evæ lapsus jam restituitur In Maria. Ut aurora surgens propeditur; Velut luna pulchra describitur; Super cuncta ut sol erigitur, Virgo pia.
O Virgin clement, O Virgin only one; O column of scented smoke from the censer, In thee does the frame of heaven and earth Boast itself; Thee have the mouths of the prophets designated; Thee does Solomon sing in the canticle Of canticles; to thee does the voice of the angel Bear witness.	Virgo clemens, et Virgo unica; Virga fumi, sed aromatica, In te cœli mundique fabrica Gloriatur; Te signarunt ora prophetica; Tibi canit Salomon cantica Canticorum, te vox angelica Protestatur.
The Word of the Father, in process of time, Enters the secret chamber of thy womb; All within thee, and all without thee, Was He, at once; The green fruit of a dry tree, Christ, the giant of almighty power, Us from the chains of our deadly pawn Did snatch.	Verbum Patris processu temporis Intrat tui secretum corporis; In te totum, et totum deforis, Simul fuit; Fructus virens arentis arboris, Christus, gigas immensi roboris, Nos a nexu funesti pignoris Eripuit.
O Mary, a sweet ransom Didst thou conceal within thy womb, By whom the medicine of salvation to the guilty Is granted. O true hope and true joy, Cause that after the journey of our present life The reward that we hope for in heaven May be given to us.	O Maria, dulce commercium Intra tuum celasti gremium, Quo salutis reis remedium Indulgetur. O vera spes et verum gaudium, Fac post vitæ præsentis stadium Ut optatum in cœlis bravium Nobis detur.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE ON MEDIÆVAL HYMNS.

THE RAMBLER.

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ON THE EXAGGERATIONS OF MODERN ART.

ONE characteristic of the present age is, that every body and every thing in it must be its own trumpeter, if it wishes to be known. That which cannot advertise itself is on its way to the undertaker's. The present is the period of puffs. Not that we are mourning over modern degeneracy: our ancestors were doubtless, in their way, as great humbugs as we are; there were as many solemn shams consecrated; there was at least as much swindling and fraud a hundred years ago as now; but still there are relics of that age which show that it was free from some of the characteristic evils of our own. Take, for instance, that almost extinct species of thing, the old-established respectable shop. Most of us can probably remember some dingy cobweb-wreathed warehouse, in some narrow street or court, where our mothers bought their tea, or their candles, or their silks; where some quiet Mr. Oldboy dispensed solid goods, over a solid counter, for a solid price; where there was no brisk young man, in the costume of a curate, to importune you into buying what you did not want; but where you were served by the master himself, and gravely asked about the welfare of all your household and kindred, to whom you were desired to present the good man's compliments. Year by year these old houses drop off, one by one: Mr. Oldboy dies, and young Hopeful has no notion of letting his capital germinate so slowly, though so surely and respectably; or he finds that his old customers are being filched from him by the temptation of the astoundingly sacrificial prices of some advertising firm; and so, in mere self-defence, he paints his shop-front pea-green, and keeps an advertising poet. He finds that the taste of the times has changed. Brides no longer buy a silk thicker than a tablet of veneer, which, when fashioned into a dress, has no difficulty in standing on end alone, and which lasts an ordinary life; no woman

of any pretension can think now of appearing twice in public in the same dress. But for such ephemeral use what quality is requisite? or what fortune could suffice for such a perpetual renewing of expensive material? We must, therefore, now seek the cheap instead of the dear, and the flimsy for the solid; and make up, by frequent rebuilding, for the original want of solidity. So there will be more buying, more selling, more business, more bustle, more novelty, more ease in production, more copiousness, more small change; but nothing monumental, nothing grand, nothing calculated to live and delight future generations.

And the change which has come over the nature of the shop is only a type of the similar revolution which has modified literature and art. Art and literature have become ephemeral, as much as our terrace-architecture, our mousselines-de-laine, and our thin boots. We cannot, like our fathers of a former age, spend all our lives in looking at one prospect, at one picture, or at one book; we must have locomotion, exhibitions, circulating-libraries, and news-rooms. Touch and go is our motto, peep and pass on, take a sip and leave the heel-tap. We look to our circulating-library for our weekly supply of new books with the same punctuality that we look to our newsman for our daily *Times*. As we use our magazines and periodicals, skim them through, and throw them aside for ever, so we do our books. They are only periodicals, whose intervals of reappearance are unknown; they are not regular planets, but comets of uncalculated orbits, which in substance, though perhaps not in form, have probably been often presented to the world before, and will be presented again. No man is now a person of one book, any more than a woman is a person of one dress. That octogenarian lady, our grandmother—(you may see by her portrait, taken when she was a young beauty, that she has on the identical flowered gown in which she was married, altered as often as the fashions have changed)—our grandmother studies *Don Quixote* only; our grandfather is a devotee of *Hudibras;* yonder old man swears by Shakespeare, and reads no one else; that one, again, is a Shandean, and acknowledges no philosophy which is not to be found in Sterne. Men in old days studied their one book, as the weatherwise studies the clouds, or the sailor his ship, till they became as familiar with it as men are now with the prospect from their dressing-room window, with their Straduarius, or with their wife. Their mouths were full of it; and they could quote it as a divine can quote the Bible. The writers of books were obliged to cater for this taste of their readers; there was then no sensitive market for literary speculators to

watch and to rig; no variations of "confidence in poetry," of "animated or sluggish demand" for satire, of alternate depression and improvement in the sale of bon-mots; no Publishers' Circular, to tell writers how "law moves off very slowly, theology is more inquired after, and the better qualities have improved a little; how philosophy commands more attention, very little is passing in metaphysics, and other articles are held with more firmness." In those days, a man whose end was fame, not money, wrote for the readers of one book; he tried to create an interesting and intelligent companion for a person who would remain faithful to his society, not a flaunting morning visitor; and he took care to present composite, and varied, and lifelike characters, to be particular in detail, and to sacrifice all that was merely noise and clamour to true melody and natural pathos. Men wrote one book, as Ordericus Vitalis compressed the observation of a whole life into his Ecclesiastical History; authors wrote for the study, not for the rail; artists painted pictures for the altar, not for the gallery. Neither their books nor their pictures were intended to be glanced at and forgotten, to be no sooner tasted than to pall on the taste, and to require an oblivion of years before they could be successfully reproduced: they were intended to form the mind, and to live in the memory and the heart. But the writers of modern books, and the painters of modern pictures, must needs endow their productions with the virtues of a successful touter; they must dress them out in brilliant and gaudy covers, or in a painted frame; they must give them a loud voice, a share of importunate impudence, some striking and startling novelty of attitude, of expression, of colour, or of subject, if they want them to draw attention. The book or the picture must catch the eye at any price; no man can afford to create a work which must be known in order to be appreciated, which may gradually win its way and grow upon you, but cannot arrest your attention. The book or the picture must be its own advertisement, must blow its own trumpet, must promise more than it can perform, must fill the eyes, stun the ears, assault the judgment, and capture the sentiments by storm. Hence comes the necessity for that exaggeration in modern art on which it is our intention in this paper to make a few remarks.

Most people have seen—if not at table, at least in some museum—a specimen of a lobster with one monstrous claw; there may be another, bearing the proportion of a snipe's bill to a pair of garden-shears, the sole use of which appears to be to act as a foil to its overgrown brother, and to increase his majesty by the contrast of its own puny dimensions. The

productions of modern art seem to us to be very generally such one-clawed lobsters. As there are artists who spend all their lives in delineating one effect of nature, or one single object; who have the power of representing but one phase of life, one passion, even one expression, one simper; so there are authors who seek to give their books unity and simplicity by allowing each person whom they describe one sole characteristic; by reducing every one who figures in their plot to the impersonation of a virtue or a vice, of some mental whim, or some oddity of expression; by making hero and heroine, and every subordinate character, a mere walking abstraction. Neither painters nor authors have arrived yet at the point of representing the persons they describe as all eye, all ear, or all hand; but they have for a long time been attempting to refine their processes of analysis and separation, till now a man comes out from their factory as a most extraordinary phenomenon. No longer a forked carrot with a head fantastically carved, he is a mere stick, for he has lost both fork and head; he is simply a lengthy roll of some virtue or of some vice, a yard of love of progress, or of regret for antiquity, of pride of ancestry, or of universal benevolence; an attempt at the impersonation of one idea, resulting in an abstraction that cannot possibly live or breathe. Elder writers felt how unhuman such figures were, and therefore, in their apologues, whenever they wished to paint a character with but one characteristic, they presented it always under a bestial form; for they felt that they could not, in accordance with artistic propriety and natural truth, call that a man which was all cunning, and nothing else,—which was all cruelty, all stupidity, all majesty, or all brag; so they represented such inorganic characters under their more proper forms, as beasts,—as foxes, wolves, asses, lions, or cocks. For animals, though they have not a soul, seem to have some part of a soul, and are therefore proper for these partial and exclusive demonstrations of single qualities, which seem to constitute the highest flights of the powers of our modern literary anatomists and analysts. Single virtues and single vices, separate whimsies and oddities of carriage and behaviour, are much better and more completely studied in the simple nature of animals than in the complex and inscrutable composition of the human soul. A man with but one point, one quality, one characteristic, is an animal; writers who describe such characters describe not men but beasts; and this remark does not apply only to the lower qualities of the soul. Pascal somewhere says profoundly, "Qui veut faire l'ange fait la bête"—he who strives to represent the incorporeal simplicity of the angel draws a beast

instead of what he intends. "Trasumanar significar per verba non si poria," says Dante: we have no words to express more than human qualities; that which is more than man beggars our powers both of thought and expression; try to reach it by simplifying humanity, and the result is not more but less than man. "È morto uomo, ed è rimaso bestia"—as man it is dead, and it remains beast.

Not that we wish to deny that the eye of the artist does in some way simplify nature; with sure instinct, it leads him to select the most interesting object, to purify it from irrelevant matter, to give it a definite outline, and to present it to the public as an elegant extract from the every-day scenes of this familiar world; while the public, on their part, recognise it both as new and as old, and wonder how they could have been so blind as to overlook this aspect of a thing which has, in other forms, been so long well known to them. But with all this isolating and simplifying power, the eye of the artist is not a simple lens; he does not read the page of nature with a mere magnifying-glass, that raises one or two letters of the text to a gigantic size, leaving all the rest in a state of hopeless confusion: his lens is compound, fit to preserve the harmony and articulation of parts, whether he uses it for microscopic or telescopic purposes. And here comes in the difference between the artist and the mere naturalist. The scientific student of nature may, if he has the fancy, confine his attention to one detail; he may write a monograph on cats' elbows or bats' gizzards, if he has the will; he may magnify this detail, and neglect all the rest: this is certainly an isolation, a simplification; but it is not the isolation and the simplification which art requires. The object of the artist is to present a whole; that which he takes away and omits is only that which he judges to be foreign and extraneous to the totality and completeness of the thing which he wishes to represent—is only that which would injure the unity and simplicity of the whole required, by introducing a multiplicity and confusion which are not involved in its idea, and are foreign to its nature. An object one of whose details is unnaturally exaggerated is no longer an artistic whole; it may do very well for a naturalist studious of the detail in question; but considered with reference to art it is an absurdity. It is a lobster with a portentous claw.

Every object in nature conceals some idea, or rather ideal being, which it is the artist's privilege to disclose. But he cannot draw the veil, or dissipate the obscurity which covers it, simply by exaggerating some salient limb of the object. He is to render it more clear by placing it in a more trans-

parent atmosphere, by simplifying and attenuating the veil which hides it. But this process does not amount to a complete abstraction, to a perfect simplification. The ideal must still have some covering; the soul cannot be exhibited without body; mind must be carried in some material vehicle. We cannot feed on concentrated essences, nor can the taste be nourished on simple qualities. When art tries to banish body, it merely exaggerates parts of body; the true aim of art is to express moral beauty by means of physical beauty; physical form is its direct subject-matter, a form which by its proportion and harmony is beautiful in itself, and is symbolic or suggestive of a deeper beauty: without this symbolism of soul by body, without this proportion, there is no artistic beauty, and therefore no art.

Art, therefore, does not strive to strip from the ideal its corporeal and natural form, but to purify the form, so as to represent the ideal in a clear and pellucid manner. It carves its image of amber, so that we may be able to see the complex machinery within; and it is in the composition of this machinery that the calibre of the artist best discloses itself. Some will make their image a vessel to be filled with an *omnium gatherum* of small observations, scraps from richer men's tables, a collection of Puseyite scruples and infinitesimal distinctions, a pocketful of natural specimens gathered in a morning's ramble, "a nest, a toad, a fungus, and a flower," jumbled all together without an attempt at arrangement, from too great fear of simplification; as if Nature, because she is so rich and various, had not also unity of plan and subordination of parts; as if the events of one day made a connected history; as if a statistical list of things added to things could be poetry. Nevertheless, there is a certain amount of satisfaction in such works, though we cannot call them artistic. They may give us a passing view of a scene as in a camera obscura, though they explain neither its antecedents nor its consequences. We do not know what it all means, why this is here rather than that; yet we recognise the details as excerpts from nature—

> "Pretty in amber to observe the forms
> Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms:
> The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
> But wonder how the devil they got there."*

In nature there is always something which we cannot explain. In all characters there is some inconsistency, some contradiction; but it does not therefore follow that a col-

* Pope.

lection of inconsistencies is natural, any more than that in order to be true you must be unintelligible. This is the mistake of the class of artists we have just alluded to. But the mistake of the opposite school is still more contrary to nature and to truth; the great features of nature and of life are not

> "Shallow brooks, that flowed so clear,
> The top the bottom did appear:"*

the simplicity of real things is not such that the human intellect can see through it. He who presents us with such representations of things presents us with nothing, or with foolish exaggerations,—with lobsters having one monstrous claw. What a shallow philosophy it was of Bolingbroke's and of Pope's, to reduce all a man's conduct to the different manifestations of one ruling passion—to find one and the same motive in the most opposite actions! The mistake is as great in art as it is in philosophy. No doubt the chief person in a tale or a play should have his chief characteristic; his nature should be well-marked; but no one quality should be exaggerated at the expense of the others which must conspire to form a human being. Simplicity characterises the lowest animals: the most inferior forms have no distinct organ except a digestive cavity; they have no perceptible blood-vessels, no lungs, no heart; they are watery, pulpy, slimy things, without articulation, or accentuation, or firmness. How different is the aim and idea of such a prince among writers as Cervantes from that of modern scribblers! Don Quixote is assuredly a man of one idea, if ever there was such a person; but what charming minor characteristics, what natural inconsistencies, what consistent contradictions, what unexpected phases, does the writer know how to bring to light with "obstetric hand" almost comparable to that of dædal Nature herself! And in the end what a wonderfully complex character is produced; what a real *man*, what a perfect gentleman, what a delightful character, does the poor crazed knight turn out to be! And then the inimitable Sancho! Some writers would have made him a mere clown, consistent in his stupidity; but what a multifarious medley does Cervantes make him! and how much more natural and charming a portrait is his, with his simplicity and shrewdness, his peculation and honesty, his idleness and industry, his humility and conceit, and all the wonderful contradictions of his character, than any of those transparent folks that people modern novels, and whose whole characters you may see at one glance! So

* Dryden.

with Shakespeare's characters. With the same subtlety of distinction with which he draws Juliet's nurse at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest, he paints also his more varied and more gifted personages. The unfathomable Hamlet, Antony the strongest and the weakest of men, Lear, Iago, Coriolanus, are all real specimens of humanity, whom the moral philosopher may study in their sobriety, and the psychologist in their madness. They are not merely chapters of Theophrastus, incarnate in the transparent moonshine bodies of Dickens's conventional men and women.

When the author's aim is to present a picture of manners rather than of character, we do not deny that this simplification of the actors is consistent with the highest style of such a form of art. For instance, *Fabiola* is certainly a masterpiece, which describes to us the manners of a class and of an age, without developing the striking individualities of typical characters. The interest of the story does not turn, and evidently was not intended to turn, on the development of individual portraits, but on the plot, and on the historical representation of the life of a certain period of the Church. It describes the "Church of the Catacombs," and only uses the persons as the necessary means for such description, not as ends, in whose portraits the interest of the tale was to centre. We have often amused ourselves with observing with what simplicity the characters of this book are made, each as he is introduced, to manifest his whole soul, and by means of a few words and touches to turn himself inside out for the inspection of the reader, so that we know from the first what kind of person each will eventually turn out to be. We are not blaming the book for this; we only point out that it is a tale of manners rather than of character. Shakespeare himself sometimes wrote in this form. He would sometimes relinquish that magic power which he possessed—that art of the dervish in the *Arabian Nights*, who could throw his soul into another man's body, and take possession of his whole mind,—Shakespeare would sometimes forego this art, in order to present us with a picture of manners. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is one of the most amusing of his plays, is a perfect masterpiece; though we hardly know a bit more of human nature and of the workings of the individual heart when we rise from its perusal than we did when we sat down. So we must expect it to be in all tales that are written for any didactic purpose; to exhibit history, or manners, or opinions, or arguments, instead of the development of character. When a writer in the *Rambler* lately wished to exhibit what he knew

of "life in the cloister," he had no hesitation in painting one of these "lobsters with one claw" in the person of Sir Reginald, with his one and only idea, that of ancestral grandeur.

The foregoing thoughts occurred to us in the course of a rapid journey through Belgium, when we took a glance at the railway library of novels, and at the new paintings which we saw in a few churches. Having, as we hope our readers will allow us to say, somewhat of a religioso-philosophic turn of mind, we passed over such unpromising titles as *Geneviève, or the History of a Servant Girl*, though from the pen of the poetical Lamartine himself; *Nights in Paris; Rouge et Noir; Memoirs of a Conspirator; The Mistresses of Paris. The Confidential Secrets of Mademoiselle Mars* had no attractions for us; and we pitched upon *A Conversion*, by the Count de Raousset-Boulbon. And a very good bull he is too, if we may judge from the calf-hood of his progeny. The book contains the story of a dissipated young man, who is converted, and who saves his family by marrying a cousin. The conversion itself is a strange one; it quite sets at naught Horace's axiom, "*Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*" —"A change of climate is no change of mind." On the contrary, the author assures us "external impressions are nearly always sovereign over our ideas; it is for this reason that the same man can be at the same time good at Falaise and bad at Paris." This perhaps might be true if the same man *could* be both in Normandy and in Paris at the same time; but for persons who lack that miraculous property of bilocation we are disposed to dispute the necessary identity of locomotion and change of heart; not to mention the other objection, that if the hero's conversion was so easily operated, it did not require all the machinery of a novel to produce it,—it might have been more surely and briefly executed by putting him under lock and key in Normandy. But the author had to fill a certain number of pages, and was therefore obliged to eschew the straight road, and to "waddle obliquely to the mark" through the devious paths of his various scenes. For the purpose of making these scenes, persons are requisite; and as simplification and analysis is part of a Frenchman's nature, no wonder that each person should be one of our single-clawed lobsters. The business of the book consists in the subordinates boiling the chief lobster, and changing his colour from black to brick-dust, from monstrous iniquity to a faint and dubious respectability. He is first introduced to us as one of the "golden youth" of the Parisian boulevards, whose occupation it is "to turn night into day, to devour at one feast enough to feed a hundred families (!), never to open a book, to reject

every serious thought, to dangle at the heels of Cyprians, to lounge at the opera, to try on new clothes, and to keep a horse." In the "sweating labour" of bearing this idleness he is aided and abetted by a M. de St. Lambert, who is described as "depravity in varnished boots,"—a thin, tall, blond man, with delicate moustaches; a man as soft as honey in appearance, but in reality a bar of iron; a person of extraordinary talents, but with a universal contempt for man and woman, God and devil; elegant, witty, gentlemanly, and an accomplished duellist. In such company the hero is of course plucked as clean as a lobster can be; but he preserves his honour; he scrupulously pays his debts, and remains a beggar. Nevertheless, the providence of his biographer has furnished him with very convenient relations: there is an aunt, a canoness, with but one idea, that of the importance of preserving the family by marrying our scapegrace to some heiress; there is also a he-cousin, with no thought beyond the importance of his house: he has a single daughter, whom the canoness easily engages him to destine for the penniless profligate whom she patronises; then there is the daughter herself,—ye gods, what an awful young lady!—so Gothic, so heraldic, so stiff, so mediæval, that nothing but the pencil of a Cimabue could do justice to her contorted graces; a woman who could not possibly live in any house that was not as big, as arched, as fretted with niches, as accentuated with pinnacles and buttresses as a cathedral; a person who cannot read in any book but a black-letter folio bound in worm-eaten wood, with massive metal clasps, vellum pages, and heraldic illuminations; a woman who knows every thing, and yet is not a blue; who talks about literature, history, painting, architecture, travels, and scientific discoveries, and poses every professor in his own region by her own encyclopædic erudition; whose every idea is elevated into the highest regions of thought, and expressed in the style of the great masters of French writing. However, it is not this portentous female that becomes the wife of the hero, though she is a great instrument of his conversion; the hymeneal lot is reserved for Clara, another cousin, of a different mould, but in her way as titanic in her blonde loveliness as her dark-eyed beetle-browed predecessor is in her masculine mind. The conclusion of the book presents us with the ex-roué philandering all day with his wife beneath the oleanders, playing the piano with her, leading the most regular, religious, and respectable life, and having no other tastes, joys, or desires, than those of Clara! Wonderful transformation, and wonderful story! enough to make a sensible man go to sleep standing, and to read with his nose glued to the book.

The new specimens of religious art that we saw in Belgium—we repeat, that we only took a hasty glance—pleased us no better than the literary wares that the contrabandists had smuggled across the French frontier. The few new pictures that we saw were either of the thunder-and-lightning or of the plum-pudding style; both of which are corruptions of the great national school of Rubens; as in turn his, with all its splendour, is in many respects a corruption of that of Michael Angelo. The great Florentine sought the titanically energetic; he attempted to express greatness of mind by greatness of body, and would make prophets and sibyls deliver their oracles with the action of a Milo rending an oak. But all his Titans are ideal—they are demi-gods; nothing in them smells of vulgar earth; and of all that we have seen in Italy, no vision adheres more firmly to our imagination than the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Rubens imitated Michael Angelo in his first principle, namely, that of expressing mental emotions through the muscular action of the body rather than by the tone of the face; but he was a naturalist, and would not idealise any thing; so his energy is rather that of the drunken pugilist than of the Titan. Clumsy and ugly, though most life-like, arms and legs are thrown about with the most outrageous energy to express ordinary mental states; and drapery is daubed and pitchforked on in cloudy masses, heavy enough to resist the motive power of a hurricane, to express dignity and wealth.

From these exaggerations of Rubens our thunderers and our plum-pudding boilers have drawn their inspiration. We will describe a picture which we saw of the former school, the subject of which was the Four Doctors of the Church. In the middle of the canvas St. Gregory the Pope was seated on his chair; a venerable man, crowned with the tiara, with eyes so deeply sunk that nothing but the black holes where they had earthed could be distinguished, with white beard and moustache veiling the abyss of the mouth, and descending, probably under the influence of a current of wind, towards the left knee; his hands and arms extended with such preternatural exertion, that we might think the blessing he was dispensing weighed at least a ton; the ends of the fingers and thumbs starting out of the canvas as if they were about to gouge out the eyes of the spectator; the body disposed on the chair not upright, as ordinary Christians are wont to sit, especially when engaged in any ecclesiastical ceremony, but diagonally; the drapery on the bust (dis)arranged in folds that rushed cornerwise half-across the picture, then made a sudden return to indicate the knees, then rushed back over the legs in the

same direction as at first, making the whole figure strongly resemble a Hebrew lamed, or rather a conventional flash of lightning, and appear by its position to be reposing on a whirlwind instead of an ordinary chair, in which no man could keep himself in such a permanent state of unrest. Behind this would-be Titan, but real acrobat, St. Jerome stood, his cardinal's robe fluttering wildly, while with one hand he pointed to the Pope as if to indicate a thief, and clasped the other violently over his bosom, apparently for the purpose of aiding his eyes to start from his head in their eager gaze towards the skies. On the right of the picture stood St. Augustine, showing his face in profile, covered with a mitre, overwhelmed beneath a cope as big as six blankets, but doing nothing in particular except furnishing a foundation for a dark mass of colour; while on the left sat St. Ambrose on the bare ground, clad in full pontificals (except that the artist had unaccountably omitted all mention of shoes, stockings, or trousers), gulping down ponderous words from an enormous folio which he was balancing with his hands on his knees, while his toes were turned upwards, and the muscles of the calves of his legs developed, as if those limbs were being employed in holding on to a greased pole, which the owner of them was climbing, bent upon unhoarding the much-needed breeches which were suspended from the top, the prize of the man who could reach them. The effect of the whole picture was wonderfully heightened by a slap-dash manner, apparently the result of the artist's having flicked on his colours with a horsewhip, instead of having laid them on by the more sober process of the brush.

We need not describe any specimen of the plum-pudding school of art; suffice it to say, that in this style the same *negligé* air is affected, though the means employed to arrive at the end are different. The colours look as if they were thrown on by handfuls, and trampled out into their proper width by the splay feet of the artist's household; hence the masses are rounded and blurred, not streaked in like lightning-flashes. The attitudes of the figures are not less constrained and melodramatic, but the method of conveying the same ideas is different from that of the former school; one employs oblique lines, the other accidental curves. The styles are, however, compatible with each other, and we have seen both successfully employed in the same canvas.

This species of pictorial art corresponds accurately to the literary exaggeration which we have been criticising. Who would not at once recognise it as the proper method of illustrating Mr. Dickens's tales? With all that gentleman's talents,

even perhaps genius, who does not perceive in his works a straining out of one idea, a violent grasping at unity of character, which makes all his persons only fragments of men and women? One virtue is allotted to one, and one vice to another; and these poor masqueraders cannot speak or act but in direct reference to the character which the Twelfth-night lottery has bestowed upon them. One is the mouth-piece of universal benevolence, another of universal selfishness; another has one stereotyped way of telling lies, or of uttering jokes: each is as distinct as one of the animal interlocutors in Æsop's Fables; each is an excellent representative of some typical idea, but each as unlike a real human being as his Æsopean prototype. It is the old story; analysis and abstraction may give philosophy, but they cannot give life:

"It may be reason; but it is not man."*

We say again, that this exaggeration of one characteristic, allowable though it may be in pictures of manners, as distinct from works of art in which character is developed, becomes only caricature when seriously introduced in works intended to belong to this class. Its creations are as far from the ideal of humanity as the Brummagem saints of Bernini, fluttering and frowning in histrionic brass, are from the ideal of peaceful sanctity; or as the postures of the ballet-dancer are from the real expression of the feelings and ideas which are conventionally supposed to be suggested by them.

KING WILLIAM III.

Other people besides the worshippers of mere stocks and stones have had their idols both political and religious, before which they have bowed down with homage and offerings not less wonderful than they appear disgraceful. When the great ecclesiastical revolt of the sixteenth century had shaken European society to its foundations, moral standards assumed the form of sliding-scales, adapted in the hands of Protestantism to suit every emergency: so long at least as they seemed to measure the mark of the Beast, or square with the mystically perverted numbers of the Apocalypse. Heroes were, therefore, either angels or devils, not as their conduct fulfilled or fell short of the requirements of the Gospel, but rather as

* Pope.

they opposed or favoured a certain line of human politics—the projects of a Spanish monarch, or the ambition of a king of France: more especially when, under the guise of religion, worldly gear was to be gained, or the robbery of monasteries defended. Hypocrisy rapidly rose to an ascendency over the master-spirits of the age. Just in proportion as heresy waxed rampant in Christendom, rebellion and licentiousness sported among its fairest fields; at first with unblushing effrontery, but latterly under some decency of masquerade. Amidst the confusion, men elected their leaders, followed them, crowned them, fought under them, sold their own souls for them, and even honoured them after death with a sort of secular apotheosis. The Whigs of England have distinguished themselves in this line; they glory in a political calendar canonising the names of knaves, who in the lower ranks of life might have illustrated the cells of Newgate, and ascended the ladder of Jack Ketch at Tyburn. To recount them would be long and tedious; yet surely at the head of them all stands that royal figure to whose immortal memory the Orange clubs of Ireland still pour out their annual libations of claret, William III.; eulogised by the most brilliant of living reviewers, for the instruction of our fellow-countrymen, at an expense of thirty thousand pounds sterling, paid this very year as the price of volumes which will be justly denounced by our posterity under the denomination of *plaustra mendaciorum*.

A count of Nassau, called William the Silent, had become Prince of Orange, by the will of his cousin Renatus; that personage being heir, on the maternal side, to Philibert, of the house of Chalons in Upper Burgundy. When resistance broke out in the Netherlands against the tyranny of Philip II., the first William held the office of stadtholder to the provinces of Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht. He was really a great man, barring his unhappy apostasy; wrapt, indeed, in profound reserve, but consistent in his own principles after he had once adopted their errors; and a sincere champion for never subjecting Catholics, however deeply he differed from them, to any civil disabilities. He shines in history as the Washington of his day and generation, achieving the independence of his country by the compact of Utrecht, A.D. 1579, which united the seven Dutch states into one republic. On his assassination at Delft by Balthazar Gerard in A.D. 1585, his son Maurice succeeded him, memorable for his connection with the Arminians and Gomarists, the Synod of Dort, Grotius, and Barneveldt. Henry Frederick, brother to Maurice, was the next stadtholder, dying prosperous and rich as to the things of this world, having never really troubled himself about

that which is to come. His son and successor, William II., married a daughter of our Charles I.; through her becoming father to a posthumous representative, whose genuine character we would fain attempt to draw in these pages. Astrology gloated over his horoscope, as was common in those days; but the plain fact was, that his mother brought him into life about a week after she was a widow, and at least a month before his time. From the cradle he seemed puny in health, size, and constitution. His birth occurred A.D. 1650, amidst political storms and social confusions, when the Seven Provinces were at the height of their commercial grandeur, but when faction could insult patriotism with safety, and authority was only mentioned to be despised.

Two leading parties at that crisis enjoyed the intense pleasure of trying to tear their young country into pieces; the republicans, not unfairly represented by the famous brothers De Witt, and the adherents of the Orange family. The former were for some years a little disposed to admit French influences; so long, at least, as their indigenous liberalism was let alone, and their independence uninvaded. The latter were more aristocratical, not to say monarchical, in their tendencies, and abhorred the Perpetual Edict passed by their antagonists, that the princes of the house of Orange should be excluded from the stadtholderate for ever. Every form of heresy which could originate or exist in the phlegmatic temperament of Dutch consciences multiplied like frogs from one end of the land to the other; rendering the religious chaos a perfect paradise of Calvinistic and Arminian conventicles. Burgomasters contended about the five points of divinity, buried as to their nether members in so many pairs of trousers, that the kick of a horse might be almost as innocuous as the thundering argument of a rival. Severed moreover from the Church of God, the very genius of mammon had entered into the soul and body of the Seven Provinces. Money and merchandise drove out every other idea; except as to the verbal form in which it might be expressed, which was generally borrowed from Scripture, and therefore sounded most sanctimoniously to the external ear. The statue of Erasmus, on one of the innumerable bridges at Rotterdam, looked down upon countless disputants, fierce defenders of free will, reprobation, or indefectible grace; but whose hearts were as cold and hard as its own copper metal; ready at any moment to trample for gain upon the holy coat at Treves, or violate the sanctity of a crucifix in the distant regions of Japan. Their ledgers were their real Bibles; rich argosies constituted their floating churches; guilders seemed dearer to them than guardian

angels; whilst ten thousand pillar-dollars, or a place in the customs, or a successful voyage to India, or the abasements of the various controversialists, each in succession identified with the attainment of power or profit to one or another, stood in profane yet inseparable connection with the absolute decrees of an Almighty Providence. William III. was educated from his nursery amidst such subjects and circumstances. He was a minor at the mercy of a greedy multitude, quarrelling, from his birth, about the management of his household and estates, encumbered as the latter were with heavy debts and obligations to needy courtiers or dependents, besides the enormous jointures to his mother and grandmother, which had of course to be paid out of them. Prudence and caution, therefore, may be said to have been among the necessities of his existence, as they undoubtedly proved the main ingredients of his subsequent culmination. He inherited the talent of taciturnity from his ancestors; but then, in his mind it was the silence of deep and dark waters, which not even the eye of the cormorant can pierce, but from whose unfathomable abysses the spectres of Might and Mischief may be expected at any moment to emerge. Beneath the still waves of such an intellectual Avernus, his soul learnt no very Christian lessons from the difficulties of his childhood and youth; while he watched over the events around him, as his abilities developed, with the most ambitious aspirations for the future. His religion, if it deserves that name, seems to have been a kind of Calvinistic infidelity, not at all restraining him from sensualism or vice, but leading him to trust in his destiny, after the manner of those who believe in the Koran.

The portraits of his countenance and person pretty well agree. He had brown hair, a strongly-defined aquiline nose, bright sparkling eyes, with a large brazen brow, grave as the monotony of a Dutch polder, yet relieved in some degree by the clearness of his complexion, until this last grew sallow; upon which the face of William became as ugly as that of his mistress, Elizabeth Villiers,—a wicked woman, whose influence over him combined the double elements of carnal and mental sorcery. His stature was that of an attenuated body, too often panting for breath, through constitutional asthma, to be princely or grand in its movements, as Louis XIV. always appeared, although not favoured by nature for that purpose. William, on the other hand, seemed a dry formal Hollander, with the dregs of the small-pox thrown in upon his lungs; uncheerful and unimpressive; without conversation or the least shadow of attractive manners; a royal prig when not aroused into passion or violence; taking care

moreover, whenever that happened, that none below a certain rank should ever see him fall foul of his servants, either with the cane he might hold in his hands, or the stool he had caught up from the floor. Habitually, however, he stood much upon his guard, as to which his inherent reserve helped him not a little; and the pensionary John de Witt had taught him betimes rarely to betray his sensations, but to see and get by heart every thing without seeming to take ordinary notice. His memory is declared to have been almost unlimited in its range and accuracy. For war and foreign policy he conceived an early and ardent admiration; and, if his talents in the cabinet and on the field were not first-rate, they were nevertheless so sharpened and intensified by his education and ambition, that they did more for himself, and told more against others, than those of far superior generals or statesmen have sometimes done. His powers of observation and combination were the keenest; whilst all his physical senses, through nervous excitability, had become acute, and critically exquisite. The gaze of the seven provinces never forsook him from the commencement of his career. His dull countrymen looked upon him as a prodigy destined some day to extend their dominions, promote their commercial interests, and perhaps preserve their liberties. John and Cornelius de Witt probably considered him in another light; in fact as a serpent, uncoiling from feebleness into strength, in the bosom of their darling republic; nor will an honest and impartial historian ever aver that they were really mistaken.

The prime object with the youthful prince of Orange was to recover the high office of stadtholder; to which he presumed to feel, without of course at first saying so, that, as the lineal representative of his family, he was fairly entitled. The grand obstacles in his path were the pensionary and his brother Cornelius at the head of the republican party. John de Witt governed for many years with great personal simplicity and disinterestedness: but it was in an evil hour that Holland threw down the gauntlet to England for the sovereignty of the seas, since their trident was at that period wielded by the potent and steady genius of Oliver Cromwell. The protector proved too powerful an adversary for the pensionary: the Dutch acknowledged the loss of 1122 men-of-war and merchantmen; nor were their expenses less in two summers than they had been during the entire struggle of more than twenty with Spain. In the pacification of A.D. 1654, Cromwell not merely asserted the supremacy of the British flag, but, to prevent Charles II. from ever obtaining assistance through foreign alliances, he attempted to enforce by treaty the perpe-

tual exclusion of his nephew William from the stadtholderate. The Dutch were indignant at this attempt on the part of Oliver; to which, however, under the rose, the De Witts were not unfavourable: but they visibly lost popularity from that hour, through the dislike with which the people viewed the interference of a foreign potentate, or rather, as they termed him, of an usurper, in the internal arrangements of the republic. As William grew up, his adherents fanned this flame in many ways. The prince himself had listened, as an obedient pupil, to the instructions of the very man whom his ambition would have to destroy before a road could be cleared for realising the object of his aspirations. It must have been a curious spectacle to have seen the future sovereign learning from his hated preceptor the arts of statecraft and kingcraft, involving as they ultimately did such tissues of crime and hypocrisy. Meanwhile the good pensionary fattened into personal portliness upon his modest salary, varying from 300*l.* to 700*l.* per annum: notwithstanding the cares of state extending over more than half a generation, two additional fierce conflicts with England, the encroachments of France, the fanaticism of the clergy spouting sedition and controversy from a thousand pulpits, and the ripening maturity of the Orange viper. William, on the verge of manhood, initiated himself into every plot and intrigue which might serve his own purposes; based as they one and all were upon maintaining and inflaming the nascent hatred of the nation against a couple of prominent yet most useful officials. He had entered upon his eighteenth year, when the pensionary carried his point in establishing the Perpetual Edict, A.D. 1667; whereby it was fondly conceived that the republic would never be again plagued with the bugbear of a regal prerogative vested in an hereditary president. Alas for the folly of human anticipations! William rallied round him in profound secrecy, and with consummate skilfulness, every element of revolution which might be ready to explode at any signal made by himself. Innumerable coincidences seemed to fall in with his design: the De Witts and their followers had not worn the laurels of their political successes very meekly, nor were the undercurrents of public opinion really in their favour; they were now branded as the traitorous allies of Louis, whose armies in A.D. 1772, like a torrent, rushed across the frontiers, and overwhelmed three out of seven of the provinces; slanders of the vilest description, worse than the subsequent one of the warming-pan at St. James's, and equally successful, poisoned the populace; invisibly, yet effectually, the Orange party wound up the passions of the mob, and then let them

loose upon their victims; nothing was heard from Amsterdam to Dordrect but one wild outcry for an immediate repeal of the Perpetual Edict, passed only five years before; since the salvation of the country, as it was now averred, could be achieved in no other way than by declaring William III. stadtholder. That princely adept in hypocrisy performed his part to admiration. He had prepared and pronounced the spell which raised the storm, and at the same time perfectly veiled his own share in the transaction. With mingled coyness and alacrity, after various abjurations, denials of his real object, and multiplied perjuries, he at length permitted those powers, honours, and offices to be, as it were, thrust upon him, for which he and his partisans had been plotting through a lustrum of years. In the month of July A.D. 1672 the Prince of Orange was declared captain-general of the army, supreme admiral of the fleet, and finally, hereditary stadtholder. All classes, from fear, inclination, or prudence, acquiesced in what could no longer be avoided. The goal of guilt was won, and success commanded admiration.

Not that the new master of the republic had triumphed without massacre and bloodshed, for the reverse proved to be the truth of the case. The patriotic brothers De Witt were offered up as sacrifices to the vengeance of excited throngs, hounded on to their sanguinary work by the suspicions of commercial selfishness, and the sly suggestions of a victorious faction. The late pensionary, for he had resigned his functions, was assaulted by four ruffians, and left almost dead in the streets. Cornelius had the house, in which sickness confined him, attacked, and only not pulled down because a Protestant inquisition awaited him, on the false charge that he had offered an enormous sum of money to a barber-surgeon, named Tichelaar, for the assassination of William. Cornelius endured the tortures of the rack with unflinching constancy; repeating one of the odes of Horace, like an old Indian singing his death-song, whilst his wounded brother wiped the tears of agony from his eyes, and consoled him with their mutual consciousness of unsullied innocence. After some treacherous calm in the political tempest, the billows of popular and polemical turbulence broke out beyond all bounds. The Orangemen whispered, from head-quarters, that reaction might be at hand, unless it were anticipated by necessary firmness. Drums and trumpets gathered together multitudes of irritated burghers at the Hague, where they surrounded the prison of the De Witts, broke down the doors, dragged out both John and Cornelius from their dungeon, trampled them to death under their wooden sabots, and then deliberately, like wild-beasts, mangled

every member of their victims. The two fingers of those hands which, according to the Dutch form of solemn swearing, had been held up in taking the oath of adherence to the Perpetual Edict, were now severed, and sold publicly at the rate of twelve stivers a joint: less than half an ear of one of the brothers fetched twenty-five stivers. The bodies remained hung up by the heels from a gibbet all through the night; their garments were, of course, rent off to rags; the cannibals continuing to cut horrid morsels from each carcass until the blushing daylight banished to their dens the perpetrators of these deeds of darkness. Their rage had been maddened by a demand of Louis XIV. for the free exercise of Catholic worship, with which requisition it was no doubt imagined that the late obnoxious leaders of the French party were more or less identified. Nor must it be forgotten, that William, instead of punishing such disorders, as he was bound to do in his mere capacity of governor, effectually screened all the criminals from legal penalties; and even directly or indirectly rewarded several of them so soon as it could be done without too startling a violation of Dutch decency. He now avowed himself a champion for the Reformation, raised up by the grace of God to overthrow Popery, and rescue from ruin the independence of his country.

In this latter labour of love he unquestionably succeeded; nor are we denying the secular merits of the Prince of Orange in so far as they possessed a real existence. Our object is simply to call attention to the genuine facts of history, to place them in their true perspective, to unmask the hollowness of Protestant Whiggery, and withdraw the false lights thrown upon its favourite idol. The stadtholder now fought a good fight, in the sense of local patriotism, against the domineering ascendency of France; but surely he never meant to serve either his native provinces or the cause of high Calvinism for stinted wages. When, therefore, he placed his encumbered estates at the service of his government, it was only throwing out sprats to catch whales. His pecuniary and political interests happened to be happily identified at a particular crisis of European affairs with the limitation of French absolutism; whilst he exerted himself zealously in that career of general usefulness which conferred upon his extraordinary courage and abilities magnificent worldly rewards. But such a course, however important, by no means constitutes the personage called upon to follow it, a hero of the first water. It gives him no title to adulation and worship when the grave has closed over his bones, and is already sullying the gilded crown or coronet upon his coffin.

William III. was all the while a very bad man; although he liberated Holland from invasion, restored order, reduced Naarden, laid large districts under water to save them from an enemy, resolved to die in the last ditch of his flat and foggy yet wealthy meadows, baffled the mighty monarch of the age with all his marshals, and invited Burnet to his court, where, long before the arrival of that doubtful divine, fresh dreams of grandeur had begun to dawn upon his imagination. His uncle James, Duke of York, was paying a tremendous penalty of unpopularity in England for having conscientiously abandoned a false for the true religion. The infamous Cabal, as well as the hateful genius of the celebrated Lord Shaftesbury, one of its most Satanic members, assisted to bring matters in our own island to the simple issue, whether Catholicity or heresy should become predominant: the latter, moreover, being enabled to impregnate the British mind with those horrible prejudices which resulted in the judicial murders of the Popish plot and Titus Oates, its ostensible contriver. When the Duke of Monmouth, as the natural son of Charles, appeared too coarse a leader for the Protestant party, Shaftesbury, retaining in his grasp its most secret springs of action, had looked across the water towards William, the next in succession to the sceptre of the Stuarts after the death of James and his children. Several of the most profligate agents of Protestantism had not hesitated to pledge themselves to his service, and advocate his interests, even at a time when he was openly waging war with their own sovereign. This treasonable correspondence passed through the hands of Du Moulins, who, on suspicion of such treachery, had been dismissed from the office of Lord Arlington, and obtained in Holland an appointment of private secretary to the prince. A plan seems to have been arranged as early as A.D. 1674, between Frymans, William Howard a member of Parliament for Winchelsea, and the Earl of Shaftesbury, that the Dutch fleet should suddenly appear at the mouth of the Thames, when the howl of "No Popery" was suddenly to be raised, and a Protestant deliverer demanded before the panic of the people had subsided. The conclusion of peace then prevented the attempt, but did not dissolve the connection between the stadtholder and his British adherents. The latter were perpetually encouraging the former still to hope for success through exaggerated statements of the national discontent: advising him meanwhile to hold himself always in readiness for taking advantage of any revolution, which must, they said, be more or less imminent in the three kingdoms.

A marriage was at last openly proposed by Arlington

between William and the Princess Mary, which it was reserved for Lord Danby to bring about at a later date. The stadtholder at first declined it, distrusting Lord Arlington, who was supposed to have become a Catholic, as he actually did before his death; and guided also by instructions from Shaftesbury, that just at present the nuptials were an artifice of the enemy for the destruction of his popularity as Prince of Orange; for it would then be given out that he had joined in a league with the king and the Duke of York against British liberty and the Protestant religion. William, therefore, rested upon his oars, and waited for another opportunity, which fell out quite soon enough in October A.D. 1678. The lord-treasurer and Sir William Temple were now devoted to his interests; and returning with his not unhandsome consort to the Hague, he there laid himself out for supplanting his relatives, as well as overreaching his opponents. The Dissenters, rather than the high Anglicans, were the polemical janizaries on whom he mostly relied, and for whose sake, as the twaddle of the Bishop of Salisbury informs us, he became "most exemplarily decent and devout in the public exercises of the worship of God; only on week-days being somewhat too seldom at the services. Yet he was an attentive hearer of sermons, constant in his private prayers, as also in reading the Scriptures; and whenever he spoke of religious matters, which he did not do often, it was always with a suitable gravity. He was much possessed with the belief of absolute decrees; and he once said to me, he adhered to these because he could not see how the doctrine of a Providence could be maintained upon any other supposition. His indifference as to the forms of ecclesiastical government, and his being zealous for toleration, together with his cold behaviour towards the episcopal clergy, gave them generally very ill impressions of him." It will be remembered, that the toleration of William went no further than the narrow and wavering limits of Protestantism, which seemed the more unpardonable from the nobler traditions on that subject which he might have inherited from his ancestor and namesake William the Silent. Meanwhile the only difference between the immoralities of the court at the Hague and those of Charles and James was, that at London no mask was worn. The Prince of Orange, behind a curtain of concealment which proved far thinner than he supposed, violated the matrimonial vow, and revelled in abominable vices. It was not for beauty, since the most influential of his women could scarcely be brought to pass muster upon canvas even through the art of Sir Godfrey Kneller. He had an end of his own to gain by appearing to be what he was not; while

so great was the gullibility of his admirers that they gaped and were satisfied. Both Covel and Skelton, comparatively respectable persons, lost his favour, simply for daring not to be blinded by the dust attempted to be thrown in their eyes when the complaints of the weak-minded Mary could no longer be restrained. In one word, the amours of the royal champion of Protestantism were simply disgusting; compounded at once of brutalism and depravity, notwithstanding the cant and courtliness of Burnet, who cannot deny the facts which he and others were dishonest enough to palliate, although their inherent passion for gossip prevented the maintenance of a somewhat less undignified silence. Thomas Ken, afterwards the famous nonjuror, made some effort on behalf of at least external morals, even when William had kicked the communion-table in the chapel, or rather prayer-room of his consort, to curry favour with the nonconformists in England. One of the gay favourites at court had seduced a young lady in the train of Mary through a promise of marriage, which Ken compelled him to perform, and for which the prince got rid of so rigid a chaplain with all conceivable expedition. Yet nothing would bring the genuine truth home to the consciences of Puritanism and Whiggery. They went forward plotting in the name of Protestantism,—now against Charles, at least as to his worthless and disgraceful policy, then against the heir-apparent, and always against the religion of both; sometimes on behalf of Monmouth, and then again in favour of William, who managed to reap the real harvest from their advances, partly through his superior artifice and abilities, as also from the visible and palpable unsuitability of an instrument so vile and wretched as the bastard of Lucy Walters.

It is notorious at the present day, however the Orange-party contrived to conceal the truth from the bulk of their contemporaries, that William secretly promoted the unjust scheme of excluding the Duke of York from succeeding to the throne of the Stuarts. Van Lewen was his agent in treating with Charles; and Frymans undertook to open clandestine negotiations with the country leaders, as they were termed, in Parliament. Godolphin, Sunderland, Hyde, and others, were effectually won over to enlist themselves in nefarious intrigues, subsequently developing into the revolution of A.D. 1688. On one occasion, in the summer of A.D. 1681, the prince came over to England, under the specious pretext of prevailing with Charles to unite himself in an alliance with Spain and the States against the encroachments of France. Nothing could be more popular, with a certain class of partisans, than this timely visit. His antechambers in London

became to him what the cave of Adullam was to David: "Convenerunt ad eum omnes, qui erant in angustiâ constituti, et oppressi ære alieno, et amaro animo; et factus est eorum princeps" (1 *Reg.* xxii.). The merry monarch meanwhile suspected nothing; but even pressed him to return again the following year, when there occurred an opportunity for his meeting James, which William decidedly declined, as he did not think it at all for his peculiar interests in England to stand on good terms with his popish father-in-law. His game was of a deeper nature; for even with the Duke of Monmouth and the Earl of Argyle he dealt as much as he dared. On the peaceful accession of James, an external reconciliation ensued between the new sovereign and his nephew, more particularly after the victory at Sedgemoor; but in fact these near relatives only disguised, or rather, endeavoured to disguise, their cordial mistrust of each other, beneath worthless expressions of the warmest attachment. It became a struggle between two masters in mendacity, as to which of them could push into general circulation the greatest amount of false professions. James was in possession of the prize: William gasped for it in secret expectancy. The precise mode, indeed, in which it fell to him at last perhaps took him by surprise; since it was impossible for him to conceive that any religious convictions whatsoever should exist among princes, except as stepping-stones to power. When, therefore, his antagonist really held fast to the Catholic faith, in the face of certain political failure, the astonishment of the vigilant stadtholder seemed only exceeded by his satisfaction. The machinery for effecting an ultimate realisation of his hopes had been preparing for several years: his favourite counsellors, Fagel, Bentinck, and Halweyn, were in the closest correspondence with the foreign enemies and domestic traitors of the King of England; the six British regiments, in the pay of Holland, were weeded of every officer and private refusing to be subservient to William; rumours were carefully spread that James intended to set aside the hereditary rights of Mary in favour of the Princess Anne, upon condition of her secession from Protestantism; or, if that were out of the question, his illegitimate son, the popish Duke of Berwick, would be the substitute; but the Prince of Orange could never have imagined beforehand that his royal father-in-law would draw together, with incredible diligence, the very elements for achieving his own ruin and dethronement. When at length he really beheld all this passing before his eyes, he only marvelled at the kindness of fortune. Smiles and flatteries were lavished on his doomed rival with greater profusion than be-

fore; embassy followed upon embassy, attesting the filial submission and obedience, nowhere else so rife or edifying as at the Hague; whilst, at the same time, Dutch agents dug a thousand mines of mischief throughout the upper, middle, and lower classes in this country; charging them with the gunpowder of anti-Catholic prejudices, identified as such errors unhappily happened to be, at that crisis, with the love of liberty and attachment to an ancient constitution. Not less crafty and energetic were the efforts of William to get Anne into his possession, well aware that her strength of mind was about as small as that of his consort, her sister Mary. It was through an apparently accidental alteration of plan, on the part of James, that he was thwarted; although the subsequent treason of the Churchills more than atoned for the temporary disappointment. In fact, madness and folly hurried forward the ultimate catastrophe with an abundant sufficiency of precipitation.

His majesty had despatched William Penn, the Quaker, to sound his son-in-law as to whether he would sanction an abolition of the Test Act, in connection with at least some modification of the other penal oppressions against both Catholics and Dissenters. Now the prince had at that precise moment two parties with whom he wished to stand particularly well: namely, the Emperor of Germany and the King of Spain, his grand allies against France, on the one hand; and his own Protestant adherents in England, who were to support his pretensions to the royal prerogative of James, on the other. His highness, therefore, presented himself to the former as the main supporter of monarchy within the British islands, the existence of which would be imperilled, were he not to support the Test Act against Popery; since its relaxation, he told them, would let in the Dissenters to supreme power, who were all bitter republicans. Dyckveldt, his ambassador, cajoled the latter, by assuring them, that the Prince of Orange would never submit to any measures not perfectly agreeable to the paramount interests of Protestantism. Honesty and straightforwardness might well be lost in amazement at the profound duplicity with which each faction was duped in its turn, so only that all would but unite in the single object of advancing the political projects of the stadtholder. Anglicans were taught to believe that he would never weaken the ascendency of an establishment which had rescued from Rome, and intended to hold fast, such good things as opulent bishoprics with empty cathedrals, large livings with small duties, tithes, emoluments, rank, prestige, position, peerages, and parsonages, to say nothing of a clergy with wives, and a laity

relieved from the restrictions of superstitious discipline. Nonconformists had a rather more difficult dose to swallow, so that it had to be sweetened with the greater caution and subtlety: *cosi a l'egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi di soave licor gli orli del vaso.* They were assured that, under the rose, William could not bear episcopacy, however necessary it might become to him that he should trample upon his predilections for the sake of saving Dissenters from another series of fires in Smithfield; but they were respectfully advised to keep aloof from the contest for the present, and receive from the successor of James a more legal and permanent toleration. Some lumps of sugar were even thrown out to the Catholics themselves, in the shape of whispered promises, that *if they would only deserve it by their conduct*, they might find in a Dutch deliverer the best protection from the future vengeance of their enemies. Dyckveldt, in the meantime, faithful to his instructions from the prince, lost no opportunity of learning the genuine spirit of the army and navy, the state of the royal finances, the respective positions of parties, the wishes of various sections in the population; thus fulfilling to a nicety the objects of his mission, which was that of an accredited spy behind the screen, and armed with the privileges of an ostensible ambassador. Zuyleistein followed in the same footsteps, and with similar results. Upon the perverse obstinacy and judicial blindness of the lawful sovereign counsel and remonstrance were alike urged in vain. The Catholic peers at this period were the Duke of Berwick, the Marquis of Powys, the Earls of Salisbury, Peterborough, Portland, Cardigan, and Derwentwater, the Viscount Montague, the Lords Abergavenny, Audley, Stourton, Hunsdon, Petre, Gerard of Bromley, Arundel of Wardour, Teynham, Carrington, Widdrington, Belasyse, Langdale, Clifford, Jermyn of Dover, and Waldegrave. Not one of them could help listening to the roar of those breakers ahead, which Pope Innocent XI. foresaw, and kindly condescended to indicate. A letter written by Fagel at this time, and published as a state-paper, in Dutch, French, English, and Latin, of which 45,000 copies were circulated in these kingdoms, was considered as the composition of William himself. Lingard most correctly remarks upon it, that by its tone of deceitful moderation, "the Pope, the Emperor, and other Catholic powers, were all of them brought to imagine that William was prepared to grant to their co-religionists in Great Britain and Ireland every indulgence which they were entitled to expect; whilst, by pointing out to the British Protestants the prince and princess as defenders of the Test Act, it constituted them in effect the

leaders of that party. On the one hand, it allayed the jealousy of his allies; on the other, it encouraged the timid amongst his friends, confirmed the wavering, and stimulated all to resistance and exertion."

Some Catholics, not well informed as to the mysteries of diplomacy towards the close of the seventeenth century, have expressed wonder at the countenance which the court of Rome in reality gave to the machinations of the Dutch stadtholder. The fact, however, was, that for many years the bitterest enemy to the Church of Almighty God had been no other than the House of Bourbon, with Louis XIV., the grand monarque of Europe, at its head. It is no less melancholy than true, that the pretended patron of what have been styled the Gallican liberties, not merely insulted the Holy Father of Christendom in his own capital, but grievously persecuted genuine Catholicity throughout those vast dominions over which he ruled with a rod of iron. Both Innocent and his successor Alexander VIII. braved his fury and insolence in the true spirit of good shepherds over the flock of Jesus Christ. The French king had presumed to invade the papal prerogatives, and appoint prelates to their sees independently of the Chair of St. Peter. With the cordial approbation of all sound divines, the Popes refused them institution: so that a fourth part of the dioceses of France had merely nominal bishops, incapable of performing episcopal functions. The entire policy of the tyrant, during a considerable interval, realised what Sallust says of the later Romans; *proinde quasi injuriam facere, id demum esset imperio uti.* To such arrogance it was necessary to set bounds; for not only was Louis aiming at universal secular as well as spiritual dominion, but he was suspending the operation of sacraments, and urging his wretched subjects to the verge of open schism. His Holiness therefore called in a Dutch cat to extirpate Gallican vermin, without in the least vouchsafing any sanction to the naturally wicked propensities of Grimalkin. William was to an immense and most useful extent the enemy to the enemies of St. Peter; whose representatives, in consequence, stroked him with their temporary patronage, from his ears to his tail, as the cunning contriver of the League of Augsburg, which brought Louis at last to his senses. Towards James the utmost commiseration was always manifested, falling, as he had done, through his own fault and folly, from an altitude where, had he been able to retain his position, he would have probably proved a tool of France, another sword in the hands of her already too powerful sovereign, as well as a thorn in the side of orthodox and genuine Catholicity. Misfortune, whilst

it contributed to mend his private character, could never teach him any substantial amount of wisdom; so that to the end of his days he illustrated the proverb of Solomon: *Si contuderis stultum in pila, non auferetur ab eo stultitia ejus.* Nevertheless he latterly shone in his adversity as a luminary of religion and morals, compared with his competitor, whose prosperity, founded upon artifice and slander, never failed to betray its origin; nor could remorse of conscience remain altogether extinguished, even amidst the splendours of the purple, or the plaudits of Protestant nations.

History solemnly avouches that, necessary as the revolution of A.D. 1688 might have become, it was brought about, so far as William was personally concerned, as much by feline contrivances as by the more noble exercise of courage, energy, and astuteness. It was by a ladder of lies that the stadtholder ascended his throne, planted upon Protestant prejudices, and supported by a combination of circumstances. Forged correspondence between the Jesuit fathers Petre and La Chaise, relative to the designs of Catholic sovereigns in general, and those of Louis and James in particular, emanated on a large scale from the Hague; inflaming public apprehension with the most absurd vagaries and chimeras. It was averred in these false documents, that the rights of freedom, property, and conscience, were all about to be sacrificed at the feet of the Apostolic Church; and that from Holland alone could safety be sought for, in the persons of William and Mary. The queen of James, at this crisis, was declared pregnant, being the favourable answer from heaven to a maternal vow made at Loretto to Our Blessed Lady. From that moment, an ocean of slander seemed to rise up, and overflow the land with its Stygian deluge. Delicacy, not to say decency, vanished from the mind of Mary towards her own father and mother-in-law. It would disgust the purlieus of Covent Garden or Drury Lane to wade through the pamphlets, pasquinades, and multiplied publications, levelled at all that is most dear, tender, and sacred in the conjugal or domestic relation. At length Maria d'Este reached her hour of trial, violated and outraged as it was to be by the falsehood of the warming-pan story. It was affirmed by grave divines calling themselves bishops, as also by statesmen then willing to be styled champions of Protestantism, that a supposititious Prince of Wales was introduced into the royal bed, and passed off as an imposture upon the British people. Both Burnet and William rendered themselves direct accomplices in this nefarious yet successful fable; for it figures prominently in the memorial pretended to be presented to the United Provinces from the perse-

cuted Protestants in England, which Burnet in reality composed, and which the Prince of Orange suggested and promoted. It is notorious, also, that neither of these personages for one moment believed it, at the time when the celebrated invitation arrived, calling upon William and Mary to come over, and pluck the crown from the brow of their once indulgent parent. Meanwhile every engine of art and intrigue had been set in motion to rouse the passions of the populace into a state of frenzy. Moderate men felt themselves condemned to silence, simply through fear of a fate like that of John and Cornelius de Witt; and unfortunately the most inflammatory libels acquired a portion of their force and popularity from the aspect of foreign affairs abroad, not less than from the madness and fatuity of a dissolving government at home. The result is too well known to need a recapitulation in these pages.

But what we want to record is simply the genuine nature of Whiggery, in for ever falling down and worshipping such a hero as William. Is it that the latter is neither more nor less than an impersonation of the former? We much fear so. The Prince of Orange mounted the throne of these realms, amongst other purposes, to purify the various departments of administraton. With a thousand pretences of doing so, he pensioned Titus Oates, and appointed the legal adviser of that worthy to the confidential and lucrative post of solicitor to the Treasury. Corruption in high places thenceforward became an organised system of bribes to members of parliament, and all that mysterious disposal of patronage, secret-service money, or dispensation of golden ointment, which served as a salve to sore consciences in bringing the Lower House under the management of the minister. What is to be said of the artful manner with which William balanced one section of concealed political thieves against another—Tories against Whigs, or Whigs against Tories,—right honourable robbers and scoundrels every one of them, and who would have been described as such, had they not worn coronets upon their heads, and been wrapped in robes of scarlet, ermine, or fine linen? The predecessors of William had shown themselves negligent in their royal duties, in giving orders without due consideration, and then sheltering their agents behind the broad buckler of their prerogative. But what shall be said of the massacre at Glencoe,—merely as a specimen of what we mean, and taking the merciful view of it, that the whole catastrophe was an accident? Here we have an acute, laborious, constitutional sovereign signing a paper without reading it, but which in its operation sanc-

tioned the commission of between thirty and forty distinct murders. "One or two women," says Macaulay, "were seen amongst the number, and a yet more fearful and piteous sight, —a little hand, which had been lopped in the tumult of the butchery from some infant." The assassins, it must be remembered, had been enjoying for days and nights all the rites of hospitality at the hands of their victims. A child only twelve years old, clinging round the legs of Captain Glenlyon, was shot dead then and there by a ruffian named Drummond; some of their hosts were actually dragged out of their beds, bound hand and foot, and slaughtered like sheep; an old man above seventy, too infirm to fly, was found alive after the onset, and ruthlessly slain in cold blood; the chief Mac Ian received a bullet in his head whilst getting up to order the breakfast for his dastardly murderers, whom he had been entertaining as his guests; his wife dying the next day, through the violence of the soldiers, one of whom tore away the golden rings from her fingers with his teeth! These sanguinary crimes were perpetrated under a royal order from King William, subscribed, his apologists say, through an error to which he was frequently liable; even Burnet mentioning, that his majesty had the dreadful habit of suffering matters to run on "till there was a great heap of papers, when he suddenly signed them as much too fast as he was before too slow in despatching them." Macaulay doubts his procrastination, but coolly observes, that feeling an interest in continental affairs exclusively, "he attended to English business less, but to Scotch business the least of all." When this dreadful affair had actually happened, the entire blame was meanly thrown upon the Master of Stair; and still more meanly, when public indignation demanded punishment, William, finding it inconvenient to visit with heavy penalties so high a functionary, beyond dismissing him from office, permitted the storm to fall upon the humbler instruments; thus endeavouring to stifle the matter with a real act of indemnity as to himself and his favourites:

> "So, little villains must submit to fate,
> That large ones may enjoy the world in state."

But the Prince of Orange was enthroned, we are told, to save the constitution, limit royal prerogatives, establish ministerial responsibility, suppress standing armies, and blot out that scandal in our commercial history of the Stuarts having once shut up the Exchequer. Whatever the great fact of the Revolution itself may have more or less indirectly achieved, it is only fair to glance at what was the personal

conduct of its mighty leader. Surely his genuine regard for the British constitution bore about that proportion to his selfishness which the dry bread of Sir John Falstaff did to the quantity of sack which he imbibed. To what had William sworn more solemnly than to the Bill of Rights, which declared that, without consent of Parliament, the maintenance of military forces was to be thenceforward illegal? Yet we find him coolly and deliberately, in A.D. 1697, when the Commons had reduced the troops to 10,000, leaving sealed orders with his ministers, before he went to Holland, that 16,000 men should be kept up,—orders which those ministers, professedly responsible to parliament alone, as unconstitutionally obeyed. What pickpocket ever cut a purse, we would ask, with greater nonchalance than William displayed in his appropriation of the immense Irish forfeitures, of which he granted away a million of acres, contrary to his solemn promises, for the mere enrichment of foreign favourites, male and female; one of them the hideous courtesan whom he had created Countess of Orkney? What can be said of his perpetually acting as his own minister, with as much arbitrariness as Louis or the Emperor, in foreign affairs, except that, as the British kingdoms sometimes love to be deluded, they were thus gratified to the top of their bent throughout a long series of years? So also, instead of shutting up an exchequer, he left his successors and their subjects the rather dubious blessing of a national debt, which exceeded in its origin about twenty times the iniquity of the Cabal, and has grown in our times to the amount of eight hundred millions sterling. To all which must be added the introduction of a permanent excise upon the system still existing, and which has swollen into colossal dimensions as to mere extent, and which rivals the labyrinth of Crete in its deceptive sinuosities and ramifications. To the Protestant deliverer we are still further indebted for the use of hollands, or that vile form of alcohol which has summoned from the infernal pit our gorgeous gin-palaces; where the house of the harlot opens "the way to hell, reaching even to the inner chambers of death."

But above all other objects was the British sceptre consigned to the care of William—if we may believe the hollow voice of patriotism and nonconformity—that the *rights of conscience* might be at rest for ever from secular interference, as well as the oppression of penal laws. Translated into the language of truth, this statement means, that the Catholic Church of Almighty God was to be bound, were it possible, naked and helpless to the rock of Protestant prejudice, where, like the exposed Andromache of antiquity, she might become

a prey to the monsters of the deep. Religious toleration, it cannot be too often repeated, signified, in the mouth of the Revolution of A.D. 1688, *just this and no more.* Witness the violation of the Treaty of Limerick, and the acts passed by the crowned Dissenter against Roman Catholics. What renders his conduct in this respect so much worse is, that he had actually incurred obligations to his Catholic allies, when standing in need of their assistance, that he would really relieve the faithful children of the Church, so soon as he had the power to do so; nor, moreover, should it be omitted, that these breaches of honour occurred against the light of his internal convictions, based upon his own individual knowledge and experience. He had come to learn that the traditional policy of his family was the sound and right one to adopt; his Dutch armies were always in great measure composed of Catholics; many of that profession had served under him in his invasion of England, on the faith of his professions given, or at least implied, to their officers; he had now and then, in earlier days, even played with the dulness of James himself, in secretly declaring, whenever there seemed something to gain by it, that the penal persecutions of papists ought in reality to be repealed. Yet, after the Peace of Ryswick, some few priests having come over, King William assented to the statute against the growth of Popery, A.D. 1700, which Hallam, in the full fervours of Whiggery, cannot forbear denominating as "disgraceful." Its admitted aim was to expel the Catholic proprietors of land, comprising many very ancient and wealthy families, by rendering it necessary for them to sell their estates. It offers a reward of 100*l.* to any informer against an ecclesiastic exercising his functions, and adjudges the penalty to the party in orders of perpetual imprisonment. "It requires every person educated in the popish religion, or professing the same, within six months after he shall attain the age of eighteen years, to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and subscribe the declaration set down in the act of Charles II. against transubstantiation and the worship of saints,"—in other words, to apostatise from the faith; in default of which he stands incapacitated, not only from purchasing, but from inheriting or taking lands under any devise or limitation whatsoever. *The next of kin, being a Protestant, was to enjoy all such estates during his life.* This measure existed for fourscore years: a mere specimen of the code of persecution which William of Nassau knew to be wrong, yet which he sanctioned, after oaths and protestations to the contrary, *as being right.* And lo, this is the monarch whose usurpation the Anglican liturgy commemorates as an era of deliverance

from thraldom, although he had no belief in its doctrines, or admiration for its discipline; whilst his name survives as a watchword for bigotry,—when it can do so with impunity,—to abuse for the worst purposes of Toryism; nor less as a theme for the eulogy of such reviewers or historians as the Right Hon. Thomas Babington Macaulay. Notwithstanding the benefits which resulted from the rejection of the Stuarts—and they are not to be denied—we nevertheless are bold to affirm, that the boasted Revolution of A.D. 1688, looking at the spirit in which it came unhappily to be accomplished, constituted, or rather involved, an enormous fraud upon the credulity of these kingdoms. It originated from necessity; but was founded, as well as fashioned, upon the most thorough misrepresentation and hypocrisy. Instead of emancipating nations, it enthroned at first a usurper, and then an aristocracy; the latter as selfish and unprincipled as the artful stadtholder himself. The peerage from that moment, either through their own Chamber or the Lower House, to which in effect they could generally nominate a majority, at once trampled upon the liberties of the lower classes, and dictated their own terms to the crown. Nor did they care to imitate either the profound policy of Solon in Greece, or the just arrangements of Servius Tullius at Rome. Taxation was arranged so as to press lightly upon the rich and heavily upon the poor. Meanwhile government has presented, for a century and a half, a series of shams, illusions, shifts, and juggles. Its system formed an immense procession of littlenesses and low impostures, dependent for success upon ignorance, prejudice, falsehood, and calumny; base crawling artifices constituting the very spiders and centipedes of human politics. Bishop Burnet may be said to lead the march, with his warming-pan flourishing in the air; whilst Lord John Russell and the Earl of Derby bring up the rear, the one with his Durham Letter, and the other with his proclamation against the appearance of religious habits in public. Their master, King William, by whom they are always ready to swear, must be content to take his place in impartial history as one of the most royal rascals that ever reigned.

Preston Hall,

AND

OUR NEW DIGNITARIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STUMPINGFORD."

CHAPTER I.

A CARD.

LIKE most other things, Time has not been standing still since the Burgess of Stumpingford imparted to the world some chapters of the history of that borough, of which he is an unworthy member. We have been very busy in Stumpingford, and there is a great deal to tell: much more than the present writer can venture to obtrude, even upon a willing public—particularly as he has to be in some measure dealing with things which happened a long time ago. He is going to have "wise saws and modern instances," the wisdom of which it will be for any of his readers to discern.

We had occasion to visit Preston Hall, and to see a little of its owners. But the current of events was too rapid to allow us, in our narrow limits, to see much of what could be said about the Prestons in time past. We do not intend to go further back than the reign of our glorious Elizabeth; a sovereign who, of course unfortunately for herself, lived at a period when her friends had not reached the advanced development of adding Pious and Immortal to her titles. But, on the whole, she has come down to us pretty fresh, and we think stands as good a chance of shining in the truthful pages of popular English history as the real Happy, Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Prince on whom these attributes were accumulated. We hope that our humble efforts to add another rose, red of course, to the garland with which her former historians have encircled—if we may be permitted to use the court author's phraseology on such occasions, without entirely comprehending its meaning—her brow and memory, will not be entirely unavailing. We at once beg our readers to suppose themselves carried back to the middle of the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

About the year 1580, the old hall of the Prestons, which had served their turn long before the time when Sir Baldwyn de Stumpyngford and Ismania his wife used to ride over from

Stumpingford Castle to see their friends at Preston—about the year 1580, this old hall was destroyed by the squire of that day, Benedict Preston. Exactly on the site he built a new and much larger house, the hall now occupied by our friend, Mr. George Augustus Preston. There were no hiding-holes in the house that was pulled down. The wars of the Barons and the wars of the Roses had been only wars: they were not perpetual treacheries, and assassinations by law; so men got through them without any thing beyond the ordinary resources of refuge. But Benedict Preston lived in days which his forefathers and the Stumpyngfords never so much as dreamed of, poor men. They thought Christianity had fixed itself in England, and never for a moment supposed that the very duties divinely instituted for assisting men to heaven were to become, by a curious inversion, the pretence also for depriving them of life. Successive statutes, however, of the glorious queen, ending with the thirty-fifth year of her reign, brought complete destruction upon all convicted of professing and practising the true religion. So Benedict Preston, acting with plain common sense, determined to rebuild his house, and suit it to the times. Down came the old walls—stout old walls, stronger than Mr. Limewater will build you, if you order a house now; and there were found, as there always are found, old coins, from Ethelred downwards, bits of old swords, and Saxon gold ornaments, and plenty of Edwardian and Tudor rubbish, all which are lost to the world,—*carent quia vate sacro.* There was no Mechanics' Institute and Museum then at Stumpingford. And, to say the truth—and I am sorry to say it—there is some reason to believe that Benedict Preston himself did not think quite so much of those things as we now do in the Stumpingford branch of the Archæological Institute. When all was pulled down, and the ground made smooth, there appeared an Italian architect, about whom no one knew any thing, and the new house began to go up apace. Mr. Preston did not show his plans; but in them were provisions for not less than three comfortable hiding-holes—comfortable, that is to say, in comparison with the destiny that stood ready to meet any one who was caught in them. The workmen who built the house were not Stumpingford men, and when they had done they went away. The date 1580, over the entrance-doorway, is supposed to mark the year in which the house was completed. As we are going, by and by, to see one of those hiding-holes in use, let us go and see it beforehand.

Preston Hall presents to you, immediately on your entrance, its hall, ample and lofty, with a great fireplace on the

left-hand side, and at the other extremity a door, which opens at the foot of the great staircase. This staircase conducts you to a floor, upon which various chambers branch off on two sides of the great hall, which occupies the north-east side of the house and rises to the roof, and into a pleasant gallery, which looks into the hall, and commands its whole length. The gallery was, and is, panelled with oak. You would not observe any thing remarkable in the thickness of the wall as you entered from the landing at the top of the stairs. Nevertheless the wall is very thick to look at, when your attention is drawn to it; and if you touch the short panel which rises immediately from the plinth of the gallery at a particular spot, you will find that you can slide it away. When it is completely pushed to one side, it leaves an opening not much more than sufficient to allow one person to creep in. When you have crept in, you find yourself in a small closet, eight feet by four, and twenty feet high; into which light and air are conveyed by means of a false chimney, opening at the very top of the apartment. In broad day, there might be just light enough to read a good print; but we imagine that her most sacred majesty Elizabeth, or Burleigh, or Robert Cecil, or Walsingham, would not have thought it meet for their conveniences.

Benedict and Alfred Preston were the only two sons of old Benedict Preston, as he was called: who, having witnessed the destruction of religion by Henry and Edward, its restoration under Mary, and its final depression under Elizabeth, had himself made no change during all that period in his duty to God and the Holy See. He remained very quiet at Preston Hall; never sat in the execrable House of Commons of that day; and, when the new religion was set up in the parish-church, which his ancestor had rebuilt about a hundred years before, he, and all his household and family, heard Mass and received the Sacraments in a garret at home.

His sons, Benedict and Alfred, grew up, therefore, without the smallest tincture of any of the varieties of misbelief, which even then gave the most promising earnest of the abundant harvest recently brought into the Registrar-General's office by Horace Mann, the friend of mankind. Old Benedict Preston survived till 1570. His eldest son, Benedict, succeeded him. Alfred, who had gone to Rome to obtain holy orders, which could not now be obtained in England, was still there at his father's death. And here we now propose to raise the curtain.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH WE RECEIVE A PEDLAR.

November at Preston Hall is much like the Novembers in other places in the southern counties of England; that is to say, rather damp and dreary. But the Prestons have a fancy that their oaks, which are very fine, keep their foliage a long time. In fact, late into November they may be seen with a good deal of green remaining. They have an interest in this little matter which can scarcely be called fanciful. About the middle of November 1581, when, the tradition is, that the oaks were still showing very green, Benedict Preston and his wife, and two little children, were sitting in the withdrawing-room, as it was then called, in which we have already seen our friend Mr. George Augustus Preston, their present successor. There were no Joe Mantons nor Greeners in those days, and shooting flying was only not quite so far off as the electric telegraph. But Benedict Preston had had an otter-hunt that morning, which had ended successfully; and, refreshed with the stout exercise, he had come in, flung aside his sporting-clothes, and put himself into a suit becoming a country gentleman of that day for the short remainder of the evening; for they did not sit up late in those days.

Just at this time the Duke of Anjou was in England, making proposals which, luckily for himself, came to nothing, of marriage with Elizabeth. We leave it to the divine pages of English history of that era to tell how she would and she would not; how she tried every Elizabethan dodge to get him to consent, that if, and when, he became her husband, he would go to her chapel with her, and would have none of his own, or at most a very little one, hidden quite out of sight in the mazes of the palace; how she put a ring on his finger, and by and by, not long after, sat up a whole night amid the bewailings, sham or real, of her women, expressive of popular horror against a Catholic match; how, next day, in the morning, she went to see the duke in his own apartment, and had a private talk with him, the particulars of which have not yet been told, or forged; how the duke, after the interview was over, was seen to fling her ring on the ground, and then pick it up again, bewailing himself, good man, on the general inconstancy of the female sex, particularly as existing in England. Let Rapin and Hume tell all this at full length under the year 1581.

In this state of public affairs, the minds of the unfortunate

Catholics of England, who suffered in every way, both from the exertions of their friends to assist them and the fixed purpose of Elizabeth and her ministers to exterminate them, turned with great feelings of relief to the prospect of a Catholic husband sharing the throne of Elizabeth. On the strength of these hopes we are told that many priests came over into the country. But the Catholics, as was often the case before and since, reckoned without their hostess. There is very good reason to doubt whether she ever intended to marry the Duke of Anjou at all; and it is perfectly certain that, marriage or no marriage, no favour was to be granted to the Catholics, and priests were simply to be hanged as usual. With a view, no doubt, of setting before the eyes of her intended husband, if he was so, the happy future which awaited him, she caused, during the time that he was with her in England, the saintly Edmond Campian of the Society of Jesus, and three others, to be put on their trials for their religion. It is true the law said they were guilty of treason. It might as well have said that they were guilty of arson, or killing sturgeon. News of this reached the Catholic homes throughout England, and saddened them.

This is just the time when Benedict Preston is brought before the reader. They had not heard it yet at Preston Hall. As the shades of the evening stole on, and the time was just approaching for the hangings to be let fall before the window, and lights to be brought, a servant came in and said to Mr. Preston that a pedlar was at the door in the yard with knives and other pedlar's wares, and insisted on seeing the master of the house. Mr. Preston, surprised, and inquisitive as men are who live in daily possibility of misfortune, desired the servant to bring the pedlar into the house into the servants' hall, and leave him there. As soon as this was done, he entered the servants' hall himself. There the pedlar stood, with his box unslung and deposited on the floor. He was a fine well-grown man, not much beyond thirty, with a noble, intellectual, and grave countenance, as far as it could be perceived through a thick beard which covered his face and chin. As soon as Mr. Preston entered the room, the pedlar passed his hands over his head and behind his ears, and the whole beard and all the hair on his face dropped off, and displayed at once the full face of his brother.

The brothers embraced each other in silence; for their emotion at meeting after so long separation, on their own soil, in such times, deprived them for the moment of the power of speaking. Benedict Preston spoke first. "There is no need of disguise now, my dear brother; all are Catholics in this

house, and would give their lives for you; and here I hope you may stay in safety as long as you like."

"Father Campian is to be tried the day after to-morrow," said Alfred Preston, "and others with him. There is not the smallest prospect of his escape. I have come here, and may be bringing mischief to our house."

"Then let it come," said Benedict Preston; "we will share it with you. We are loyal to the queen, and are ready to defend her and the kingdom. And she knows it. But as for not harbouring you, she might as well ask me to call her a Catholic." At which both brothers smiled pleasantly.

"Come up-stairs, pedlar's pack and all. You need not put on that beard, however. It would frighten Apollonia to see you take it off. You've never yet seen her. But wait one moment." Mr. Preston stood at the servants'-hall door, and called for Stibbs, the butler. Stibbs came in.

"This," said Mr. Preston, "is Father Alfred Preston, my brother."

Stibbs made a very low bow.

"We can trust you, I believe, Stibbs."

Stibbs gave a look of solemn defiance.

"And I believe all our household."

Stibbs contented himself with a ruminative jerk of his head.

"You know, Stibbs, that his life, and all our lives, depend upon great secrecy. He will wear a lay dress, and will go by the name of Ambrose Perkins, a gentleman of Essex, lately returned from foreign parts."

"Yes, your honour," said Stibbs, getting it by heart—"Mr. Ambrose Perkins."

"We cannot conceal from any in the house," said Mr. Preston, "who he really is. And there is no use in attempting to do so. So get them together, and let them know; and tell them what I have told you—Mr. Ambrose Perkins."

"Mr. Ambrose Perkins," repeated Stibbs, with emphasis.

"The farm-people need not know."

"O dear, no, your honour," said Stibbs; "not they. Besides, your honour, one of them is a heretic—Oreb Wyggins."

"Ah, true," said Mr. Preston; "I wish we were rid of the fellow."

"So do I, your honour, if I may take leave to say so."

"Well," said Mr. Preston, "now, up-stairs. Take Father Alfred's box and beard. O, I see, you've got that, Alfred, yourself. Very well—box and beard up-stairs."

Stibbs came up to where Father Alfred stood to get the box, and passing him, knelt to ask for his blessing.

"Ah, Master Alfred," he said,—"if you'll excuse me, Father Alfred,—I recollect well when I put you in the saddle first."

"So you did, my dear Stibbs," said Father Alfred; "and if I'm to be here as a layman again, I don't say that you shan't put me there once more."

"'Slife," said Stibbs, "you'll excuse me, Father Alfred, there's the grandest buck lodged not far off."

"O, dear, not quite so fast, Stibbs. I must think twice of that."

Mr. Preston was half-way up-stairs; Father Alfred ran after him, and all three entered the room which Mr. Preston had just left, to the great wonder of Mrs. Apollonia Preston, who was sitting in expectation of what was to come.

If you, excellent reader, have ever had the chance of coming home after a very long absence, and seeing every thing new, including a good many faces, you will have some idea, though not a very perfect one, of the position of things in Preston-Hall drawing-room. After all affectionate greetings were over, and Father Alfred Preston had made his first acquaintance with his new sister and his little nephew and niece, both of whom insisted upon being blessed on the spot by their new uncle—it was such fun being blessed by their uncle—after all this, Mr. Preston found time to say to his brother, "I haven't asked you, though I wonder I haven't, what you think of our new house; we only got into it last year."

"Why," said Father Alfred, "I have not had much time to think about it yet; but as soon as I came down the avenue, long as it is since I left Preston, I missed the old outline, and saw something much bigger standing up against the sky. But you see I found my way well to the back-door."

"You did," said his brother; "and an odd way it was for a Preston of Preston to find his way home. But before we go to bed, let me show you over it."

So saying, he took a candle, and Father Alfred, and Mrs. Preston, and the children, going with him, they made a tour of the house. It was pleasant to see, and Stibbs, the old butler and friend, did see, how the recollections of the brothers went along together in the old channel after so long a separation; and how the fair Apollonia had nearly as much to say as either of them. And the children evidently learnt their lesson, which we have every reason to believe has descended unimpaired to the present day.

The great hall was the place of talk. Here Mr. Preston had indulged the hereditary fancy of his house, and most other old houses, by decorating the cornice with carved shields of the

Prestons and their alliances. Among these was to be seen, last in order, his own match with Apollonia Stumpyngford, who has recently, more than two hundred years after her death, become the sole heiress of her house; *tandem hæres*, as the pedigrees express it, and we shall see in the course of this history. You may see, as you are, no doubt, of exemplary behaviour, this and other pleasant things at Preston Hall once a-week, by applying for leave to do so.

Then, after a long stay here, they went up-stairs again, and visited all the apartments. There were grand old bedsteads in several of the bedchambers. Not old then, indeed. They were the same bedsteads which are there now, which you will see during your extremely well-behaved visit.

According to the precept of the great Burgundian Chassaneus, in his treatise *De Gloria Mundi*, at the back of each bedstead, under the solemn oaken tester, was written, in large Roman letters, in gold:

DORMIAT · IN · CHRISTO · QVI · LECTO · CVMBIT · IN · ISTO.

And an angel supported each of the four posts of the tester. Then they went up-stairs again to the chapel in the roof. It was extremely plain, capable of being speedily dismantled, and of being reduced to the appearance of an ordinary garret. There were no paintings, no decoration on the walls, no hangings, no altar-step, no fixed credence. An altar stood at the extremity of the room, which, on examination, proved to be so made as to take into four pieces with ease. On it was a step to hold candlesticks, and a very small tabernacle, carrying the crucifix; all which were also movable. And yet, so comparatively short a time was it since the Catholics had been driven from their own possessions to this poverty, that Mr. Preston himself had heard Mass in Westminster Abbey.

When they left the chapel—"We have one more place to show you," said Mr. Preston.

"What can that be?" said Father Alfred.

"A place which I hope you will never have any occasion to use. See, here it is"—pushing aside the panel—"a hiding-hole."

"I will look in," said Father Alfred. "I may as well." So he crept in, and took in a candle, and slid the panel back. "Can you see a light?" he said to his brother outside.

"Not a spark, I'll warrant you. No one can slide back the panel, if you will make it fast inside."

"I see," said Father Alfred.

He opened the panel again, and came out.

"We have two others to serve us at a pinch," said his bro-

ther; "but this is the best. One of the others is close to the chapel, for stowing away the altar and vestments."

"I hope none will ever come into use," said Father Alfred.

"Amen," said Mr. Preston. "It's a sad thing for an Englishman to have to build such things in his house; but I hope Prestons may live long enough to show them as sights, and useless."

So they all went into the withdrawing-room once more. The children were sent to bed, blessed again, and the brothers and Mrs. Preston sat up rather later than usual, and retired at the unusual hour of ten.

Next morning Father Alfred said Mass in the little chapel long before daylight, and did so for a week. And all the household frequented the Sacraments; and a sort of peace, like that which the older people still recollected in the village in Catholic times, seemed to have entered the house, and sheltered itself there.

CHAPTER III.

WE HEAR MASS.

Father Alfred Preston had arrived on Saturday the 18th of November 1581. He said Mass the next morning, and passed the remainder of the week, in perfect seclusion, at Preston Hall. Early every morning he said Mass in the little chapel; and then, appearing throughout the day in a lay dress, his time was divided between saying his office, sitting with his brother and sister, and taking pleasant rambles about the estate, in any direction where he was not likely to meet with strangers. News straggled in 1581. Even the Derby Dilly, which at a later period glided down the vale of romantic Ashburn, had not yet come into existence. And news on horseback, and in manuscript, on very bad roads, did not, in England, fulfil Virgil's enthusiastic description of Fame. Even lies walked in those days. So the news of the termination of Father Campian's career did not reach Preston Hall with the same rapidity with which a similar event would now reach Preston Hall under the mild administration of a ministry selected from Exeter Hall. But it came at last. On the 7th of December, a messenger, arriving in much haste at Preston Hall after dark, delivered a letter to Mr. Preston, containing these few words:

"Worshipful Sir,

"These are to let you know, that on Monday the 20th day of November, Father Edward Campian was arraigned for

treason, and had sentence of death; which sentence was performed and executed on Friday last, being the first of this month December, at Tybourne. Our Lord have you in His holy keeping. I rest your assured servant, T. K.

"From London, this 3d day of December 1581."

This T. K. was Thomas Kempsford, an old friend and playmate of Mr. Preston, when they were both together in the household of Cardinal Pole, at Lambeth and elsewhere. He was a layman, and now lived in London, very obscurely, to keep out of the way of persecution. He had found means to send this by private hands, knowing how important the information might be at Preston Hall. He said all that he dared to say, and left his friend to collect his fears. But we—have we not got it all in Hollinshed, how Father Campian was brought up, was arraigned of treason for having been abroad, and having received holy orders, and having returned to pervert her majesty's servants from their allegiance to her and her religion; and how, having enjoyed the inestimable privilege of trial by a jury of his countrymen, he received sentence to undergo those moderate penalties in the hour of death which the laws, in that behalf made and enacted, adjudged to his calling and his faith? The same historian informs us, with pleasant emotion, that he received from the bench a godly and comfortable exhortation; the fruits of which being, as we have the best reason for believing, entirely lost upon Father Campian, we can only hope were returned into the bosom of the comfortable giver.

Certainly the transaction was not viewed at Preston Hall either as godly or comfortable. The evening was spent after this news, at once so sad and so glorious, in grave consultation between the brothers and sister as to what should be the course with regard to Father Alfred; for they knew, from the fate of Campian and his associates, that more blood would be wanted. Yet, after all, as is so often the case, when they had talked over all such contingencies as occurred to them, they were forced back to a state of quiescence. What could they do more than they had done? Ambrose Perkins was Ambrose Perkins to all the neighbourhood; that is to say, to the very few who had seen him, or knew of his being there. They were as certain as they could be of any thing human that they had no traitor among them, and nothing had occurred to give them the least alarm as to themselves; so, though quite aware of the increase of danger at a distance, they resolved to do nothing.

Next morning, with all such little splendour as they could

venture upon, the festival of the Conception of Our Blessed Lady was kept at Father Alfred's Mass in the little chapel. With windows closed, and covered with heavy hangings so as to exclude the smallest ray of light from reaching the outside, the chapel gleamed with tapers, and was bright with holly and laurel.

Our friend Mr. Preston, of the year 1856, preserves with great veneration the little chalice which then and long after was used at Preston. It is very small; the cup unscrews from the stem, and the stem unscrews from the foot. The paten is of corresponding smallness. They had been made expressly for the English mission by an Antwerp silversmith, had received consecration from the hands of the Prince Bishop of Liège, and were first used when Father Alfred Preston said Mass with them in the garret-chapel at Preston.

The vestments also which Father Alfred wore this morning have come down to our time uninjured, except by the course of years. They were old when Father Alfred used them; part of the pillage of the religious house which old Benedict Preston secured, from some of the people who first became possessed of them at their sale. There were, and are, at Preston, several sets of these. But the chasuble which Father Alfred wore is well known, and kept separate from the rest. It is made of very soft silk, powdered with gold fleurs-de-lys and lions; and the cross on the back carries the image of our Blessed Lord, which stands up from the body of the fabric in high relief, like a carved figure—such a figure as you may see preserved on vestments in the sacristy of S. Stephen's Church at Mayence, and elsewhere; but not often.

We must quit this scene of gladness and religion for a little time.

The rectory of Preston had been in the patronage of the squires of that house for many generations, and was, indeed, at this time. But at the general sacrilege, when the church ceased to be one, a Protestant minister had to be put in the place of the Catholic rector. The present man was, as is amply testified of his brethren in other places by their own historians, a very inferior person. But he made up what he wanted in knowledge, order, and mission, by the average hatred of the period against all Christendom, and Preston Hall in particular. Like many such a man, he felt the undesirableness of his own position with most of the people in the parish, who could recollect better things, laughing at his absurd pretensions to minister to them, and, with Mr. Preston and his household and dependents, openly withdrawing from what Parson Wyggins called his communion, although treating him with the

utmost personal courtesy. Parson Wyggins longed for the time to come for laying an information against Mr. Preston. Mr. Preston's urbanity, his goodness to the poor without any question of religion, the high opinion entertained of his probity, and his known devotion, as an Englishman, to the welfare of his country—these circumstances, and the universal popularity which he enjoyed in consequence, had hitherto shielded Mr. Preston from the penalties to which the new crime of recusancy—new, that is, since the Christians refused to fling incense on the altars of pagan gods—had exposed him.

At last his time came. Oreb Wyggins, the farm-man whom we mentioned before, was, in fact, a brother of the Protestant minister. They had both received pretty much the same sort of education; but John Wyggins, the elder brother, having succeeded better than his brother in mastering the mysteries of reading and writing, at length, in the scarcity of ministers which occurred all over the country at the setting up of the new religion, offered himself to the new Protestant bishop, was made a Protestant minister, and returned to his native Preston with the ancient and venerable title of parson of the Church doomed to everlasting ridicule in his person. His brother Oreb was of the same persuasion, as far as he had any. The family had been Catholics, like all others in Preston and every where else; and had been employed, time out of mind, by the Prestons; and were the only family attached to the Prestons who lost the faith. There could be no better rudiments of a good hatred. Nevertheless, old Benedict Preston and his son not only treated the pretended parson with great courtesy, but also kept Oreb as an out-door man, and were very kind to him. Any one who knows the world knows that honey, under such circumstances, turns to acid. John and Oreb had a perfectly good understanding, and always intended to have their day. It was observed, that on the last Sunday John had delivered himself from the pulpit in Preston Church of a tissue of abuse against the Catholic Church, much, we suppose, as may be heard from any Orange pulpit any Sunday now. He had collected some scraps of passages out of the sacred books of the Old Testament in the Geneva version—for, you know, "the authorised version," beginning with that bright occidental star, had not yet arrived in the world—and these he applied to the duties of Elizabethan Christians against those who held the old faith. In short, he prophesied of death; and hinted that vengeance might even find its way into certain proud and rebellious houses not very far from themselves.

There were not many people in the building—there never

were many; but those who were there were surprised at hearing language so original from a man who usually contented himself with reading one of those homilies which had been declared necessary for the times. They were surprised, and, on the whole, not much pleased: for even those who had lapsed into heresy retained their affection for the squire's house, and were sorry to think that any ill could befall it.

Oreb, sitting under his endowed brother as clerk, with horribly elongated visage, pulled his mouth open like the chive of an orange, and rendered his length of countenance still more remarkable with a grin.

Still, the week passed, up to the day of the festival, without any occurrence to disturb the house or the village; and people began to think that Parson John had only blazed away a little in an unusual outbreak of frolic Lutheranism.

Now Oreb Wyggins, whom our friend Stibbs the butler had thought quite out of the way, nevertheless did see the arrival of the pedlar at Preston Hall, and did also remark—for he waited to see—that the pedlar was received into the house, and did not come out again that night, at least not during the hours through which he watched for him. Next day it turned out that a Mr. Ambrose Perkins was staying with Mr. Preston. When did he come? Who ever heard of Mr. Ambrose Perkins in Preston before? Oreb and John Wyggins talked it over after John had read his even-song in the parish-church.

"He is the pedlar," said John.

"A mass-priest, I'll answer for it," said Oreb.

"No doubt, and not a Perkins. Who can he be?"

"One of Campian's men perhaps."

So the worthies talked and beat about the bush, and were not very far from their prey.

News of Campian's death reached the rectory, by a different channel, on the same day that it reached Preston Hall. The rectory news had this addition, which was not needed at Preston Hall, that there were many other Jesuits and other "Romish" missionaries about the country, and among them one Father Alfred Preston; and that the queen's majesty and her highness's council were very anxious, if they could, to lay hold of some more; and that the French duke should not save one of them.

John sent for Oreb; Oreb came when his day's work was over at the farm, and was greeted by his genial brother with welcome, and a pot of humming rectory ale.

"Oreb," said the possessor of tithe to the intoner of Hopkins, "we've got the man at last. Depend upon it your pedlar and Ambrose Perkins is Alfred Preston. To-morrow is

one of their Popish festivals, and they are sure to have all their massing furniture out; and if we are sharp we may catch him at it. Will you make a venture?"

Oreb paused. The orange-chive look came again into his mouth, and he grinned a grin. But it was a moment of compunction. He recollected the hand that had fed him, the voices that had been kind to him, the just and honest bounty which had made his home comfortable, and his life easy and healthy; and for a moment he doubted in his churl's soul whether he could do this thing. But Judas triumphed; so he said, "Yes."

"Well, then," said John, "we must be quick about it; for, as you know very well, when they have their massing over yonder, they are very early about it, and secret too."

"Ay, ay," said Oreb, "I've heard all about that."

"You must go to my Lord Soupington, at Soupington, the other side of Stumpingford, and take him this letter; whereupon, no doubt, he will raise a sufficient number of retainers, and we shall get the business done easily. I will take care that you are handsomely rewarded; and you can keep out of sight as much as you like."

Oreb consumed his liquor in silence; and soon after received from his brother a letter, addressed to the Lord Soupington, which remains in the archives of his descendant, the present duke, with the sight of which we have been favoured. It is written in a great bungling hand, worse than the bad hands of that day usually are, in these words:

"After my hearty commendacions plesith your good Lordship to wit, that I have certain knowledge that one Father Alfred Preston, a seminarie priest, is now at this present at Preston Hall, being one of Campian's crew, that hath lately suffered the just penalty for his treason against the laws and statutes of her most sacred majesty that now is; and that the said Father Alfred Preston, being brother to Mr. Benedict Preston, esquire, of this place, a known recusant, as myself can testify, doth purpose to say their Mass on the morrow, at six of the clock, being an idolatrous festival of Mary. Whereupon, if it so plesith your good Lordship to bring a many men with you by then to this place, haply you shall do that which shall be greatly pleasing to her highness's grace, and shall advance the safety of this realm; and so, desiring that in the premises your Lordship will be good lord to me, I humbly take my leave. From Preston, this seventh daye of December 1581. Resting your Lordship's most assured humble servant, JOHN WYGGINS."

On the outside the letter was addressed: "To the Right

Honourable the Lord Soupington, at Soupington Grange, these be delivered. Haste, haste, haste."

Oreb saddled without delay the parson's cob; a very good one. And with the letter safely stowed in his breast over his false heart, he rode on his bad errand. And if the spirit of Judas ever revisits this world, he probably sat behind Oreb that night. We decline accompanying him, therefore, on his journey, and will meet the reader at Soupington Grange.

[To be continued.]

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE MOON.

Sir,—More people have an interest in the moon than we wot of. I am inclined to believe she has a great influence on the tides of the affairs of men, as well as on those of the ocean. By means of her devoted mystæ, such as Drummond and Spooner, she sometimes breaks down the dykes and defences of the Catholic party in England when they least expect it; though I do not know why we should not expect any amount of annoyance in present circumstances. England has a great duty to perform; sore as she is about her failures, and her lost prestige, she yet has to thank God for her victories: a discontented thankfulness is no pleasant humour; it could not be more conveniently manifested than in persecuting the assumed enemies of God. Pious Protestants are never more crabbed than when newly arisen from the perusal of the Bible. It is nothing that but a few months ago England owed every thing to Catholics;—to the Irish who formed one-third of her army, to the French her allies, to the Sardinians who furnished a contingent, to the Austrians who frightened her enemy,—that is all changed. The devil was sick, and he sent for sisters of mercy to nurse him, and hinted that he was thinking of turning monk. But the danger past, and God forgotten, he has relapsed into all his bad ways. When England's hope, her army, was sick, our priests and our nuns were sent for to nurse and tend it; but no sooner is the war ended, no sooner has the ridiculous review consigned to inglorious infirmaries some three hundred ships, built but to be bedridden, constructed to be consumptive, than we have a renewal of all the old injustices and insults; Spooner gets his majority in favour of cutting off the supplies of priests to replace those who have sacrificed their lives in the Crimea; and other members expect to be equally fortunate in subjecting sisters of mercy

to magisterial inspection, in diverting Catholic trusts to Protestant administration, and in placing Catholic children in the hands of Protestant educators; worse than all, the whole House of Commons rises in protest against our Holy Father, talks of ousting him from his dominions, would divert all the water to one mill, would turn the Protestant grindstones with the torrents of blood that our Catholic allies have shed for quite a different cause, and use the war for revolutionising Italy, and secularising the government of the Papal States. Verily, as Shakespeare says, peace makes men hate one another, because they then less need one another. Peace, says Dryden, is war in masquerade; the worst, because the most hypocritical of all wars.

But not in the House of Commons only does the moon exercise her influence. The young May moon also makes flood-tide in Exeter Hall, and sends out its emissaries to scrabble over the walls and door-posts of our metropolis invitations to read the *Sentinel*, and denunciations of "Mari*do*latry," "wafer-gods," "Jesuits," "mass-mongers," "confessionals," and "Puseyite traitors." A proof of David's accuracy of observation, when, in order to feign himself mad, "he scrabbled* on the doors of the gates."

But with respect, more directly, to the moon: that ruling power has little reason to be satisfied with the atrocious manner in which some of its prerogatives have been assailed by a certain dogmatic inspector of schools, who appears to suppose that all England will be as docile as the little school-girls whom he initiates into the private principles of his peculiar astronomy. The gentleman alluded to, Mr. Jellinger Symons, affirms that the moon, because in turning round the earth she always keeps the same face to our globe, therefore does not turn on her own axis,—that she has motion of revolution, but not of rotation. Hence, on the other hand, he ought to say, that if she successively turned different sides to the earth, if we at one time saw her face and at another her occiput, then she might be said to turn on her own axis. Now this may be very simply tested by experiment. Put an inkstand on the table; lay a pen near it with its point turned to the north; put your hand upon the pen, and turn it round the inkstand, first keeping its point always towards the north; in that case it successively turns plume and point, right and left side to the inkstand, and therefore, according to Mr. Symons, it must revolve on its axis. But its axis, which is your arm, is not twisted; you can make as many revolutions as you please with

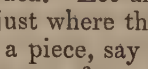
* According to the Protestant version of 1 Kings xxi. 13. Quoted in Johnson's Dictionary, *sub voce* Scrabble.

the greatest ease, without once shifting your fingers. Next, turn the pen round the inkstand, always keeping its point towards the inkstand, as the moon always keeps its face to the earth; you must shift your fingers before you have made half a revolution, or you must twist your arm off. In the first case your arm, the axis of the pen, feels no rotation; in the second case it is sensible of a very painful twist. Yet Mr. Symons affirms axial rotation for the first case, and denies it for the second—and Mr. Symons is an inspector of schools.

But, says Mr. Symons, if you were to attach the moon to the earth by a rigid bar, she would behave precisely as she does at present. She turns on her axis just as the cog of a wheel turns on its axis, and no more has a rotary motion independent of the earth than the cog has a rotary motion independent of the nave of the wheel.

Here now is Mr. Symons's scepticism: like that of Epicurus, who would not believe the sun to be much bigger than it looks; or like that of any school-girl, who refuses to believe that a piece of metal is just as warm as a piece of silk lying upon it. As the thermometer helps us to correct our sense of touch by our eye, so Mr. Symons should try to correct his sight by his touch.

I can quite enter into his difficulties. He cannot understand how every point in the mass of a rotating body can be said to have two independent motions—one of revolution round the centre of the body, another of rotation round its own axis: how, for instance, Mount Hecla, or the Peak of Teneriffe, can in any sense be said not only to turn round the axis of the earth, but also to rotate on their own axes; or how, to put it more generally, every individual atom in the mass of the earth has this rotation round its own axis: he cannot conceive this, without thinking of these atoms lying independent of each other, like shots in a bag, and each grinding against the other, like a vast system of cog-wheels.

Now, I think I can illustrate this fact so as to prove it, if not to the sight, at least to the touch. Let any one look at the great shaft of a steam-engine; just where the piston joins, it is interrupted; the shaft is cut; a piece, say a foot long, is taken out, and is fixed at some distance from the line of the shaft by the perpendicular pieces, in this form 

: now, when the part A A turns on its axis, does the part B do any thing more than revolve round the axis A A? Does it also turn on its own axis? The eyesight, and common sense itself, seem to say no. We must suppose, then, that B does not revolve on its own axis.

But now let the inquirer take hold of the handle of the first grindstone he comes to, and turn it. On the hypothesis, the handle does not rotate on its own axis, but simply revolves round the axis of the stone. Very well then, grasp the handle tight, and turn it. It will tear your skin off unless you loosen your hold; and when you grasp it loosely and turn, you feel the handle rotate in your hand. Now, your hand clearly does not rotate; your knuckles are always turned upwards; your arm moves with a compound motion, backwards and forwards, up and down, but clearly it is not twisted. The motion of rotation is in the handle of the stone, not in your arm. But perhaps you fancy that this rotation is round the central axis of the stone, not round the excentric axis of the handle which you are grasping. Impossible! How can a thing rotate round a *distant* axis? The axis on which a thing *rotates* must be within it. You feel the handle rotate once in your hand for every revolution of the stone. It rotates within the hand, on its own axis, not on the axis of the stone, which is without your hand.

But now it is clear that the perpendicular distance of the part of the handle which you grasp from the central axis of the stone is quite indifferent. Suppose, then, that in the perpendicular bearing-iron a number of grasping handles were introduced in this manner— whichever of the handles you grasped when you turned the stone, you would feel each equally rotate within the hand, and therefore *on its own axis.* But now suppose that all of these handles were made to approach so close to one another that you could no longer grasp them separately; you convinced yourself that each of them rotated on its own axis when they were six inches apart; evidently the conditions are not changed when they are only the hundredth part of an inch apart; still each handle rotates on its own axis when the whole is turned. Next, suppose them all to be soldered together in a solid mass —still each point *a, a, a, a,* rotates on its own axis when the stone is turned, besides revolving round the central axis A A.

Now to apply this to the earth. Suppose you were standing exactly on the north pole; you would be, as it were, a continuation of the axis of the earth, and you would rotate on your own axis once in twenty-four hours. Then, if you stepped six yards from the same place, you would describe a circle of six yards radius round the pole in twenty-four hours in addition to your former motion of rotation. Suppose any gigantic being outside the earth, and not turned with it, could

put his hand loosely round you, as you put yours round the handle of the grindstone, would he not feel you rotate in his hand once in twenty-four hours, precisely as you felt the handle do once for every revolution of the stone? Imagine that the frost-giants of Scandinavian mythology use Mount Hecla as a handle to turn the earth on its axis, must not the mountain rotate in their hand? Whether or not we can represent the fact in our imagination, our touch informs us that all the molecules of a rotating body have an absolute rotation in space round their own axes, and yet always keep the same faces turned towards each other, just as in the compound handle I described just now each handle rotates on its own axis when the stone is turned, without changing its relative position to the rest of the handles.

But now, further, the motion of revolution is quite independent of that of rotation: when I turn the grindstone, my hand revolves round the axis of the stone, but makes no rotation; I always keep my knuckles in one direction, pointing upwards or pointing downwards. The handle within my hand makes two motions—revolution round the axis of the wheel, and rotation round its own axis within my hand. A body revolving round another may either have both these motions, as the moon, or only one, as my hand when I turn the grindstone. If a body having only the motion of revolution is suddenly stopped, all motion ceases; but if a body having both motions suddenly ceases to revolve, in consequence of its inertia it still continues to rotate. This may be shown by a very simple experiment. Take a common washing-basin, turn it upside down, and balance it on a metal point held in your hand at arm's length. Then turn on your heel; the basin *revolves* round you as you turn, but there is no reason it should rotate on its axis; in fact it does not; it keeps the part originally turned to the north still in that direction; so that as you turn, it successively presents all its faces to you, and appears to you to turn, but, in reality, though moved round a circle, it remains without any movement of rotation. Now stop suddenly; the basin is quite still on the metal point: there was no rotation for the *vis inertiæ* to continue. Next, by means of a finger hold the basin fixed as you turn; now it has two motions; it *revolves* round you, and it rotates on its own axis, because it presents the same face successively to all points of the compass: now take your finger away at the same moment that you stop your movement on your heel, so as to leave the basin freely balanced; you will find it continue to rotate for a short time. Now this seems a regular puzzle. While the basin was free, it had only one motion; it

revolved, but it did not rotate on its axis (though of course the point on which it was balanced rotated under it). But fix it, and it immediately has two motions; and if you leave it freely balanced just when you stop, the second motion of rotation is continued by the *vis inertiæ* after the first (that of revolution) has ceased. This experiment may be varied in many ways. Hang a hoop by a short hair to a stick, hold out the stick straight, and turn on your heel; the hoop still continues in the same direction as it was at first, till the twisting of the hair (which rotates, though the hoop does not) begins to influence the hoop. Or it may be tried with a ball of wood floating in a basin of water: place the basin on the edge of a round table, and then turn the table on its centre; the basin evidently revolves round the centre of the table, and turns on its own axis also; but there is no reason why the floating ball should rotate on its own axis; the friction of the water is not sufficient to connect it as a part of a rigid system with the table, and you will find that the ball remains quite still, the same face pointing to the north during the whole revolution. Of course the apparent effect to the eye is as if the ball turned in the basin; the fact is, the basin rotates, while the ball is still. The appearance is a mere deception—exactly like the deception which makes us suppose the earth to go round the sun. Turn yourself till you become giddy, and you will fancy you are still, and that every thing is turning round you. On a ship you appear to be still, and the shore and the houses seem to recede. So when you hold the balanced basin: when it is still, it appears to you to rotate; when it moves with you, it appears to you to be still. Not so, however, to a disinterested spectator, who sees that the basin, as it moves round you, always keeps the same face to him.

After all, the idea of motion is only comparative, not positive. If there were only one thing in an else-universal vacuum, however rapidly this thing might move, there could be no possible means of testing its motion. Add another thing, then we could measure the comparative motion of the two, unless they moved in lines completely parallel, and always kept the same relation to each other. But fill space with objects, and the comparative motion of each will be still more easy to ascertain; yet even now we can only measure comparative motion, not absolute motion in space. Looking only at the solar system, we can only determine the motions of the planets with regard to the sun and each other, not the motion of the sun with regard to Sirius. Looking at the sun and Sirius, we can determine their common motion; but we cannot determine how much absolutely belongs to each with-

out taking in other fixed stars as elements of the comparison. And, after all is said and done, we cannot with any accuracy determine the absolute motion of the sun in space; but only its relative motion with regard to the general mass of stars. Absolute motion in space is a mere chimera, necessary to be supposed, but impossible to be tested. Relative motion is all that we can determine; and we determine this, not from our own individual centre, but from an external and comprehensive view of the whole system of motion. To us on the earth the moon seems to have her face fixed in one direction, always looking towards us; to a spectator external to the system, on the sun, the moon would seem to rotate, because she would successively turn her face and her occiput to him.

It could easily be managed that she should always keep her face turned towards the spectator on the sun while she revolved round the earth, just as in turning the handle of an upright coffee-mill I always keep the same side of my hand towards my eyes. In this case, the moon would seem to the spectator on the earth to rotate on her own axis, when to the more comprehensive view of the spectator on the sun she would manifestly be without this motion of rotation; yet if, in the annual course of the earth round the sun, the moon always kept the same face towards the spectator in the sun, then we should be obliged to allow her a rotation on her axis once a year, as would appear clear to any spectator placed outside the orbit of the earth. In this way we might superimpose motions *ad indefinitum*, all having a mechanical reality, but excessively puzzling to our weak brains. But the reality of all these motions can be tested; motion is the expression of force, and each motion is the expression of a separate force. It is one force that carries the moon round the earth, and another that makes the moon rotate on its axis. Now one force may be arrested without damage to another. If the earth were suddenly withdrawn, the revolution of the moon would cease; but its rotation would continue, just as is shown in the experiment of the balanced basin.

Mr. Symons seems to feel convinced that the moon and earth make up one rigid system; I deny that they do so now, but I readily own that once they probably did so. I can imagine the time when the earth was a diffused nebula filling the whole of the moon's orbit, and when the moon was another nebula sticking to the surface of the blurred and bloated earth. Then the system was a rigid one. But now the earth is shrunk and solidified, it has left the moon to her own devices; and though she continues precisely the same motion as she had when attached to the surface of the earth, and though this motion

was communicated to her by one simple cause, namely, attachment to the earth, yet the motion itself is compound, more forces than one combine to cause it; and if the force which causes her revolution were to cease, the force which causes her rotation would still be active—she would go on rotating after she had ceased revolving.

On the whole, I cannot congratulate Mr. Jellinger Symons on his good sense: his refusal to believe mathematical and mechanical truths seems to me quite as absurd as Cardinal Bellarmine's opposition to Galileo can seem to him. I dare say that Mr. Symons is a very clever and good man in his way, but he certainly has not a vocation to set us right about the moon. He may get very angry and abuse us, but he will scarcely convince us—

"Scilicet arma magis quam sidera, Romule, noras."

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

May 6, 1856. RICHARD AP WILLIAM.

Reviews.

NUNS AND NURSES IN THE EAST.

Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses; the Narrative of Twelve Months' Experience in the Hospitals of Koulali and Scutari. By a Lady Volunteer. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Now peace is proclaimed, we shall probably have abundant leisure to inquire into the effects which the familiar intercourse of our soldiers and sailors with the army and navy of our Catholic allies has had upon our English prejudices; and to cast up the results which have been attained by the spectacle of the self-sacrifice of priests and sisters of charity daily displayed to our suffering troops. Now we shall have an opportunity of seeing whether these men have come to a different conclusion as to the merits of that religion whose priests come forth from Maynooth, and whose sisters from the convents, from our bigoted home-population, who wish to starve out the one, and to suppress the others.

The first instalment of materials for this inquiry is fur-

nished by the volumes before us, of which we shall at once proceed to give some account.

The national enthusiasm for the victory of the Alma, the sympathy of all true hearts for the cruel sufferings of our wounded and sick soldiers, and an honest emulation of the admirable sisters of charity who attended on the French troops, soon led to the formation of an English band of nurses. Party-spirit yielded to the exigencies of the occasion; Miss Sellon and Lord Shaftesbury were found engaged in the same cause, and a party of Irish and English sisters of mercy submitted to the inexperienced guidance of the lady who was placed over the expedition. In one thing, however, the sisters were happier than the rest of the party; belonging to an old-established order, being not merely an extemporaneous assemblage, they had their own rules, and were not obliged to submit to the absurd regulations which the Government imposed on all the rest, whether lady volunteers or paid nurses, namely, that all were to be clothed in the same way, all to go out on the same footing of equality as hospital nurses.

On their arrival in the East, the party to which our narrator belonged was the victim of the blundering and want of foresight of the officials, and was detained with nothing to do for many dreary weeks at Therapia—weeks that sorely tried the patience of the ladies, though they may have helped to acclimatise them. At length the work came; the author was first introduced to the hospital at Scutari, from whence she afterwards volunteered to that of Koulali. At Scutari she saw all the horrors which have been so well described by the correspondent of the *Times;* but she brings them more before us, and gives us the details of the incredible difficulties and obstacles which the inflexible and wooden stupidity of the inspectors threw in the way of the ladies when they wished to provide the necessary food (comforts were altogether out of the question) for the mass of hopeless suffering that was festering in the wards.

We will pass over these descriptions, which are all too few —(the two volumes are marvellously distended with irrelevant matter concerning Malta and Gibraltar, St. Sophia and Constantine the Great; though even these things have an interest in showing us the wondering, unsophisticated, domestic mind of the lady volunteer)—in order to quote her impressions of the soldiers whom she helped to nurse, and of the Catholic sisters whose labours she shared.

"One thing," she says, "made labour light and sweet; and this was, the respect, affection, and gratitude of the men. No words can tell it rightly, for it was unbounded; and as long as we stayed

among them it never changed. Familiar as our presence became to them, though we were in and out of the wards day and night, they never forgot the respect due to our sex and position. Standing by those in bitter agony, when the force of old habits is great, or by those in the glow of returning health, or walking up the wards among orderlies and sergeants, never did a word which could offend a woman's ear fall upon ours. Even in the barrack-yard, passing by the guard-room or entrances, where stood groups of soldiers smoking and idling, the moment we approached all coarseness was hushed; and this lasted not a week or a month, but the whole of my twelve months' residence, and my experience is also that of my companions."

She gives touching little pictures of different cases which she nursed.

"The tenacity of life in poor Cooney was wonderful; day by day, night after night, he lived and suffered on; growing weaker and weaker. How his piteous moans went through the hearts of his attendants! how terrible it was to watch the distortion of agony on his young face! Poor boy! He was very patient, and he said, he knew 'it was best for him, or the good God would not send him such suffering, and his trust was in Him, and he did try to be patient.'"

Another case of a second Irishman, named Fitzgerald:

"Among so many interesting cases, he was one distinguished from all the others, not only by his patience, but his cheerfulness. He was an Irishman all over, always merry, and making the best of every thing; his gratitude for being waited on was great. Even when apparently in a dying state, he would look up into our faces and smile. He lingered on, his doctors having no hope of his recovery; it seemed impossible he could rally from such a shock. However, he did."

These contrast rather favourably with the case of an Englishman:

"He was brought to Koulali hospital and treated for frost-bite; but when in a fair way of recovery from this, and with the prospect of coming home invalided, it was discovered that he had sustained a severe internal injury, from which there was but slight hope of his recovery; and the disappointment seemed to make his cup of sorrow run over, and he lay there in utter despair, not caring how soon death might release him. He was a member of the Church of England."

These cases are contrasted by the writer herself, upon whose mind the quiet and orderly energy of the nuns seems to have had a very great influence. In fact, as the volumes proceed, she speaks more like a Catholic than a Protestant. She,

much better than the gentlemen who constitute the Committee of the Nightingale Fund, must know where honour is due; and she certainly gives the chief credit to the sisters. For instance, when, through the departure of some of the ladies, and the illness of others, the whole care of both the Koulali hospitals had devolved upon herself and ten sisters, she thus speaks of the way in which the work was performed:

"Never can that lady forget the indefatigable manner in which the Sisters of Mercy carried on the work of the hospital. Already tasked beyond their strength, they willingly and cheerfully took the additional work which the departure, illness, and death among the lady-staff had thrown on their hands; and so admirable was their method, so unremitting their skill, that no patient in the hospital (it may confidently be said) suffered from the diminution of numbers."

Nothing would convince the English government that any of its extemporary regulations could be other than wise; in spite of the misconduct of the hired nurses, it kept up its regulation of equalising them, both in position and dress, with the lady volunteers, who complained of the wearing anxiety and the bitter humiliation which this association brought upon them, as a small body of English women alone in a foreign country, where the act of one brought disgrace upon all. Nurse after nurse had to be sent away for intoxication, or worse misconduct; after eight months half the original number had been dismissed. The authorities at home took umbrage at this, and sent the ladies a reproof, demanding more particulars of the cases; but only obtained a genuine ladies' rebuke, who replied, that their duties did not include the reformation of women of loose character, nor the registration of their misdeeds.

The reverend mother who presided over the nuns seems to have been a universal genius: she alone could make good rice-puddings out of the "inferior milk, rice, and eggs, provided by our government;" while sister M—— J—— seems to have been the model accountant. "The sisters' long experience in all matters concerning the care of the poor and sick gave them a great superiority over us; and they were ever ready to show us their method and to enter into our difficulties, which were not a few." Under their management the upper hospital soon became the "model," which the ladies were anxious to imitate. Our readers can easily imagine the gratitude and pride with which they inspired the Catholic patients; but their influence did not stop there.

"There was a wharf just below Koulali where steamers often came to coal; once or twice the crews were principally Irish. The

sailors had leave to go on shore, and dispersed themselves about the country; they went through the hospital-wards, evidently delighted at the comfortable appearance of the men. They looked at and admired every thing; but when they met their countrywomen, the Sisters of Mercy, in the barrack-yard, they were quite overjoyed. When they found that they lived at the general hospital, they poured up the hill in troops to visit them and attend their chapel. Many who had not attended to their religious duties for years were persuaded to do so now. They did not forget the ladies either."

This is a power for good which England lacks; nothing can exceed the personal pride with which the French, the Sardinian, or the Irish soldier looks on his own Sister of Charity. When one appears, officers and soldiers crowd around her; they look upon her as their exclusive property, and treat her with affectionate respect.

"Amid the rough soldiers, and among the scenes of horror and distress, the *sœurs* move fearless and unharmed. Around them is a shield which insult dares not touch. As safe on the battle-field, or in the hospital-tent, or the ambulance in some foreign town, as they are in their convent home; the wards of the hospital or the streets of the city are their cloisters, hired rooms are their cells, the fear of God is their grating, and a strict and holy modesty their only veil. No wonder the Frenchman pays them such respect and honour, for they are worthy of it tenfold."

It is not that the heart of the Englishman is narrower, is less accessible, than that of the Frenchman or Irishman; on the contrary, the authoress is full of confidence in the "tenderness of the brave hearts" of the soldiers, and of the spirit of religion which is deep hidden in the men who compose the British army, which "only needs culture to bring it out;" she is sure that "had not its spiritual wants been so grievously neglected, it would not have become noted for its irreligion, nor would English parents have had cause to consider it a disgrace that their sons should fill its ranks." She tells very touching stories of the ardent gratitude which the poor men expressed and testified, as they best could, for every thing that the ladies did for them, their silent resignation, their shame and incredulous surprise at the idea of ladies performing menial offices for them, writing their letters, or sitting on their beds to feed them and to arrange their pillows.

These men would soon come to love their sisters as heartily as the French do their *sœurs*, if it were not that a wolfish religion, "with belly gaunt and famished face," denied them this consolation. When their work was over at Koulali, and the sisters were removed to the hospital at Balaclava, the

ladies could not restrain their tears at the parting. "From first to last the greatest cordiality had subsisted between all the ladies and sisters, and some of us felt we were parting from tried and warm friends."

"Passing down to the quay, they were again stopped by the number of patients, orderlies, and soldiers from the detachment, crowding to say good-bye, and shower down a last blessing on the heads of those who had been so long their nurses and comforters. The quay was crowded with soldiers and officers; every one in the hospital was sorry they were going; for their simple holy lives had won the respect and good-will of all. The general expressed his sorrow at their valuable services being lost to the hospitals in his command. The medical officers spoke in the highest terms of the assistance they had rendered while under their orders."

We quote an account of the funeral of one of these sisters who died at Balaclava,—the second who sacrificed her life in that hospital.

"Before the funeral commenced, some of the Sœurs de la Charité from the Sardinian camp came with love and sympathy to their sisters in Christ. Neither band knew the other's language; but, united in the language of one common faith, they joined together in prayer. Soldiers of the 89th regiment carried the coffin, followed by the sisters—a Sister of Mercy and a Sister of Charity side by side. They passed through the double file of soldiers, all with heads uncovered. The coffin rested in the chapel, where seven priests chanted the burial-service. The chapel was crowded two hours before the service commenced. When the coffin was carried forth, the concourse was immense. Medical officers, and the Lady Superintendent of St. George's Hospital, attended. It must have been pleasing to the sisters under their affliction to witness the love and respect paid to the memory of their lost sister by all."

We have quoted enough to show that some results must have been obtained by the brilliant display of the self-sacrifice and the intelligent energy of our sisters in the eyes of our whole army. Many a brave heart has ideas of nuns now very different from those with which he used to read Miss Strickland's tales or Mr. Drummond's speeches. Whether this feeling has reached the benches of our senate-house we doubt. The opinion of our Spooners and Newdegates, which was never got into their heads by facts or by arguments, cannot be driven out by facts or by arguments either. They are probably as bigoted in their irrational hostility to our convents as ever they were. We only hope that when we are treated to our annual assault, in the shape of a bill for an inspection of these places, some gentleman will take the trouble to read to the House the testimony which this Protestant

lady, who volunteered to nurse and to save the lives which parliamentary incompetency was sacrificing, bears to the conduct of the sisters, and then, in the name of gratitude, dare them to pass their bill into a law. Are we to say that the people of England are not bigoted, when they propose to spend thousands on a "Nightingale testimonial;" and to offer to those who, as our author confesses, were much more efficient nurses than any of Miss Nightingale's ladies, a law that will subject them to an intolerable official inspection as *their* share of the reward! The same action is to be repaid in the Protestant with honour and a subscription-list, in the Catholic with a gross insult!

In conclusion, we will quote the lady's reflections on the persons who ought to be employed in hospitals,—reflections which bring vividly before us the want of Catholic hospitals in the metropolis, and in other great centres of our religion, where the real work and the merits of the sisters might be displayed for the edification of the world.

"There are two reasons which may be alleged against the permanent employment of ladies. For the arduous duties of an hospital (especially in a foreign country) long training is required ere the health can endure them. The neglect of this precaution will cause a waste of many valuable lives, while the amount of good for which they will be sacrificed will be but small. Again, experience is necessary for the attainment of skill in nursing, and it is therefore necessary that nurses should be changed as seldom as possible. But this is simply unavoidable when they are ladies possessing hometies and duties which they are only enabled temporarily to relinquish. Of course there are exceptions to this as well as all other objections which may be raised against the plan; but I speak not of small or isolated efforts, I speak of a supply to the present great deficiency of nurses for the poor of England.

How small has been the number of women sent to the military hospitals of Scutari, Koulali, and Balaclava!—142 in all; and of these only 55 were volunteers, 27 ladies, 28 Sisters of Mercy; and of these only 17 ladies and 20 sisters were on the spot at one time; while in the French and Sardinian services there have been hundreds of Sœurs de la Charité.

But, I repeat, it is not for military hospitals alone that we want better nurses. War, it is hoped, has almost passed, and its trials and troubles too; but as long as this world continues, suffering will go on, and will prevail to its greatest extent among the poor. And shall England, who proudly boasts her superiority in science, government, and wealth above other nations, be behindhand in alleviating the bitter sufferings of her own children?

Many who read these pages have perhaps never passed within hospital-walls; many more, if they have done so, have paid their

visits at appointed times, when all looked its best. But others, as well as myself, have learnt our experience of hospital-work from more authentic sources. We have *lived* in hospital-wards, going there for the purpose of preparing ourselves — first, to undertake nursing of the poor at home, and again when about to proceed to the East.

We placed ourselves under the hospital-nurses, receiving our instruction from them, and thus, being possessed of no authority over them, were admitted behind the scenes of hospital-life; and what we saw there, of disobedience to medical orders and cruelty to patients, would fill pages, and make those who read shudder,—shudder as we have often done when we saw some little innocent child, who from some terrible accident had been brought into the hospital, exposed to that atmosphere of evil. More evil was heard in one hour in a London hospital than would meet one's ears during months passed in a military one. One word must be said for the nurses. Their work is no light one. The founder of the Sisters of Charity deemed that the attendance on all the loathsome diseases of mankind should exempt his daughters from practising any of those austerities which are enforced on religious communities. It is no easy task to bear with patience the endless fretfulness of hundreds of sick; to listen to long complaints with real sympathy, and speak soothing words when body and mind are alike worn; to stand by the sufferer when about to undergo some fearful operation; to maintain a cheerful spirit when the familiar sounds are those of moans, of sufferings, of sharp cries of agony, while the very atmosphere is impregnated with disease; to be firm in carrying out the doctor's commands when they are a torture to the patients, and yet gentle and self-sacrificing in all that concerns themselves. While watchful care must be taken that familiarity with the sight and sound of suffering does not bring that hardening to it which is apt to creep over even a naturally tender nature, and which is one great cause of the cruelty and neglect practised by hospital-nurses;—no, a good nurse must receive every fresh case of affliction as though it were her first. Yet all this, and far more, would be the portion of a hospital-nurse. Can any believe that the love of gain, or mere kindliness of heart, can accomplish this?"

We must now take our leave of these volumes, hoping that the noble self-sacrifice of the author may, ere this, have drawn down a reward that will amply repay all her labours, —the grace of becoming a Catholic.

CUZCO AND LIMA.

Cuzco and Lima. By Clements R. Markham, F.R.G.S. London: Chapman and Hall. 1856.

This is a very entertaining book, and a great deal more instructive than the generality of voyages and travels. It gives us a geographical, historical, and ethnological account of Peru and its ancient and modern inhabitants, under the Incas, the Spanish viceroys, and the actual republic; with a short notice of the ancient Peruvian literature, and a grammar of the Quichua language, which is rising into more and more importance every day; for instead of the Spanish gaining on the old Indian language, as might naturally be supposed, the Quichua language bids fair to become the national language of Peru, as the Spanish all speak Quichua, and but few of the Indians speak Spanish.

Most of our readers are aware that when the Spanish first invaded Peru they found a moderately civilised people under a sovereign called the Inca, claiming descent from Ynti, the Sun; which luminary was worshipped, not as the chief divinity, as is generally supposed, but as a subordinate one. The first Inca was Manco Ccapac, who, about the year 1021, appeared on the borders of the lake Titicaca with his wife, and gave out that he was the child of the Sun, and was commissioned to instruct the natives in the arts and sciences. From him descended a long line of Incas, seventeen in all, who reigned till the country was subjugated by the Spaniards. It is worthy of remark, that about the same time that Manco Ccapac appeared in Peru, there arose, on the table-land of Anahuac, another man named Quetzalcoatl, who taught the Toltecs, or aboriginal Mexicans, the arts and sciences, and of whose buildings we may have specimens in the ruins of Axmul and Palenque. Quetzalcoatl was afterwards worshipped by the Astecs, who inhabited Mexico on the decline of the Toltecs, and who were civilised by them. And at the same time Bochica, a child of the Sun, appeared on the mountains of Bogota, who taught the people to build and sow. He also appointed two princes—one ecclesiastical, the other civil,—a peculiarity that only exists elsewhere in Japan and Thibet.

Now, who were these three strangers? By different writers, a Chinese, Armenian, Egyptian, and even English origin has been assigned to them. We are more inclined to agree

with Schlegel and Cardinal Wiseman, that they came to the shores of South and Central America from China, or other parts of Eastern Asia. Rivero says they were Buddist priests; and there certainly is some similarity between the Buddist and Peruvian religion.

One observation we would make on this subject. Fergusson, in his *Handbook of Architecture*, when speaking of Peru, says, "it would be a tempting subject for speculation to try and account for the remarkable similarity in style that exists between these Peruvian buildings and the Pelasgic or Etruscan remains in Italy." He then goes on to say, that although, if the Peruvian remains were placed in Italy, and the Etruscan in Peru, good architects could not distinguish one from the other, still he thinks the resemblance wholly accidental, on account of the difference of their date. Now Mr. Markham says, "there is no doubt that many of these remains are long anterior to the time of Manco Ccapac." The Incas, perhaps, only imitated the architecture of the old inhabitants, therefore the two styles may have been contemporaneous; and as we all know the Etruscan or Pelasgic race were Asiatic in origin, it is not at all improbable that the Peruvian has the same Asiatic origin as the Etruscan.

There is another remarkable coincidence. The virgins of the Sun in Peru took perpetual vows of celibacy, and were appointed guardians of the holy fire on the altar of the Sun at Cuzco, to keep it constantly burning. Now this is precisely similar to the institution of the vestal virgins and worship of Vesta, who is known to have been a goddess not of Roman but Etruscan origin; therefore, again, it is not at all unlikely that not only the Incas, but the aboriginal inhabitants of Peru, may have originally come from the same Asiatic source as the Etruscans.

The principal deities of the Peruvians were Ynti, the sun; Quilla, the moon, his sister and spouse, to whom gold and silver were respectively sacred; Coyllur-cuna, the host of heaven; Chasca, the planet Venus, the youth with flowery golden locks; Ccuicha, the rainbow; and Yllapa, thunder and lightning. But, above all these, they worshipped Pacha-camac, the Lord of Heaven, the one God who ruled all things, and whose slaves these inferior divinities were. That the worship of this God, however, was not generally adopted, the following colloquy will show:

"One of the Incas, the famous Huayna Ccapac, is said, at the great festival of Raymi, to have fixed his eyes with irreverent boldness on the great visible object of adoration, the brilliant Sun.

'O Inca,' remonstrated the Huillac Umu (or high-priest of the

Sun), 'what is it you do? you give cause of scandal to your court and people in thus gazing on the sublime Ynti.'

Turning upon the high-priest, Huayna Ccapac asked, 'Is there any one here who dare command me to go whithersoever he chooses?'

'How could any one be so bold?' replied the Huillac Umu.

'But,' said the Inca, 'is there any Curaca* who will disobey my commands, if I order him to proceed into the remotest parts of Chili?'

'No, they cannot certainly refuse your mandate, even unto death,' answered the priest.

'Then,' replied the enlightened monarch, 'I perceive that there must be some other more powerful Lord, whom our father the Sun esteems as more supreme than himself, by whose commands he every day measures the compass of the heavens without intermission.'"

They also believed in a place of future reward and punishment, and in the guiding providence of God in all the cares and duties of life, and that every created thing had its *mama*, or spiritual essence; and they worshipped Huacas precisely similar to the Roman Lares and Penates.

The worship was a ritual one. Mr. Markham gives us a specimen of a hymn in the ritual of Quilla, one of the oldest in the language; preserved by Garcilasso de la Vega, of Inca extraction:

"It appears to be an imaginative piece addressed to the moon," says Mr. Markham, "in which her brother, the sun, by breaking a vase, is supposed to cause the fall of rain and snow:

Sumac Nūsta	Beautiful princess,
Turallay Quim	thy brother
Sunuy quita	thy urn
Pacquiy carcan	has broken.
Hino mantara	For that blow
Cununun	it thunders (there flashes around)
Yllapantac	and bolts fall (thunder and lightning).
Camri Nūsta	But thou, O princess,
Unuy quita	pouring forth,
Paracta munqui	dost drop rain,
Ca nimpiri	and again
Chichi munqui	dost drop hail,
Riti munqui	dost drop snow.
Pacha Rurac	The Maker of the earth,
A Viracocha	Viracocha,
Cay hennapanca	has intrusted
Churan ssunqui	and committed
Cona ssunqui.	this office to you."

While we are on the subject of Quichua hymns and poetry, we will give a literal translation from an old drama, which was

* Mr. Markham writes as if his readers were perfectly acquainted with the Quichua language. 'Curaca' is one of the words he expects us to guess the meaning of by instinct.

acted before the Incas, as a specimen of the poetic literature of the people.

"The play commences with a colloquy between Ollantay and his servant Piqui Chaqui, or 'the swift of foot,' in a street at Cuzco; Ollantay, in a gilded tunic, with a macana or war-club in his hand, opens the conversation:

Ollantay. Piqui Chaqui, hast thou beheld
The princess Cusi Coyllur in the palace?
Piqui Chaqui. The Sun, our deity, forbids it.
Know you not that it is unlawful
To look upon a daughter of the Inca?
Ollan. And know you not that nothing
Can move my love for the tender dove?
O, by what road shall my heart go,
That it may seek the Palla!*
P. C. The devil has perplexed you,
And you wander in your speech.
Are there not plenty of other young girls
Who would love you before you are old?
Should the Inca hear of your love,
He would chop you into mincemeat.
Ollan. Silence! speak not to me of punishment,
Else will I lay my macana across your back.
P. C. Away, then, Piqui! fall not by his hand;
Fall not like a dog. Away, Piqui!
Each day, each night, he shall miss me;
The year shall not see me in his presence.
Ollan. Go, then; leave me, Piqui Chaqui;
Lead forth the dances of straw
With the light-footed girls on the mountains.
But for me, though enemies attack me,
Though traitors stand on every side,
Yet will I embrace my Cusi Coyllur.
P. C. If the devil should stand by you?
Ollan. Him also would I spurn with my foot.
P. C. You never yet saw the tip of his nose:
How, then, dare you speak to him?
Ollan. Cease your nonsense, Piqui, whilst I speak.
What if you could hide this bright flower?
Perchance my sweet Coyllur would see it;
And, thinking of me, speak to herself aloud.
P. C. Still perplexing yourself concerning Coyllur.
How can I help you?
Each day you grow more sad for this girl.
You forget alike the worship of Ynti
And the duty you owe to Quilla.
Ollan. You know her by sight?
How beautiful, how joyful she is!
But now you walked past her,
And beheld her, ever lovely and joyful.
P. C. Indeed, I know her not by sight.
I have indeed passed by the palace;

* Princess.

But never entered its precincts,
Or beheld the princess.
Ollan. Do you assert, then, that you never saw her?
P. C. I have only beheld in their secret abodes
The bright and adorable stars* of night.
Ollan. Go, then, with this flower to a star,—
That star most lovely of all;
More beautiful even than Ynti,
Peerless amidst the host of heaven.†
P. C. If it should be possible,
I will bribe some old man or woman;
I will be awake and try it,
And your token shall be carried to the Palla.
I, then, consent to be your messenger,
Though I am but a poor orphan.

Enter the Huillac Umu, or High-priest of the Sun, *in a black mantle, with a knife in his hand, who thus soliloquises:*

Huillac Umu. O living Sun! I watch your course
As it moves downwards in the heavens;
For you are now preparing
A thousand sacrificial llamas:
Their blood shall flow for your glory;
For you, too, are gathered the herbs of the field:
Glory to thee, O living Sun!
Ollantay. I will speak to this gazer.
O mighty prince! O Huillac Umu!
The whole people know thy power;
Receive, then, my praises.
H. U. O brave Ollantay! thy speech awakens me
From meditations on the bright deity."

Here is a song or hymn addressed to the Earth:

"To you, O wonderful Earth!
O beautiful maiden!
To an earth without sorrows,—
To you I will dedicate my song.

The fountains for you are the cradles
Of your youthful joy,
Although the cruel winter
Brings cold and rain.

But, reconquering, you will spring forth
With a new and free song;
And then you will remember
That before you were sterile.

Then you will not fear
Even the greatest dangers;
The softest herbage
Will then envelop you.

Wishing to roll onwards,
The rivers will rob you of your tears,

* "Coyllur" means a star.
† "Coyllur cusi" means stars, or hosts of heaven.

Thus inundating your face
Till they lose themselves in the sand.

But my tears, alas! are torrents;
With these you might satisfy yourself.
For the rains are thy sustainers:
Go forth and allure them.

Even my sighs are lost
When my heart is breaking,
And you look placidly on
Waiting for my death."

The original kingdom of Manco Ccapac was not more than eighty or ninety miles square; but it was extended by his successors to a vast territory 2500 miles long and 600 broad, in the centre of which was Cuzco. The walls of Cuzco are the only instance of a fortification *en tenaille* known before the invention of gunpowder. "The re-entering angles," says Mr. Fergusson, "are all right angles, so contrived that every part is seen, and as perfectly flanked as the best European fortifications of the present day. It is not a little singular that this perfection should be reached by a people in South America, whilst it escaped the Greeks and Romans, as well as the mediæval engineers."

The climate of Peru is perhaps the most varied in the world. From the greatest tropical heat to the coldest regions of perpetual snow, any climate may be enjoyed, and every tree, fruit, or vegetable known in the world planted and grown; and it is so healthy, that in one town of 4000 inhabitants there were in one year 235 births to only 40 deaths; and in another small town at one time there were seven persons living of the respective ages of 114, 117, 121, 131, 132, 141, and 147 years.

Poor Peru! the introduction of a republican form of government, for which it was not fitted, has turned the blessing of God into a curse. A series of military dictators rise up one after the other, and succeed to a chair rendered vacant by the execution of the former occupant,—and each change is ushered in by the blood of hundreds of victims; and all this has been brought about by the selfish intervention of English and American citizens, who thought some advantage might accrue to their commercial prospects by an internal disturbance of the country.

Mr. Markham has so far written his history well; but before we have done with him, we shall have one or two tough crows to pick with him. He is so full of the glories of the Incas, that he *really* can find no fault with them, or their government, or their religion; and for the Spaniards, on

the contrary, no obloquy is enough. Indeed, he may in this be classed with Gibbon, who laments because he heard bare-footed friars singing their Breviary in the place where once stood the temple of Capitoline Jove.

"Standing amidst these saddening relics of former greatness, I could picture to myself the change that had come over the scene since the days of incarial splendour. Where now stands the church of San Domingo, then rose that glorious fane, the temple of the Sun, with its grand central door and massive cornice of pure gold. The interior was decorated with a magnificence suited to the holy uses to which it was dedicated. A large golden sun, studded with emeralds and turquoises, covered the side facing the door; a sacred flame constantly burned before the representative of the deity; and vases of gold,—a metal which the Incas believed the tears shed by the Sun,—stood filled with sacrificial first-fruits on the floor of the temple."

"And all this," continues Mr. Markham, "is now sadly changed. The whole place now swarms with Dominican friars!" We will ask Mr. Markham, if he considers the worship of the Sun a true religion or a false one; or if he prefers it to the Catholic faith. If so, we have no more to say to him. But we know he does not mean what he says. Gibbon's tirade springs from the intense hatred and contempt he had to Catholicism, or rather to Christianity; but Mr. Markham's is directed rather by a mawkish antiquarian sentimentalism, which comes from the feelings rather than the reason, and which sympathises with any thing rather than that which is actually existing. We do not defend the Spaniards—God knows, the earlier conquerors of the Incas acted cruelly enough!—nor will we defend their wanton destruction of many beautiful buildings and works of art. We must say, however, they were quite right in removing the idols and other religious emblems to which the people were attached; and one thing must be observed, that they have converted the entire people they conquered to the Christian faith, and raised them up in the scale of civilisation to an equality with themselves, to such a degree, as we said before, that the Indian language bids fair to supersede the Spanish; and there have been as many presidents and other high officers of the republic of Indian descent as of Spanish, some of the highest Spanish nobility having incarial blood in their veins, while the inhabitants of the United States, and other Protestant settlers in America, are gradually extirpating the aboriginal race, and are absolutely doing nothing to raise them from their superstitions and barbarism. Did the Spaniards behave more cruelly to the Indians than the Americans do now? as

witness the following passage. We quote from Madame Pfeiffer's *Second Journey round the World;* and hundreds of other examples might be given:

"These Indians of California are represented as treacherous, cowardly, and revengeful; and only attacking the whites when they find one alone. But, after all, what other means have they of attack against the well-armed whites — the domineering race from which they have so much to suffer? Revenge is really natural to man; and if the whites had suffered as many wrongs from them as they from the whites, I rather think they too would have felt the desire of revenge. In the country I passed through yesterday I saw several burnt and devastated wigwams, whence the people had been driven out by force because they would not willingly give up their native soil to a stranger; and besides taking their lands, the whites seduced their wives and daughters"—(the Spanish married the daughters of the men they conquered)—"and when they cannot succeed in this, sometimes seize them by open violence. A case of this kind occurred in Crescent City while I was there. Three miles from the town some Americans had settled as farmers; and one day, when a native was passing the door with his wife on his way to the town, these ruffians sprang out of their dwelling, snatched the woman from the side of her husband, dragged her into the house, and locked the door. The poor Indian screamed and yelled, and struck the door, demanding his wife; but instead of giving up their prey these civilised men rushed out again, beat the Indian furiously, and drove him away. The poor fellow came all bruised to the town, and made his complaint; and what was his redress? The villains were recommended to make it up with the Indian, and give him some glass-beads and similar trumpery by way of compensation. Outrages of this kind are naturally made known from tribe to tribe; and then it certainly does happen that when solitary whites come among them, they seek to retaliate."

There are two ways of colonising a country: one by mixing with the aboriginal inhabitants, which is the only true way; the other by keeping aloof from them and oppressing them, as barbarian conquerors would do; and this latter way is the only one the Anglo-Saxon race seems capable of. Mr. Markham laments the old Indian buildings and temples overthrown by the Spanish conqueror. The Spaniards, however, erected much handsomer churches and buildings in their place; but if the destruction of native buildings is to be taken as a proof of the barbarism of a conqueror, in what light must the conduct of the English in the East Indies be viewed? We quote again from Fergusson:

"The most beautiful of the Pathon palaces was that built at Agra by Sher Shah. Being the first, it had the misfortune to be placed on the highest spot within the walls of the fortress. Hence the present enlightened government of India, fancying this a good site for a barrack, pulled it down, and replaced it by a more than usually hideous brick erection of their own, looming in whitewashed ugliness over the marble palaces of the Moguls.

"How much of this magnificent palace (at Futtipore Sicri) remains, it is impossible to say. When I was there, the government were selling the stones at ten rupees the hundred maunds—a little less than it would cost to quarry them. I saw one of the noblest bowlees being so destroyed by the Company's servants, and its materials being carted away to build the wretched barree of a neighbouring zemindar. 200*l.* or 300*l.* might thus be added to a revenue of 22½ millions, which, thanks to these Moguls, we are able to wring from the poorest peasantry in the world."

Talk of Spanish barbarism after that! We have not, however, yet done with the subject. Do our readers want to know the different ways in which the Protestant North and Catholic South Americans treat their slaves? We need quote no instances of the dreadful state of the unhappy negro in the slave-states of North America. It is but too well known in England; and we have come to the conclusion that no Protestant is fit to be trusted with slaves: he treats them as beasts of burden, and as beings without a soul. Let Mr. Markham witness how they are treated in Catholic Peru:

"The negroes of Conete appear a happy and contented race; and, though their labour is forced, they receive clothing, food, and lodging, and escape the capitation-tax* of the oppressed Indians of the sierra. Early in the morning one is roused by the voices of the young girls and women, when they all repair to the door of the chapel before going to work, and chant a hymn of praise upon their knees. This is repeated at sunset, when the day's work is concluded.

All the married slaves are allowed a piece of ground rent-free, where they grow vegetables, and breed pigs and poultry; while their children may be seen driving donkey-loads of provisions towards the town, and sitting before their heaps of fruit and vegetables in the market-place of Yea. They are thus enabled to earn money, and live in comparative comfort."

The white slaveholders of Peru sometimes intermarry with the blacks. What would the puritanical New-England abolitionists say to this?

* Now abolished.

There is only one more thing to which we shall allude, and that is, the subject of religion in Peru. Here is a passage from Mr. Markham, on which we must make some comments:

"The present hierarchy of Peru is composed of respectable and learned men. Among the former may be placed Don Eugenio Jara y Mendoza, Bishop of Cuzco; Santiago Ofelan, Bishop of Ayachucho; Pedro Ortiz, of Chachapoyas; and Goyeneche, the enormously rich Bishop of Arequipa. Among the latter are Don Agustin Charras, Bishop of Truxillo; and the late Dr. Luna Pizarro, Archbishop of Lima. But this respectability and this learning are far from extending as a general rule to the inferior clergy."

We can easily guess where Mr. Markham picked up this information; for in other parts of the book he says so many kind things of the clergy, both regular and secular, especially all he came in contact with, that we are quite sure he believed what he wrote. It is a thing we have experienced ourselves many times. There are in every foreign town a set of ill-disposed young men, who spend all their time in *cafés* and *estaminets*, and hang themselves on to every stranger who comes into the place. These men have a settled set of stories and ribald jokes against the Church and clergy, and of course retail them with infinite gusto; and they are greedily swallowed by our credulous fellow-countrymen, together with the *demi-tasse* and *petite-goutte* of brandy which they pay for in return for all this interesting information—all of course a parcel of lies. We think we can show from Mr. Markham's own book that the inferior clergy are equal to the superior:

"It was refreshing to hear of the good deeds of old Friar Esquebias from his parishioners; of his having expended the whole of his patrimony in restoring the church, and performing deeds of charity to the poor; of his kindness to the sick and needy, and of his devotion to his duties.

If the Jesuit missionaries of the Amazon are to be judged by the permanent good they have effected among the Indians, small indeed will be the meed of praise that can be allotted to them; but if we forget for a moment the ungenerous hatred with which Protestant English are accustomed to pursue the name of a Jesuit, and calmly consider the privation and misery they underwent, their banishment from society, their cheerful sacrifice of self,—all undertaken for the glory of God,—then shall we recognise in these devoted men, however blind their obedience to an earthly master, or great their religious errors, the earnest though erring followers of our Redeemer, and confess that, with Hans Egide, the apostle of Greenland, they might fairly exclaim, 'We have laboured in vain, we have spent our strength for naught and in vain; yet surely our judgment is with the Lord, and our work with our God.'"

Fair enough for a Protestant; as is the following on the Spanish Inquisition:

"It was not long after the conquest, before the Inquisition, that fearful engine of the despotic power of Spain, was established in Peru. It is a mistake to suppose the Inquisition was a Popish institution in all its bearings. It was peculiarly a Spanish institution, at least in its worst and most fearful form; and while the Spaniards used it as a cloak to the most hideous enormities, the Popes were often to be found expostulating against the cruelties it perpetrated. The Inquisition was not so much a religious as a political institution, used by the kings of Spain to render themselves absolute; and when at one time it pronounced the sale of horses or munitions to France to be heresy, it will hardly be contended that the Inquisition was not the tool of the civil power."

Mr. Markham, in the places where he attacks the inferior clergy as he calls them, always excepts the Jesuits and Franciscans; indeed, he blames in severe terms the Spanish government for the expulsion of the former, and the consequent relapse of so many poor Indians to heathenism. Perhaps Spain might have held South America to this very day, had the Jesuits remained. The Franciscans, too, he praises for their unheard-of and dangerous labours among the savage wild tribes of Indians: dangerous, indeed, when only a year or two ago twenty-seven poor friars were killed in one day by the Chunchas. How is it we hear nothing of these missions in the French annals?

But of the Dominicans,—whether it is that they presided over the Inquisition, or whether on account of their unfortunately having built a convent out of the ruins of the temple of the Sun, or something else we are not aware of,—Mr. Markham has an intense dislike:

"The friars, especially the Dominicans, are very dirty"—(perhaps that is it, after all)—"First came the Dominicans, who established the religion of Christ with fire and sword; they established their convent on the ruins of the temple of the Sun in 1534."

But the worst thing in his book is his quoting with approval a tirade against Pope Pius IX. by an Italian liberal. We will not quote the disgusting ribaldry; but we should like to ask this gentleman, who wishes to see an independent Italy under a national Pope (for he is not a Mazzinian), and that Pope elected by the Italian people—whether we, the non-Italian Catholics of Europe, go for nothing in the Church? We admire the pretensions of these Italians, who modestly think that the ruler of 150,000,000 of subjects ought to be elected by the 2,000,000 inhabitants of the Papal States; about

as decent a request as that the inhabitants of Windsor should elect to the throne of England. We have magnanimously acquiesced in the arrangement that the Pope and majority of cardinals should be Italians. We have debarred ourselves from the highest places in the Church, to which we are equally entitled with themselves, and do not presume to put our foot beyond the outer court of the gentiles to suit their convenience:—and all to no purpose; they use the most infamous language against the Pope for presuming to raise a few Austrian and French bishops to the conclave, and for having what they call a foreign army in Rome. These gentlemen ought to know, that there is a growing feeling that Italians have been far too highly favoured in the Church; and that if they kick so hard against a Pope, as a native prince, flogging them with feathers, a time may come when they may get a Pope, as a foreign conqueror, who will flog them with scorpions, forced on them by the Catholic people of the rest of Europe. We rejoice that the Pope holds Rome with what they call a foreign army;—foreign to them perhaps, and disgraceful to them, as it shows their turbulent spirit; but not foreign to the Pope, as the Pope knows neither foreigner nor country. All mankind are *his* subjects; all the earth is his possession.

Short Notices.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

Clare Maitland. (Burns and Lambert.) "Clare Maitland" is a story of convent school-life, interesting from its being perfectly natural and genuine, and from the straightforward unaffectedness of its style. There is nothing in it that might not happen any day to any girls similarly situated. In a day when we are wearied with laboured attempts at stories for young people, compounded in cold blood by writers who have lost all real sympathy for child-life, such a sketch as Clare Maitland is a welcome novelty both to young and old. It has a further merit in it, that it is pious without being "preachy," and that when the author ventures on a little bit of meditation, she does not remind us of the worst parts of a bad sermon.

The Youthful Martyrs of Rome, a Christian Drama, adapted from "Fabiola." By the Very Rev. F. Oakeley. (Burns and Lambert.) We gather from Mr. Oakeley's preface that he found it an easy matter to dramatise Cardinal Wiseman's story. Knowing what dismal affairs such dramatisings generally are, and how easy it is to manufacture them, we congratulate him on proving an exception to the general rule. He has done his work both easily and well. It reads well, and would act still better.

Popular Tales and Sketches. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. (Lambert and Co.) Irish Protestants' writings are not generally such as we can recommend. The "black" Protestantism of Irish Orangemen usually taints every thing they touch. Mrs. S. C. Hall is an exception to the rule, and the volume before us is a favourable specimen of the feminine and graceful tone of her books. The "humorous" sketches are also really humorous.

Colonial Constitutions: an Outline of the Constitutional History and existing Government of the British Dependencies. By Arthur Mills, Esq. (London, Murray.) Mr. Mills makes a dry subject drier, and commands an inattention to matters which every one is too liable to pass over. His meagre introduction shows the reading rather of an Oxford student than of a man of the world; and his mere synoptical outline is lengthened out with schedules of orders-in-council, statutes, and parliamentary documents, which give his book the appearance, though not the utility, of an index or a dictionary.

Diary of the Crimean War. By F. Robinson, M.D. (London, Bentley.) This diary differs from most of its fellows in being a larger book, and in being graced with the portrait of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, to whom it is dedicated. As to its contents, we may content ourselves with a quotation which occurs very often in the text—"nothing new."

The Life of the Rev. Jos. Beaumont, M.D. By his son, J. Beaumont. (London, Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) This is a memoir of a Wesleyan minister who was much respected in his circle, and whose life and death are described in the queer language appropriated to Protestant hagiology; one object of the writers of which branch of literature appears to be to expose certain favourite texts of Scripture to the jests of the ungodly. Take, for instance, the account of the sermons preached on his death. Dr. Dixon, a "distinguished" Wesleyan divine, took for his text the words "'an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures;' and," proceeds the author, "fitly chosen was his subject. Many also were the ministers of the Established and other churches, as well as of the Wesleyans, who placed before their congregations, in the shape of funeral sermons, the noble example which his life and death afforded, 'praising the dead which were already dead.' Some of these sermons were preached in quarters where they were least expected," &c.

Now, not to mention the slipshod way in which the author uses the word subject for text—the subject of the sermon we presume was Dr. Beaumont—or the funny idea of a noble example being modelled into a funeral sermon, what can be more offensive than the affected way of lugging in by head and shoulders such very oriental, and, in their isolation, even ludicrous expressions, as "mighty in the Scriptures," and "the dead which are already dead"? In their own poetical framing they are jewels; as they are set in Mr. Beaumont's blurred prose, they are "as jewels of gold in a swine's snout,"—to avail ourselves of his license of scriptural quotation. The carnal, judaical, millennarian, sensual character of Protestantism is very distinct in this Wesleyan minister, in whose life, as in that of all ministers of his persuasion

> "The matin bells, a melancholy cry,
> Are tuned to merrier notes—increase and multiply."

"Through the tender mercy of my indulgent God," he says, "I am in the enjoyment of good health, and encircled by kind friends. My present situation is altogether a very desirable one: here I dwell in the

bosom of a family pious, happy, and affectionate, where I have all things to enjoy. The circuit (preaching-district) is very compact; and I am only one night in a month from home."

What Sadducee ever imagined a more complete Mahometan Paradise?

Madeline Clare, or the Important Secret. By Colburn Mayne, Esq. In 3 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) There is one important secret at least on which Colburn Mayne, Esq. throws very little light, and that is, the secret of writing English; we have only read three pages of the three volumes, and are perfectly convinced that a person who can write such a sentence as this (a fair sample) cannot have written a tale that is worth the trouble of reading. He writes of "cottage-gardens, where flourished, with many hardy English flowers, as well those herbs which suited for seasoning or for medicine—to the poor so often supply the place of the apothecary and the cook." Fancy Herb Basil dispensing medicines as apothecary, and Sweet Marjoram officiating as cook! The idea of the sentence is ridiculous; as for the syntax, it passeth all understanding.

Benedictus, adapted to a Quartett from Mendelssohn's "Elijah." By C. J. Hargitt. (Ewer and Co.) We are not generally tolerant of adaptations, disliking them especially when sacred words are put to music originally operatic, and almost equally when a good instrumental composition is turned into a bad vocal piece. Mr. Hargitt's adaptation of this delightful quartett in the *Elijah* is obnoxious to neither of these objections. The music is fitted for a Benedictus, and we hope it may tempt some of our Catholic singers to make themselves more acquainted with Mendelssohn's music than we fear is the case with many of them at present.

Correspondence.

R. P. S. ON THE DOCTRINE OF ORIGINAL SIN AND THE DESTINY OF THE UNREGENERATE.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

Dear Sir,—I have heard that my last letter to you has been characterised by persons for whom I entertain the sincerest respect as "theologically unsound, and untenable by any Catholic."

Will you allow me to show, in contradiction to this, that it is held and has been held by many Catholics, and that in spite of the protests of very eminent men, and with the knowledge, sanction, and consent of the Holy See?

The celebrated Abbé Martinet, better known by his *nom de guerre* Timon (*La Science de la Vie*, leçon 25), adopts the views of Cardinal Sfondrati on the natural happiness of unregenerate infants (I shall have occasion to recur to these views in the sequel), and clearly lays down the following principles, which are the same as those which I maintained in my first letter in July:

"When Catholics speak of a salvation which cannot be obtained outside the Church, they always mean, not a mere exemption from the torments of hell, and a life *naturally* happy, but the supreme, immeasurable, and infinite happiness of a close and eternal union with God.

This felicity is so great, that to a Christian, and indeed to any soul that understands any thing of the meaning of the word 'God,' all happiness that does not partake of the clear and direct intuition of Him is as nothing, nay, is *relatively* a state of misery. No one is *saved*, in Christian parlance, but the blessed who see God face to face. All the others, however little their misery, however happy they may be supposed to be, are not the less reprobate, damned, lost, when we consider the fundamental idea of reprobation. Damnation is the privation of the sight of God. But the inherent pain of this privation, the sense of this *pœna damni*, will be proportionate to the abuse of light."

This book was published with the approbation of the Bishop of Annecy; in it the author refers with great praise to a work of Father Actorie, priest of the congregation of St. Basil (*De l'Origine et de la Réparation du Mal*, Paris, 1851), from which I make the following extracts:

P. 54. "Catholics, who know by faith the greatness of the glory of heaven, will always deplore its loss for unbaptised infants, who are restricted to a merely natural felicity. But the heart of man left to himself asks and conceives nothing better. The pagans wished nothing more than Olympus and Elysium."

P. 68. "The first corrupters of nations were guilty: but their successors, who had forgotten the primitive faith, and whose only moral code was established custom, were almost incapable (*dans l'impossibilité*) of offending God, and of transgressing a law which they knew not."

P. 70. Speaking of these degraded and ignorant pagan nations, he says: "What will you do with these *infant* peoples? They are guilty of their excesses, for they still have a glimmer of reason; they are not grievously guilty, because they have a limited intelligence, and know neither the law nor its author. Slight faults deserve not an eternal chastisement. One day, therefore, they will be delivered, and will stand before the justice of God with only original guilt upon them, and in the same state as infants not regenerated by the sacrament of adoption."

P. 71. "If among instructed pagans there are found any just men, faithful observers of the law of nature, and always docile to the impressions of their conscience, *God will treat them at least as favourably as unbaptised infants*, or He will reveal to them what they ought to believe, in order to be received among the predestined."

It is noticeable that both these clergymen are writing against the same class of heretical and infidel objectors which I had in view in writing my letter.

Perrone, in his tract *De Gratia*, among many other things that I might quote, says as follows (No. 591):

"If the state of these infants (who die without baptism) is considered *relatively* to supernatural beatitude, which they have forfeited by original sin, it must be reckoned as punishment and damnation, and such infants are, at least negatively, turned away from God. But if their state is considered in itself, and absolutely, since man has lost nothing of his natural gifts by sin, the condition of these infants is the same as it would have been if Adam had neither sinned, nor had been raised to a supernatural state, *i. e.* had been in the state of pure nature."

"To the *judicium discussionis* neither are these infants obnoxious, nor those infidels in whom faith was not the foundation of merit." These two classes, infants and negative infidels, he unites into one, and treats as belonging to but one scheme of providence, "whether in infancy or in the state of perpetual infancy." This appears to me to be the great question: how much latitude are we to give to the term "infants"? What

amount of idiocy, or ignorance, or want of opportunity, is sufficient to make an adult theologically speaking an infant?

Now to go to an older authority—Cardinal Sfondrati, abbot of St. Gall, author of several works (among others a beautiful book on the Immaculate Conception) published at Rome, in 1696, a volume entitled *Nodus Predestinationis resolutus*, which caused a considerable disturbance. The Jansenists were furious. Bossuet, with two French archbishops and two other bishops, wrote to Pope Innocent XII. a long letter, with propositions extracted for condemnation; but this Pope, and his successor Clement XI., after causing the book to be examined by two commissions, peremptorily refused to censure it. The book itself I have not been able to procure; but I have read Bossuet's letter, and another epistle of one Père Bossu, a rabid Jansenist, in opposition to it. From these letters I will extract the propositions which the Holy See in so marked a manner refused to censure:

"As far as relates to infants who die without baptism, He has excluded them from the kingdom of heaven, as guilty of their fathers' fault, and unexpiated; but He has not excluded them from natural good, and has preserved them from sin and from eternal punishment, which they would have incurred had they grown up. And this is clearly a great piece of grace and love; since the simple preservation from sin is of more value and greater worth than the kingdom of heaven itself, which, if they had the choice, they had rather forfeit than be involved in sin. They cannot therefore be called neglected, who have such a gift, and are delivered from so great an evil."

"In this matter of infants we must consider that, though God has not admitted them to glory, He has granted them another and much greater benefit, which they themselves would choose far before heaven; and which we, if we had the choice, should think worth much more than heaven. . . . . How, then, can they complain of God, or what evil has He done them, if He has granted them, not indeed heaven, but another gift, which is much better than heaven, and which they and all wise men would prefer to heaven? . . . . Therefore there is no cause of grief or complaining, but rather of joy and thankfulness." . . . . "For to be delivered from actual sin, mortal or venial, is better than heaven." . . . "The gift of personal innocence and freedom from sin is so great, that the infants themselves would a thousand times rather lose heaven than be implicated in a single sin. And there is no Christian but should be of the same mind."

These infants, he says in another place, are destined for a natural, not for a supernatural *end:* "We must confess that God never willed eternal life to those infants who are carried off before baptism: they pertain to *another end and class of Providence.*"

After infants, he considers the case of adults; and Bossuet and his fellow-prelates submit the following propositions to the Pope for condemnation:

"Granting that they (the Indians of Brazil, &c.) had such ignorance of God (invincible), this also is a great piece of favour and kindness." . . . . "For since sin is essentially an offence and injury done to God, take away knowledge of God, and it necessarily follows that there is neither injury, nor offence, nor eternal punishment."

Bossuet says that this proposition is identical with that of the *peccatum philosophicum* condemned by Alexander VIII., A.D. 1690, as rash, offensive, and erroneous, namely, that "a sin against moral philosophy, although grave, in one who is either ignorant of God, or is not actually thinking of God, is a grave sin, but not an offence to God, nor a mor-

tal sin destructive of the love of God, nor worthy of eternal punishment." However, the Roman theologians did not confirm Bossuet's assertion.

Cardinal Sfondrati also says of these same ignorant pagans: "Therefore, since they would be rendered impeccable by such ignorance, when otherwise, if they had knowledge, they would most assuredly sin, it follows that this also is a favour, according to the words of St. Peter: 'For it was better for them not to know the way of justice, than, after knowing, to turn back from the holy commandment given to them.'"

To these authorities I will at present add but one more: Bourdaloue, in his sermon on the Last Judgment, part first, says—

"In the judgment of God, there will be *an* INFINITE *difference* between a pagan, who has never known the Christian law, and a Christian, who knew it and in his heart renounced it. And God, following the simple dictates of His justice, will treat the one very differently from the other. It is well known that a pagan, to whom the law of Jesus Christ has not been preached, will not be judged by that law, and that God, in His absolute power, will with it observe the natural equity of not condemning him for a law which He has not communicated to him."

I have much more to say; but these authorities, all of them of a period when such questions were in debate, are sufficient to show that the opinions I hold are at least admissible.—I am, &c. R. P. S.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

MR. EDITOR,—Some sensation has been caused by a letter in your Number of this month on the subject of "Original Sin." There cannot be a more important subject. There cannot be a subject on which it is more mischievous to speak incorrectly, more hazardous to speak any thing novel—any thing of one's own. There is not a subject which has been more thoroughly and minutely subjected to theological investigation, from the time of Pelagius to that of Baius and Jansenius. It seems difficult to imagine any large question relating to it which has not been started and discussed, or any statement upon it which has not been received or condemned by divines, tolerated or countenanced, as the case may be.

However, in this well-trodden ground your correspondent considers a certain large field, situated in the very midst of its most prominent portions, as yet unexplored. "He has not found," he says, certain "very difficult subjects professedly treated of in the books which he has read;" which must mean, that he believes that they have escaped formal discussion: else of course he would read more before writing. Next, he considers he has found the right and true determination upon them in the poem of Dante, which leads him to "conceive that he has a perfect right as a Catholic, not only to hold it, but to blazon it to the Universalist as THE (*sic*) Catholic doctrine on the subject."

Considering, then, the importance of his subject, the novelty of his views, and the publicity he wishes to give to them, it is important to your Catholic readers to know whether they rightly apprehend him.

I beg, therefore, to ask him whether he does not, in the article in question, hold the following three propositions:

First Proposition. Man has, *in hâc providentiâ, i. e.* in the present scheme of Providence, a natural end or destiny, namely, the natural knowledge and enjoyment of God.

Second Proposition. Man in his fallen nature (*in lapsâ naturâ*) may attain to his natural end by the observance of the natural law, all the obligations of which he can fulfil by his own natural strength, aided by a special help of God (natural grace), and without the grace of Christ (*gratia Redemptoris*).

Third Proposition. Man, in his fallen nature (*lapsa natura*), can, without being raised to the state of adoption, obtain the remission of mortal sin committed against the natural law.

These propositions are to be found, I think, almost in the words in which they stand, repeated more than once in R. P. S.'s letter. Still, it is of the utmost importance that, on a subject of such magnitude, there should be no room for misapprehension.

You will therefore confer a favour upon me by inserting this letter.

I have the honour to be, Mr. Editor, your most obedient servant,

May 20, 1856. J. S. F.

P.S. I need scarcely remark, that an affirmation of the first of the above propositions will not be understood as involving a denial of what your correspondent explicitly asserts beyond it, namely, that man has *also* a *supernatural* end.

MRS. FITZHERBERT.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

Sir,—In connection with your article on Mrs. Fitzherbert in the last Number of the *Rambler*, I send you the following extract from a book entitled *Personal Recollections of O'Connell*, by William J. O'Daunt, Esq. (London, Chapman and Hall, 1848.)

"I believe," added O'Connell, "that there never was a greater scoundrel than George IV. To his other evil qualities he added a perfect disregard of truth. During his connection with Mrs. Fitzherbert, Charles James Fox dined with him one day in that lady's company. After dinner Mrs. Fitzherbert said, 'By the by, Mr. Fox, I had almost forgotten to ask you what you *did* say about me in the House of Commons the other night? The newspapers misrepresent things so very strangely, that one cannot depend upon them. You were made to say that the prince authorised you to deny his marriage with me.' The prince immediately made monitory signs to Fox, and said, 'Upon my honour, my dear, I never authorised him to deny it.' 'Upon my honour, sir, you *did*,' said Fox, rising from the table: 'I always thought your father the greatest liar in England, but now I see that *you* are.'"

Fox would not associate with the prince for some years after; until one day he walked in unannounced, and found Fox at dinner. Fox rose as the prince entered, and said, "That he had but one course consistent with his duty as a hospitable English gentleman, and that was to admit him" (p. 132).

Unfortunately no authority is given for this story: I mean, O'Connell does not refer to any individual from whom he heard it. I give it, therefore (such as it is), thinking it may interest or amuse your readers. —I am, &c.

J. Dalton.

Northampton, May 6th, 1856.